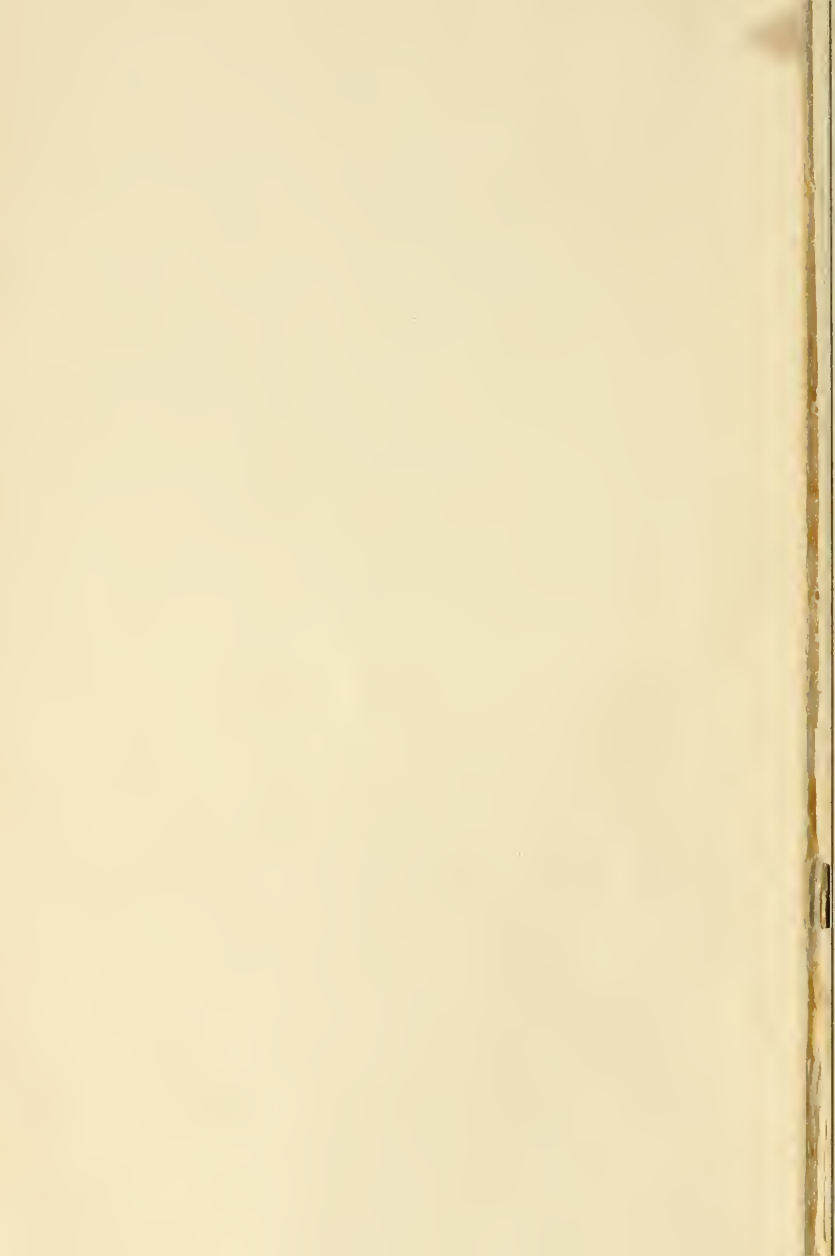


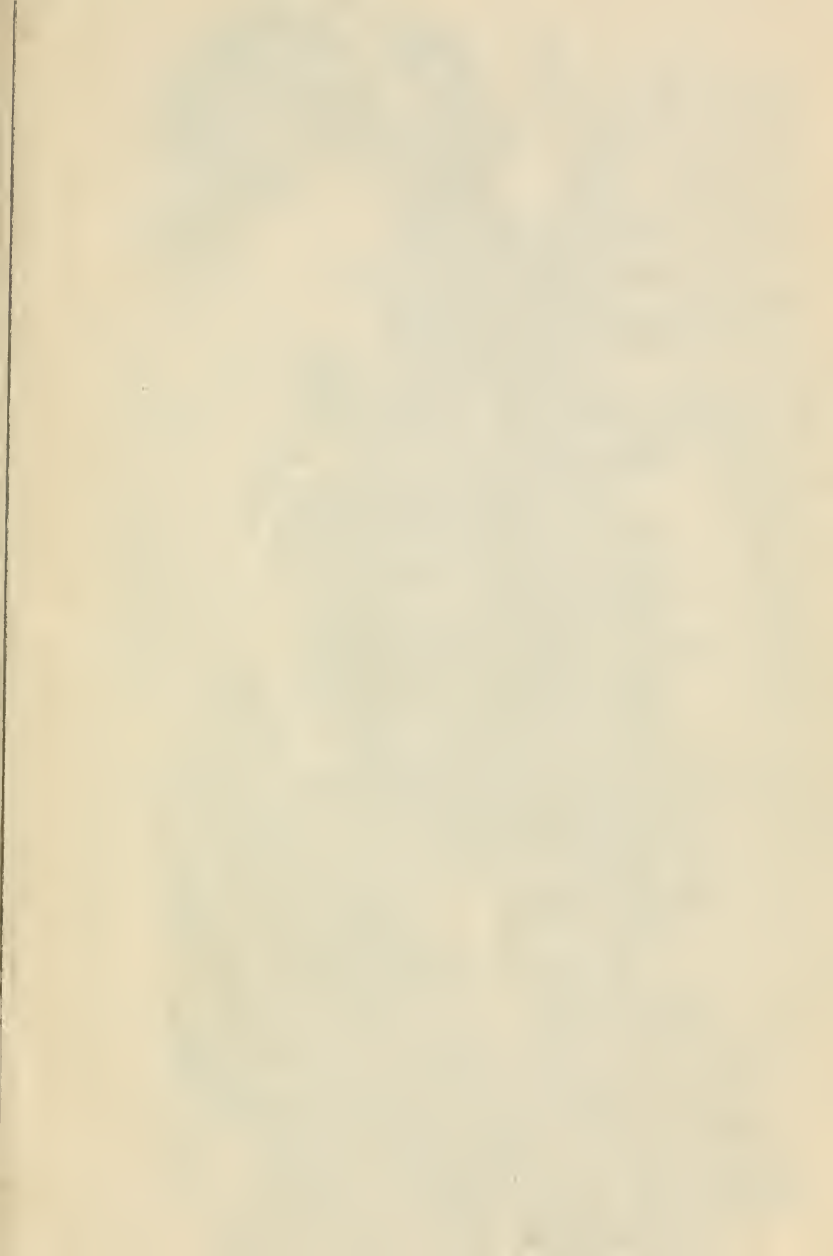


Note. —The previous Edition of this little Work having been accepted by the “Public Lending,” and “Y. M. C. A.” Libraries of England, a copy of the new Edition is presented to their Kindred Associations in America, and Australia, should their respective Committees,—on the whole,—approve of it.

“Vol. II.”—has,—unavoidably,—to treat on Subjects upon which great difference of opinion exists,—and in regard to which, it is unreasonable to expect that we should all see alike.

Should, therefore, any scruple, as to “Vol. II.” occur,—“Vol. I.” may be circulated as an entirely distinct Work of itself.







RUSSIA, 1812.—THE END OF A WAR OF SPOILIATION AND INVASION.

“They that take the Sword, shall perish with the Sword.”—*Matt.* xxvi., 52. (See Page 340.)

A PRESENT

TO

YOUTHS & YOUNG MEN

BOOK I.

Printed for Private Circulation, and Free-Will Donations.



“Is Life worth living?” Yes!

Of course it passes through this World the way of a shadow, but it is not
good & can be so near as to be better than, but not as good as, the eternal
life, to beget it — for I shall not pass through this world again.

From the Arabic

In Nature's form — a rational, free-born Child —
Happy, about sat it, who well would thus receive
The good, and — sinking — to thy last, high, light, *Life*
Could say to thee — and — what — in — a — word — that —



1854

Relig.
of Heath.

A PRESENT

TO

YOUTHS & YOUNG MEN.

BOOK I.

Printed for Private Circulation, and Presentation.



The Wicket Gate.

“Is Life worth living?” YES!

“I expect to pass through this World but once; if, therefore, there be any good I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now! Let me not defer, or neglect it; for I shall not pass *this way again*.”—ANON.

From the Arabic.

In Nurse's arms,—a naked, new born Child,—
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee *Smiled*:
Live so,—that,—sinking,—to thy last, long, Sleep,—
Calm may'st thou smile,—whilst all around thee Weep!

TO A FATHER,
WHOSE CONSCIENTIOUS LIFE
UNDEVIATING RECTITUDE, AND UNFAILING LOVE,
HAVE, DURING A LENGTHENED PERIOD,
PROVED THE BEST EXAMPLE TO HIS SONS,
THIS BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

25048
13/10/92

NOTE.—This was to be earlier editions. He died 11th October, 1880.
The First Edition appeared 1864; now Twenty Seven Years ago.

PRESENTED TO

WITH THE BEST WISHES OF THE
AUTHOR.

NOTE.—It is suggested to place the Stamp of the Library or Institution
on this Page.

PREFACE TO NEW EDITION, 1891.

TO SUPERINTENDENTS, LIBRARIANS, &c.

It is desired to present copies of this little Work,—gratuitously,—to the Libraries of Working Men's Clubs, Institutes, Public Libraries, "Y.M.C.A.'s," Sabbath Schools, Colleges, Large Works, &c., until a certain Sum, now nearly reached, has been expended.

An application from any responsible person connected with such Institutions,—throughout the World,—will be attended to, the applicant guaranteeing that the book is used for the above (Library) purpose *alone*, and giving some account of the Institution. Worn copies can also be replaced.

TO THE READER.

The English speaking Race, appears to the Writer,—after visiting most parts of the World,—to form ONE VAST FAMILY;—the term "English,"—therefore,—employed throughout this Work, must be taken in its widest sense, as applied to, and intended to include, every Reader whose Ancestors originally came from the United Kingdom.

TOLERATION.

Nor need the Religious Denomination, Sect, or Social Position of the Reader, cause any difficulty. What little Sectarian reserve the Writer might,—from early associations,—have once imbibed, has, long ago, disappeared. Having attended, with much respect, and interest, the various Churches, Chapels, and Meeting Houses, of, he thinks, almost every known Religious Denomination, he has found, in all, the same Essentials to true Religion,—Reverence, Faith, and Worship. He ventures, therefore, to claim that every true Believer,—whatever may be the name of the Church he unites with,—belongs, in addition, to one more VAST FAMILY, who, throughout the world, claim God as their Father,—Jesus Christ as their Saviour,—and God, the precious Holy Spirit, as their Sanctifier.

Once this is admitted, a common Brotherhood, amongst all true Believers, is established, which the varied lots they experience in the things of Sense and Time,—can never dissolve,—nor hinder

from a great and final Meeting. It is claimed that our varied lots, as regards Sect, Nation, Wealth, Failure, or Success, are merely,—so to speak,—accidents of Birth, Circumstances, and Gifts of Nature. Possessors of the same Faith,—Followers of the same Lord,—Travellers alike to the same Home,—all true Believers,—quite irrespective of their present varied lots,—must—it is claimed,—one day meet.

To all Christian Believers, therefore,—or *would be* Believers,—especially to those in the early, receptive, period of life, this little work is once more re-issued for presentation, quite irrespective of Religious Sect, or Denomination.

As in the previous Editions, the object being a purely Philanthropic,—not a Financial one,—no Copy of this Book can be sold. It must be accepted as literally “a Present” to the Young,

“Freely ye have received,—freely give.”—*Matt. x., 8.*

Only Intended for Libraries.

This little Work has been accepted for many Years,—by the various Sects, and Religious Denominations,—with a **very remarkable** unanimity,—only five copies declined in 27 years!

But,—should the slightest objection, or scruple, ever occur,—the Possessor of a Copy is asked simply, at once, to return it.

Every volume is now needed.

Not being intended for Private Persons, such are expected,—after using it for a Year or two, themselves,—to present it to some Library.

It is presented upon this condition, and upon this understanding alone.

It seems a selfish,—useless thing,—answering no purpose, or object,—to keep a Book of this description,—which cost the owner nothing,—sleeping,—slumbering,—uselessly, for Years upon his Bookshelf.

If freely lent to others,—**especially to the Poor**,—employed by a Sunday School,—or other Teacher,—the above remarks do not, of course, apply.

5, Charlotte Road, Edgbaston,
Birmingham, England.

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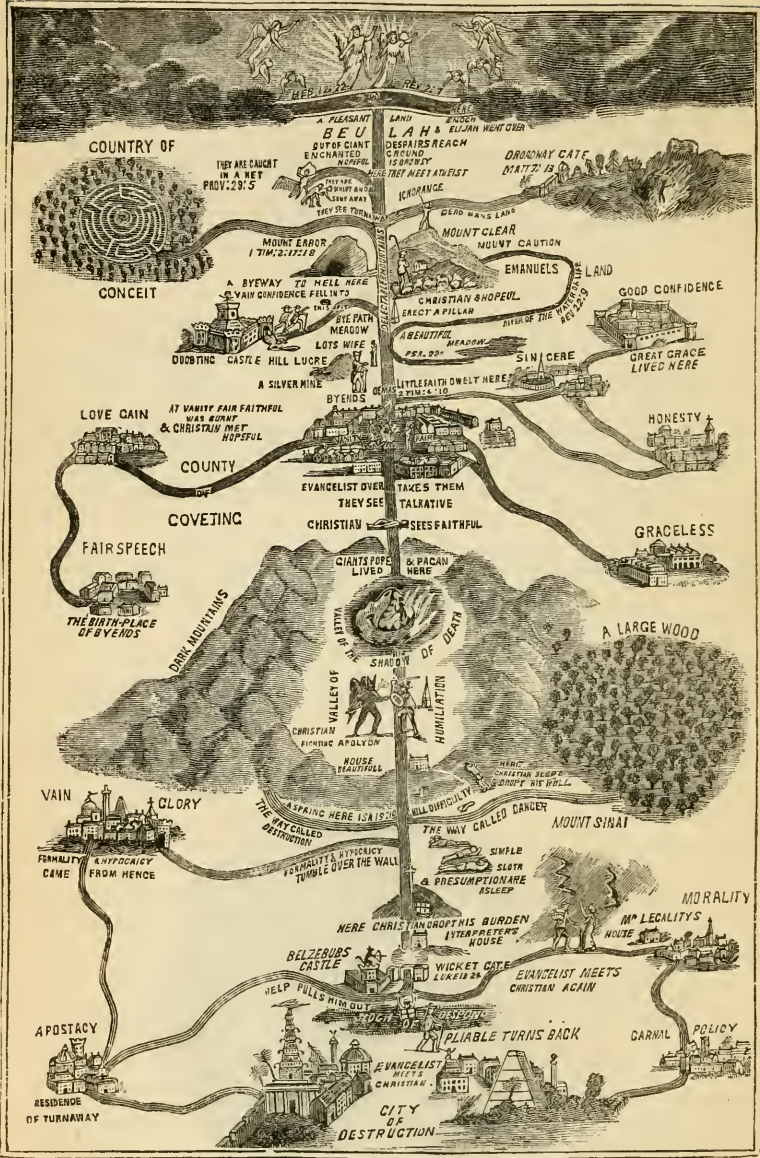
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CURIOUS OLD MAP,—OR CHART, OF THE
 "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."



INTRODUCTION.

THE following work was written by a gentleman interested in Working Men's Clubs,—Youths' Institutes,—Sunday-schools, &c.

Before leaving England, for a time, he desired to leave with a number of youths, from 14 to 25 years of age, a book which—if carefully read—might with God's blessing, induce a Youth to commence a manly, noble, and pious Life. Not being able to meet with precisely the kind of Book he required, he resolved to attempt the present little Work.

Having spent very many pleasant hours—he might almost say *years*—in their company, in teaching in the Sabbath-school, Night Institute, &c., he has gained some experience, and the hints given to Youths in this Volume will, he thinks, be appreciated by many a Youth setting out in life.

Amongst the thousands of works now weekly published on Travel, History, Fiction, Poetry, and even Theology, one but rarely meets with a book purposely designed to encourage good and religious feeling in those young in years, and yet one which a Youth might read without feeling that weariness and repugnance so often felt by him for works of a more pretentious and advanced character.

Books designed to combine entertainment and piety are often not very successful in advancing either;—"semi-religious" tales are prone to become more and more uninteresting, and are sometimes so transparently unreal, and fictitious, as to become comparatively worthless. On the other hand, in the few books extant having no other object than that of presenting Religion to those in early life, the error is made of forgetting that the attention of a Youth cannot reasonably be expected to be held too long on one subject, without some break or change.

In the earnest "Persuasions to Piety," by Mr. Pike, the *practical* part, as it bears upon the daily life and habits, has been almost entirely omitted, so as to leave the youthful, and inexperienced, in some degree at a loss as to what are the first steps to be taken, in their case, towards the Life recommended. On the other hand, the practical predominates so much in that admirable book for young students,

“The Manual,” by the Rev. John Todd, and in such works as Mr. Smiles’s “Self Help,” &c., as to leave but little room for those earnest *persuasives*, so helpful and encouraging to the young Believer. The hard practical lessons suggested, fail, in their absence, to inspire him with that love and affection for his Lord without which it is to be feared a life of self-improvement, begun under the most excellent system, will, after a time, insensibly glide back into the habits, and train of thought, common to the worldly and thoughtless of his age.

To attempt to combine the two seemed a useful and hopeful endeavour.

The contents of this Volume are not to be considered as entirely original. Some of the stories are from a collection made for the Sabbath School for years past from books and magazines, many of which have long been out of print; the names of the authors of many of them are not known.

RELIGION THE WORK OF A LIFETIME.

One view of Religion alone may appear opposed, in the following chapters, to the spirit felt so much in the present day by many; it is the insisting more upon a natural, quiet, and habitual course of intellectual and religious advancement, rather than relying upon the sudden and remarkable changes—little short of miracles—brought forward so prominently in the present day—a Religion dependent on the *feelings*, rather than on the conscientious life.

“AWAKENING” NOT NECESSARILY, “CONVERSION.”

Let us be thankful for all “Revivals,”—and “Revivalists,”—for surely there never was a time when a Great Revival of true, practical, Religion was more needed.

But let the Young Reader clearly understand what a “Revival” really means. “Awakening” is by no means necessarily, “Conversion!” Surely if there ever lived a Man who might have been inclined to rest upon his “Awakening” as a true, genuine, “Conversion,” that man was the Great Apostle Paul! Does he rest content with that Damascus journey, as “Conversion,” and as his title to Salvation? *Certainly not!* He is ever urging us all to follow his wise, and holy example, and leave the “things that are behind.” “But this one thing I do,—forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before,” Phil. iii., 13. “Not as though

I had already attained, but I follow after." "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended." "Know ye not that they which run in a Race run all,—but one receiveth the Prize? So run that ye may obtain," 1 Cor. ix., 24. Very different teaching this, dear Reader, to resting on a past scene, or scenes, of emotion, or excitement for Salvation! Instead of allusion to having been "Converted" on the Damascus road, the Apostle, on the contrary says, "I keep my body under, and bring it into subjection," 1 Cor. ix., 27. *Why?* "Lest,—after having preached to others, I *myself* should be a Castaway!"

The after Life of multitudes who once seemed deeply impressed with Religion, has proved by the *irresistible* logic of *facts*,—that the Pious emotions they once experienced, certainly did *not* lead *them* on to that *true, lasting,—real* "Conversion" the Apostle urges upon us. "If ye know these things" says our Blessed Lord,—"*happy are ye if ye do them*," John xiii., 1. "Not every one that saith unto Me, 'Lord,' Lord,—shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that *doeth* the will of my Father, which is in Heaven," Matt. vii., 1. The *wise* Builder was he who heard our Lord's words and *did them*, whose house was found to be *upon the rock*.

True, every Christian places his *only hope* of Reconciliation, and of Salvation in the *first place*, upon the Atonement, and Sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is the shedding of the precious Divine blood of Christ, which can alone redeem any, or can alone offer Mankind any hope, or standpoint. Nothing else gives the true Christian any hope,—any satisfaction,—any confidence! We *start* with this. It is the first Principle,—and Standpoint of true Christianity! But *then* follows the question of faithfulness in the Christian life and walk, the Path of Duty.

Because the Believer ever desires to be "Found in Him, not having mine own righteousness" (to rest upon for Salvation)—"but that which is through the faith of Christ,"—(Phil. iii., 9.)—that is surely no reason why he is not to be ever anxious to do his duty, with Christ's aid! And, dear Reader,—no two words about it,—that duty *must* be done. Multitudes are impressed,—feel at some time or other of their lives "the Power of the World to come,"—but it was not "Conversion." By no conceivable means could their after life be called a Christian one! They fell away! They shirked the Conflict at the beginning! The Great Apostle never says, "I was 'converted' on the Damascus

road." On the contrary,—years after,—he says—"I have *fought* a good Fight; I have *kept* the Faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousness!" Dear Reader! Why not let us recognise with the great Apostle,—and every true Follower of our Lord, since his day,—the Fact, that, though Christ's Atonement has *certainly opened* to all the way to Heaven, there is yet a "Good Fight," for *us also* to "fight;"—a "Faith" for *us, too*, to be tried;—(and *tried* it certainly *will be*)—and to be "kept" also, by us, before the "Well done! Good, and *faithful* Servant! enter *thou* into the joy of thy Lord,"—can come,—(as God wishes it to come)—also to us!

Dear Young Reader! Value Religious emotions and Pious feelings,—especially in early Life,—as the most precious of all God's gifts,—but value them, as He intends them to be valued, as a Means to an End. Do not rest on them,—grasping the Shadow for the Substance;—they are intended to lead to,—but are not, in themselves,—"Conversion." A religion which *costs you nothing*, is just *no Religion at all!* Depend upon it, a religion of mere sentiment,—without the Cross,—will never win the Crown! "Without Holiness no Man shall see the Lord," Heb. xii., 14.

THE YOUNG BELIEVER DISCOURAGED.

Without this true View of "Conversion," being taught him, the Young Christian may become utterly discouraged. Why! I quite thought that at such, and such a time I was "Converted,"—and yet *here are all the old sins* still! Why! I quite thought from that day all would be Happiness, and Peace!

I thought that there would be no more doubts, no more very great,—or, at any rate,—very successful,—temptations, and that I should fall no more into any very serious sins." *Did you?* Then dear young Reader, you were expecting a Life contrary to the experience of every child of God!

To be "Born again,"—is not so easy a matter! The change from a State of Nature, to a State of Grace, is not so easily effected! It is the Work of a Lifetime! Else what are we here "three-score years, and ten" for?

You are expecting the Crown,—before the Cross,—the Victory before the Conflict! It cannot be! The Christian must be tried! As a young Christian you are expected to prove a true,—not a sham—"fair weather only," Soldier of the Cross. Our Saviour's own path led Him to the Cross

on Calvary! The Christian's life would be unintelligible,—if there was no trial—no conflict—no foe to face,—no fighting a good fight of Faith,—no Satan to oppose,—no confidence in God to be tried!

GIVING IT ALL UP.

Many youths,—looking to themselves alone,—and forgetting the power of the Almighty,—conclude that Christ's precepts are,—at least to the immense majority of Mankind,—infinitely too high for poor human nature to entertain the slightest hope of following them. Thus, the precepts of Jesus Christ, in regard—for instance,—to *absolute purity* in Life, and even in Thought,—the “giving up all, and following Him,” the “loving our neighbour,”—nay, even our enemy, “as ourselves,” &c. “Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect,”—are Precepts so transcendently high, as to be ineffectual,—because impossible to follow. It is to be feared that many, usefully engaged in Christian work,—having to come in constant contact with these precepts,—are so depressed with the immense contrast presented by their own practice,—and the lives of those around them, to the teaching of Christ,—that they say, “I cannot go on preaching to others what I do not, and cannot, follow myself,—it is a farce to do so,” and give up in sheer despair!

WE HAVE ETERNITY TO WORK IN.

Being Himself Divine, how could our Saviour's Precepts and Standard, be anything else but “transcendent” and Godlike? But, dear Reader, we must remember that, to reach that Standard of being perfect, the Christian will have Eternity in which to approach,—without ever reaching—Divine goodness! This is merely the *Commencement* of the Christian's life! If God gives the *desire*, He will, in time, give the ability. “I can do all things through Christ strengthening me.”

The fault surely lies in looking too much at the “impossible” of man, and forgetting that “with God all things are possible.” Because neither we, nor those around us, seem able, at present, to obey the Gospel precepts,—are we to madly give up all faith,—in the amazing changing power of God the Holy Spirit,—and that life of prayer which we are assured will lead ultimately to our becoming “sons of God?”

No one denies for a moment the *immense corruption* of the Christian church, if judged by Christ's standard. Where

IS the consistent "Christian?" may well be asked in 1891.

TRUE CONVERSION.

It certainly requires Faith to believe that the wondrous change can take place. But before the mysterious and blessed influence of God the Holy Spirit, a marvellous change is experienced. That terrible hunger and greed after gain, and money,—for instance,—that terrible Sin of Covetousness,—the sin of our day, (and the Sin especially of the English speaking Race)—relaxes its fearful hold upon the Soul, as higher ambitions, and hopes, begin to dawn upon the Believer.

So with the Besetting Sin,—Intemperance,—Immorality,—Dishonesty,—Irreligion,—whatever it may be. God the Blessed Holy Spirit, the Sanctifier,—can, *in time*,—but it takes time,—if earnestly sought,—entirely change that deadly Selfish Heart,—change the entire Character, Ambitions, and Desires! Do you doubt it? Well! look around you! What! never seen that wondrous change in any Companion, Relative, or Friend? It is incredible! We see it,—thank God,—certainly! Nay! We experience it,—as Believers,—*ourselves!* And you,—dear Reader,—if you only persevere in a Prayerful, and Christian Life,—shall experience it too! Things,—which once were everything to us,—upon which the then worldly, selfish, Christless, heart was set,—are nothing,—thank God,—to us now! The taste for them has gone! We have *something better* now! This, dear Reader, is "CONVERSION,"—the true Change for Time, and for Eternity!

There never was a time when it was more needful to bear in mind that all things in Nature designed to be lasting and permanent, much more, all things connected with Religion, must, from the Constitution of things, be of extremely slow and gradual growth.

In these days of increased intelligence and excited feeling, we demand preachers who can thunder and lighten, and urge their hearers forward by a succession of powerful impulses—almost without their knowing it—into the kingdom of Heaven. What an idea of unreal and fictitious growth do such means present to us, to which all things in Nature—and, above all, God's dealings with Mankind—offer a denial. With God all things are possible; but except in occasional instances, upon which we have no authority to rely—they being the exception, not the rule—His dealings with man have been as remarkable for their

extreme deliberation as for their inevitable accuracy and certainty. Although hopelessly and fatally corrupt, a hundred and twenty years are given to a World, altogether corrupt, to repent, before it is destroyed. A hundred and twenty years did Noah warn the sinners before the Flood of the Wrath to come, while, though the World went on as usual, he was ever building the Ark. It is probable that they only laughed at the "foolish old man," who had been toiling for a hundred years on his mad scheme: for we learn how few righteous and repenting would have stayed God's hand when His judgment waited till righteous Lot was in a place of safety. Noah, we are told,—was "a Preacher of Righteousness,"—but he preached in vain! The "hundred and twenty years" of God's long suffering slowly passed; and God warned Noah, at length, to go into the Ark. Louder than ever laughed the scoffers around him, at the silly old man and his family shut in on dry land,—they ate, they drank, but the rain came,—the very windows of heaven were opened,—the fountains of the great Deep were broken up,—and swept them all away!

The Deluge.



“The Earth also was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence, for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the Earth; and God saw

that the wickedness of man was great upon the Earth, and the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man, yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years. In the Second Month and the Seventeenth day of the Month, the same day were all the fountains of the great Deep broken up and the windows of Heaven were opened. And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills were covered. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered."—*Genesis* vi., 7.

Again, a city, with not ten unpolluted by frightful sin, is visited by God himself, to see "whether they have done altogether according to the report," before it is overwhelmed. The dealings of the Creator with his creatures undoubtedly exhibit amazing long suffering "not willing that any should perish." But such examples only serve to confirm the certainty of judgment, which overtakes the hardened and habitual sinner before he can persuade himself that there is any cause for alarm. Hence the caution with which the many extraordinary accounts of sudden changes in those old and confirmed in sin should be propagated, especially amongst the young and unthinking; for they tend to encourage fallacious hopes, and fail in every way to stimulate the young to earnest and real endeavours after a better life, while time and opportunity are theirs. The thief, we may conjecture, although we are not positively told so, may have never heard or known of Christ before. This man was undoubtedly converted and accepted while upon the Cross; but does *this apply* to one who has known from very Childhood all the truths of the Gospel, and yet known them in vain? How little do we know of the former life, the circumstances, the state of Society in which this man had lived! If he for the *first* time had heard of good, how little can we understand that *degree of faith*, in a criminal of those dark times, which enabled him to discern in one convicted, crucified, and reviled, a Saviour who would shortly be the Lord over Heaven and Earth—a faith surpassing that of His immediate followers, who had been with Him from the first; amidst the tumult and excitement of the scene, with the knowledge that in a few hours at the longest he must pass into eternity, and the consciousness that he was looking for the last time on the world around, which enabled him to address to Christ those touching words, "Lord remember me when Thou comest into *Thy kingdom*." Was this intended as an *ordinary* case of one whom sin and Satan had been hurrying on from one stage of guilt and pollution to another? Is this a case, constantly as we hear it brought forward, which,—till we know more of its unusual features,—we dare to cite to others as an

instance of the *ordinary* dealings of God—the ordinary termination of a polluted, woeful, and misspent life? Surely the parallel case of the parable of the workmen called to work in the vineyard at the *eleventh* hour, is not meant to encourage any madly to risk his all, upon the chance of a late, so called, “conversion.” The *object* of the parable, designed as all were, *for certain states of mind* in those who heard them, aimed rather to reprove the jealousy, which, having all things, could not feel pleasure in their being also bestowed on others.

Surely, when piety and its duties have been presented to the mind from very early days, there can be no application of this often misapplied parable, seeing that the call to a pure and useful life—a life of piety towards God—has already gone forth, long ago.

The gracious words “Let the wicked forsake his way,” &c., and again, “But if the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all my statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die,” offer no false hopes in respect to those sudden changes met with so frequently in tracts and modern publications of a religious character, though less frequently in actual and real life.

WE MUST HAVE TIME FOR ALL THIS.

Such passages of scripture evidently impress us most strongly with the conviction that a *complete change* is absolutely necessary. A change, not of excited feeling—not wrought in an hour, nor a day, nor a year, but a real permanent *change of heart* and disposition, a leaving off of evil, a performance of that which is lawful and right; and, surely, this necessitates the *being in a position*, having the *time* and *power* to do those things, and not the leaving off evil merely because it is no longer *in our power* to follow it. “But if the wicked will turn”—here seems to be the point. A death-bed repentance can *never be proved* to be real and lasting, unless the person could be restored, and put to the test, and if he has failed once to live a holy life, what ground have we for thinking that he would be successful if he had another opportunity?

For does not what we ourselves have seen in him to whom the character may be applied, of being a thoroughly wicked and proud man, *confirmed in sinful habits*, tend much rather to the assertion, that “When the leopard can

change his spots, then may they also do good who are accustomed to do evil?"

The change from *virtue* to vice is, like all others, *slow*—no one becomes altogether evil *all at once*. They *could* not do so if they *tried*! And shall then the change from *sinfulness* to holiness—the most wonderful of all others—be alone marked for its sudden, unexpected, and instant growth?

The natural world offers a type of the same gradual growth or decay which marks the spiritual condition of mankind.

Passing over the periods of almost eternal duration needed to form the earth on which we live, let us take, amongst numberless examples, the simple illustration of



It was an Acorn once.

the growth of an acorn. At first, from the swelling shell bursts forth, little by little, the first small shoot of green, in time the seedling is formed, which for years must struggle, with uncertain success, to rise above the long

grass in which it is concealed ; then, as year after year rolls by in slow succession—the returning and returning seasons, the wintry days of snow and rain, the long warm days of Summer, leaving their gradual impression—the Seedling becomes a Sapling ; and, when generations of Mankind have been long ago gathered to the dust, the stately and far-spreading oak tree towers above all around, until, after weathering the storms of Centuries, in gradual and silent decay it slowly passes away !

And is not such a type of the slow and gradual steps by which a *Character* is formed—formed not for Time only, but for Eternity ? Is it not by such degrees the Great and Holy have, in all ages, been matured to what they were ? The early turning of love to heavenly things. The hymn said at a mother's knee ; the habit of thought and feeling ; the impressions gained insensibly from examples of piety, especially in those of the same age as ourselves—impressions which are felt in after-life, when the circumstances, and the actors, have long since passed away ; the vague and childish idea of “ Our Father Who art in Heaven ” ripening into faith, year after year, in the growing consciousness of the actual presence of an Almighty Friend ; the quiet, habitual communion with Him in prayer, in Boyhood and Youth ; the book after book read in scenes of retirement, all leaving their deep and lasting impressions on the boy's mind—who can doubt that these are the principles on which to act, as the natural and hopeful means by which holiness and true piety have ever been attained ? Again, in those cases when the awakening from a woeful, Christless, prayerless life comes in later life, is there no struggle between the good and evil ? No warfare ? No self-denial ? No frequent prayers, no earnest seeking, before the Soul, long accustomed to a Godless life, decides at length, once, and for ever, for the higher, rather than the lower, life ? Then surely, we *must have time* for all this ! Surely *daily actions—daily thoughts*, words, and deeds, produce *Habits* both in thought, and deed ! Equally surely do *habits*,—long continued,—form the *Character* whether for good or evil. And certainly the *Character* decides the fate, or destiny ; and what is fate, or destiny, but *Heaven or Hell* ? “ Depart from Me all ye that work iniquity.”

Let us then attempt, by slow but sure degrees, to present true and intelligent ideas of religion and God to our scholars of all classes and ranks—ever in dependence for the Divine blessing upon our efforts—without which we must

all feel conscious nothing can result. Unless practical ideas of religion are thus obtained, the efforts at public education, however excellent they may be, must ever prove ineffectual in reaching the springs of action in *touching the heart*. Our country owes its supremacy far more to the Religious disposition of the English, than to our mere advantages of position and wealth; and there surely never was a period when its teeming population needed more intelligent views of Christianity. Fully allowing that "God alone giveth the increase," that "unless He build the city, they labour in vain that build it," and knowing that all holy impressions must come from Him alone, surely this offers *no more reason* for omitting every means in our power, than the knowledge that its after-growth and success must be left to nature alone, need deter the husbandman from *sowing the seeds* of the future harvest.

Let us then seek to use the means God points out to us, as the hopeful ones for success; instead of placing dependence upon that subtle, self-deceiving thought, common to old and young, that we are much the same as others, and that when needful, a certain time will yet come,—why we know not; when, or how, we know not—when "Conversion" is to take place, *while we are allowing*, at the same time, *our short allotment* of time, and opportunity, to pass by *unimproved*.

Alas! That "Conversion" which they fondly hope is, some distant day, to be effected in an instant,—with no attempts, no labour on our part,—unaccompanied by any *conscious change* in our *daily habits*, and *daily thoughts*,—to multitudes never comes at all!

How is it possible that it should, where no efforts are made,—no means employed?

Those sudden, and unexpected changes of character which are to take place in the most depraved, most certainly to multitudes do *not* come!

Such delusive hopes of a change to take place,—but *always* at some *future time*,—must surely be a hazardous "Conversion" on which to rest an Eternity of Weal or Woe!

"By going down the Street of 'BY AND BY,'—one comes,—at last,—to the Gate 'NEVER'!"

The rareness of an earnest and yet practical book on religion, suited for the young, which should present piety and religion to their sympathy and regards, may be owing to the idea that addresses containing the deepest and most

solemn views of religion are ill-judged for those in early life, and tend to cast a gloomy aspect over the cheerfulness so natural and so becoming in youth. To these, the address "The Golden Opportunity"—on the text "Seek the Lord while He may be found,"—also the views advanced in this book on the "Eternal Hope Delusion," will probably be brought especially into question.

It is, doubtless, a subject for consideration how far such solemn views of religion may be allowed to open to the youthful mind.

Such objections are the more likely to be raised, because of the *great suaviseness* in the present day of religious teaching, both in the School and in the Pulpit. In our day, earnest, practical, belief in the Eternal loss of the Christless soul seems dying out.

That we have all "A Heaven to gain, and a Hell to shun," is a Truth which commends itself, not only to the Believer in the Holy Scriptures, but also to the *consciences of all men*. One honest thought of Eternity would put to flight many a temptation!

Let us then consider how far it is desirable to present these solemn truths to youths of from twelve to twenty years of age. It will, we believe, be found, that to thoughtless and cheerful Youths of early years—who *live for the present* alone, intently conscious of all that passes in the *outward* world, and which ministers to their pleasure, but conscious of *little else*—these Truths will seldom produce the evil some might apprehend; while with regard to those who are approaching Manhood, is it not indeed time that these Truths—fraught with such infinite importance to each of us,—should be earnestly presented to their minds?

The faults of Boyhood and Youth seem to be chiefly owing to the need of a Manly change taking place in the Character; many retain too often, to an almost indefinite period, the selfishness, ignorance, and thoughtlessness of the Child, while they have, at the same time, arrived at a degree of bodily and mental vigour and powers, little inferior to that of Manhood. The young people of the present day are confessedly far advanced in intelligence to their predecessors of former years, and, with the Divine blessing, these solemn Truths, earnestly and faithfully, presented to them, may not be altogether unintelligible or useless.

CHILDISH TEACHING.

The fact is, there appears in the present day to be a general desire, on the part of Teachers, to *bring down* as much as possible to the comprehension of the dullest, the Truths of that Religion we wish to promote. Whether those Truths *suffer nothing* from such attempts, and whether our efforts should not rather be directed to raise the intelligence of our Scholars *upwards* to them, we cannot now pause to consider; but there will often be found an acuteness of mind in the Youths we teach, which needs something more than the almost *childish teaching* not unfrequently given them. There can be nothing more calculated to strike us painfully, whether it be in the Pulpit or in the School, than to see the Teacher actually behind the intelligence of those he is presumed to be instructing, who, longing for teaching of a *more advanced* character, and being ready to receive it with benefit—learn *insensibly* to think lightly of those Truths, the solemn meaning, and requirements of which, are lost sight of in the *poor* and *weak* manner in which they are presented.

It may be thought by some, that the description of the power and agency of Satan, in the address “The Young Christian’s Difficulties,” (Chapter LIII,)—is fanciful and unreal, and that such ideas tend to create in the mind of an intelligent youth doubtful conjectures and speculations.

But there will come a time, in the experience of every thoughtful Youth, when these subjects *must* be met and *thought out for himself*; and it will, we think, be conceded, that to enlighten the mind, as far as Divine revelation permits, as to the *cause of the evil* we see around us on every hand—although, as far as we know, all has been done that will be done, and eighteen hundred years have passed since the Redeemer came—the reason for the struggle between good and evil, between the service of sin and Satan and the service of God—is of the utmost importance to the young Believer, just awakened to a sense of these truths, before he can estimate rightly the supreme blessing of the offer of a Saviour, and be induced to fly to Him for refuge and salvation.

Repetitions will be noticed, and the persuasions to accept the offers of Divine goodness and a Saviour’s love, in early life, and to cherish with pious regard, those precious impressions of early religious feeling, will, perhaps, be thought

to be repeated *almost to tediousness*; but it must be remembered that these addresses were presented at various periods, and at long intervals, and as these portions bear upon a point of *such infinite importance* to the *young*, for whom they were written, they have been left unaltered.

WHEN IS RELIGIOUS LIFE TO BEGIN ?

The importance of earnest teaching in this day must be felt, when we have constant examples to prove that the young of one sex may be (and often are) committing, and still more often wishing for the opportunity to commit, those sins of which the Scriptures say expressly, that they who do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God; and that the young of the other sex may be (and often are) principally intent on the gratification of vanity, and looking for their chief happiness in the resorts of gaiety and folly; and yet, provided only that they are good-tempered and open, and not actually disobedient to their parents and other superiors, they are considered good-hearted young people—which it would be well if all young people were. It is considered uncharitable to doubt that, when age has given them a little more wisdom and self-command, they will be all that can be desired. But true charity is wakeful, full of solicitude, not so easily satisfied, and knowing what sin is, and the ruin it spreads over the fairest promise, is jealous of mischief, apt to suspect danger—especially to those whose age renders them unsuspecting of evil themselves.

Are not those the symptoms by which genuine regard manifests itself when it is solicitous about the bodily health of the object of affection—the wife or the child? And is not affectionate concern for the eternal interests of others characterized by the same infallible marks? And if those who are charged with the office of watching over the young, who naturally and almost insensibly take their habits of thought and views of religion from them, suffer themselves to be lulled asleep—or, for fear of being deemed uncharitable and over-anxious, spare themselves all pains in the duty of their position—shall it be called uncharitable or unnecessary to endeavour to point out to the young the importance of that life upon which their eternal interests depend?

THE LESSON NOT LEARNT IN YOUTH.

To the considerate mind is there nothing to create anxiety in seeing the engaging cheerfulness and gaiety

incident to youth welcomed, as sufficient indications of goodness, and a hopeful sign for a future life of piety and usefulness, by their parents and friends? The cheerful, lively disposition, the healthy, active body, the attractive exterior, and engaging manners; surrounded by friends, with good prospects for future well-doing—hopeful signs these, you will say, for passing fifty or sixty years here; but *what signs* do they give, not for sixty nor a thousand years, but for Time Everlasting? Surely, the Poor in this World, without friends, without hope for the future, with a large share of the miseries of life,—born often in an atmosphere of disease and wretchedness,—have a *far better* chance of passing *their* fifty or sixty years *here*, tolerably, than those who have *not begun to turn* to God have of passing a *tolerable eternity!*

I would not cast one cloud over that cheerful spirit—throw one shadow of sadness over that light-hearted disposition—more than is needful to lead such to seek that home where clouds, and tears, and sadness can never come; but—knowing as we all do, how soon early innocence is tarnished, and that either good or evil *must* take up its abode in that joyous, thoughtless heart,—and with many an ebb and flow, one or the other will finally take up its abode there *never more to depart*—should we not avail ourselves of that period (which once wasted is not to be recalled) when the temper of the mind is soft and ductile, that period of docility and good-humoured acquiescence to lead a Youth to a Christian, pious, and happy life?

The teachableness of youth is in general much greater than we might at first imagine; their inexperience renders it so, necessarily. In spite of much self-confidence, and a quick pride, which seeks to hide the need of it, many a lesson is, nevertheless, taken home by a Youth never to be again entirely forgotten.

It is rare to find in a Youth a deliberate pride of mind which repels advice and instruction, on matters which nearly concern him, from the conscious strength he feels of having no need of them.

THE LESSON NOT LEARNT IN MANHOOD.

Let us then trace for a moment, in conclusion, the after career of those in whom this fair morning of life, this seed-time for a happy future, has been allowed to pass by without solicitude in regard to their eternal interests, or to their spiritual understanding and attainments. As these

grow older, they marry and ordinarily settle into *decent, respectable* people, adopting the usual outward forms of religion, and a sufficiently regular performance of its duties and requirements. With a lax and very imperfect idea of *true piety* and holiness, with hearts rendered more unimpressionable by habit, and by the thousand duties, pleasures, and engagements of life, these listen with a *calm* and almost *listless* attention to the earnest truths which *once* would have gone home with infinite good to their hearts. They *may be no more set than ever* upon the great work of their Salvation: they may be chiefly bent upon merely worldly pursuits—the care of their families—improving their fortunes—enjoying the recreations considered needful and allowable in a life of business; but who can *now* press home the truth upon such, it is of eternal consequence that they should feel? So long as they are kind in their conjugal and parental relations, decent and regular in their mode of life, who can be so uncharitable—so *rude*—as even to venture a doubt whether *that* condition can be a safe one which has passed youth without having *ever been touched* by a Saviour's love; without having *ever consciously become His*; and with whom, loving and engaged with earthly things, the short remaining period of allotted life is *rapidly hastening away*? Looking at the depth of misery and sin multitudes are plunged in, almost, alas! from childhood, causes us to consider their state as a hopeful one, in comparison. They seem “not far from the kingdom of heaven.”

But if there be any in whom good and pious resolutions have long since ripened into good and pious actions, and continued good actions have now led to a Christian life, how miserable would such think it to be only “not far from the Kingdom of Heaven;” how ill could they bear to go over again the struggles of earlier days which used to accompany almost every action, when done in defiance of habits of evil; how thankful will they be to have escaped from that season when they were seeking, but had not yet found, when that feeling of coldness and unwillingness to pray, because they had prayed so often in vain, at last gave way before a faith which instead of giving up the attempt, had prayed the more earnestly and had been successful. Those who are thus within the Kingdom of Heaven cannot but look back with pity upon those who are only as yet without its gates, much more upon those who have not taken a step towards it, nor appear to be doing so.

In their married life there is the same absence of any

gross wickedness, and we see much that is amiable; but the desire to turn to God, the sense of Sin and the need of a Saviour—the very first tending of the steps towards the Kingdom of God—these *we do not see!*

Young people are not tempted to be hard, interested, covetous, or insincere. Those in middle life are not so strongly tempted to be thoughtless, or idle, or licentious; they have the restraints of their family connections; the knowledge of what is expected from, and due to, their position; the estimation of society, of which they now well know the value. They are not now so completely negligent in their attention to objects of real value; *far from it*—family interests, the pursuit of wealth or ambition, and worldly cares, are now their objects of life and desire.

AND NOW, AT LENGTH, OLD AGE ADVANCES.

And now, at length, *old age advances*, with a step *no longer* to be mistaken; *one after another* the lights of Vanity Fair are disappearing *in silence* and *in gloom*; the bustle of the gay and thoughtless world is soon to fall no more upon our ears, but to be the portion of those who are just commencing, as they once did, its wearisome search after happiness.

Now, if ever, we may expect that the lesson not taught in *youth*, nor learnt in *middle age*, will at *last* come home, and eternal concerns at length be the main object of earnest attention. Alas! *nothing of the kind!* There are still appropriate good qualities, the presence of much which calms disquietude and satisfies the requisitions of themselves and those around them; they must now be indulgent of the frailties and follies of youth, remembering that when young they shared the same.

“YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.”—John iii., 3-8.

IS THIS BEING BORN AGAIN?

But, is this that dread of sin, that life of holiness and heavenly desires, that advancing from strength to strength, that life of dedication, which marks the true Christian? Is this all that is implied in the doctrine of our Lord, the “*being born again*,” without which no man can see God, or enter into His Kingdom? Is this all that is implied in being “Created anew after God, in righteousness and true holiness?” “If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, *he is none of His*.” Romans viii., 9. Is this all we have to encourage in us the hope that our names are written

in the Book of Life? Youth, with its warmth and inexperience, its follies and its temptations, being over, we may, indeed, live many years decent, sober, respectable, and even useful members of Society: but unless we have known something of a conscious coming to Christ, at some time or other of our lives, a conscious acceptance of Him, and a resolve to be His and serve Him for ever;—unless we have not been merely content to struggle successfully with *one* marked sin, but, undismayed with the prospect, and in dependence upon Divine assistance, have resolved to overcome an *entire sinful nature*, and become renewed after God's own image;—unless we have experienced the gradual death of sin, which, with *many an ebb and flow*, at last makes *certain progress*;—unless, at some time or other in our lives, we have known what it was to *fly to Christ*, as those in extreme peril from sin and misery, and have been accepted and forgiven by Him, shall we not find that we have been *building upon the sand*?

BUILDING ON THE SAND.

If all this seems to us strange, and extravagant, and unreal (unreal in the sense in which our houses, and land, and families, and friends are real), surely we should ponder the Truth as expressed in that Book whose Author *cannot* lie, that we may live thus for many years, respectably and creditably, possessing large powers of mind; with deep knowledge of earthly, and even some of spiritual things; enjoying the friendship and love of many, and possessing qualities worthy of their regard; and which even our enemies cannot fail to respect, and finally our names may be spoken of, in after times, as those who did worthily in their day and generation:—and yet we may find, when this Earth with all its concerns shall have closed for ever its mournful, and yet glorious history, and shall have passed away, as a *thousand worlds* may have already passed away in Infinite space, and in Infinite time, that in all these things in which we were so far *superior* to the sinful and miserable around us, we served *ourselves alone*, and not Him who died for us.

We may find that we have had our good things in this life, and shall find that there remains now nothing more; the talents He committed to us, by which we rose superior to multitudes sunk in ignorance and sin, kept us, indeed, from hurtful and disreputable vices, enabled us to live a happy, and “successful,” life, but brought forth *no fruit* to

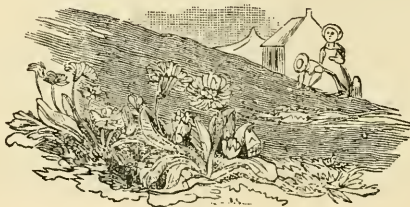
Him—were never employed consciously in His service, in order that the words of loving welcome might be ours, “Thou hast been faithful over a few things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

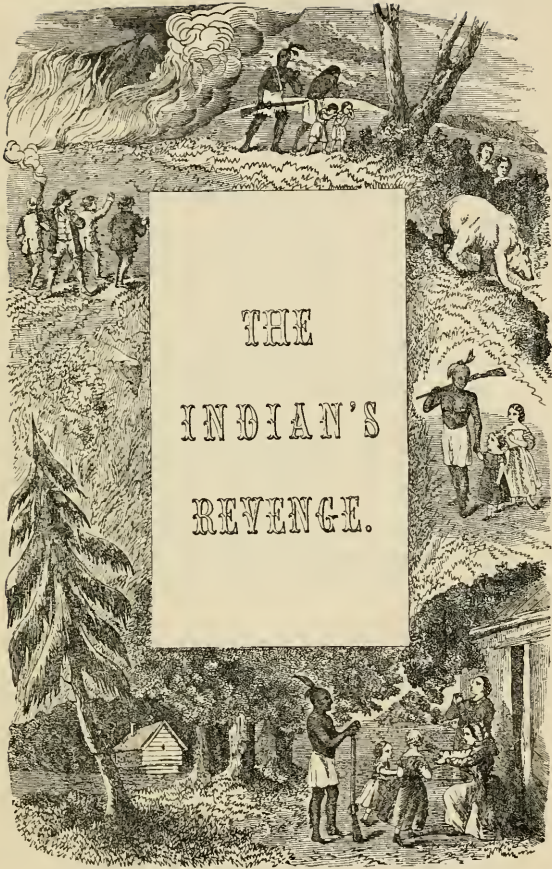
We may find—having no interest in Christ, never having entered by the strait, and narrow, way into His fold—that to sinners such as we are the door of eternal life must be for ever closed. And the agony is neither to be *conceived* of, nor *understood*, When God and Christ *have passed away for ever*, and we left to go out into Eternity, unchanged, unholy, unsanctified, and unsaved;—to ponder upon that loss *so vast, so awful*, that it will take *an Eternity to understand*, and *an Eternity to deplore!*

BE WISE IN TIME.

To some older Reader—who may—perchance, take up a book intended for the Young,—the shades of evening are stretching o’er the landscape,—the Sun of your life’s Summer is fast sinking in the West! You have seen the Comrades of your early days go down,—one, after *another*,—to the silent tomb! You have seen one loved Relative, after *another*—laid out—in the cold, white, mystery of Death! And how many a so-called “Wealthy,” and “Successful,” man,—is going out into Eternity unsaved?

“In my early life *I*, too, had my calls to Piety and Religion,—but I *slighted* them! The faithful God,—the precious Saviour,—came humbly knocking at *my* door too, in days that long since are over, and are gone! But I wished to be a wealthy man,—I slighted many Convictions! I grasped—for many a year—the treasures of a dying World, but I *missed the tide*, it was God’s will should have borne me to my Heavenly home! I seized,—for many a year,—the riches and the pleasures of a Phantom World! I grasped Earth’s *Dunghill*,—but I *missed the starry Crown!*” Reader! be *wise*,—before Death comes to *thee!* Reader! be *wise* before ETERNITY!





THE
INDIAN'S
REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

HERE was a man, named Warrington, who lived on the confines of an American Forest.

His house was made of logs, and pleasantly situated in a small valley, by the side of a little river. It was seven miles from the dwelling of any white person, and the road to the nearest settlement lay through the thick forest.

But although Mr. Warrington dwelt in a place so lonely, he did not feel his solitude.

He had a wife and two children; these he loved very much, and they saved him from feeling that he was alone.

Of the children the eldest was a girl, Laura, nine years old; the other, John, a little boy of seven. They were very pretty children, and, what is better, were very good; Laura, only, being rather too fond of wandering in the woods. Not far from Mr. Warrington's house there was an Indian, by name Shaumut. He lived in a small hut made of the branches of trees, covered with red turf. He was on the whole, a good and friendly man; though, like the other Indians, he dwelt in the forest, and lived in a wild and savage manner.

Now it happened that two bad white men, who lived at the settlement, seven or eight miles from Mr. Warrington's, knowing that he lived alone, determined to rob him of what they could get.

Accordingly, one night they came into his house, and carried off several articles of considerable value in the estimation of a settler. The whole family being asleep, and the log hut being but insecure, they escaped in safety.

The thieves now went towards Shaumut's Hut, taking care to drop one or two of the things as they passed along; for, being known as bad characters by the whole settlement, they had hit upon this expedient of getting the Indian to be suspected of the robbery. When the morning came the robbery was discovered.

It was then the custom to lay every misfortune upon the Indians, and every crime that was committed was set down to the red man. It was natural, therefore, that Mr. Warrington should impute the robbery to them. After thinking of it a little time, he resolved to go to Shaumut, and see if he could discover the truth.

While he was on his way he stumbled on one of the articles which the rogues had dropped ; and as it was in a path which led but to the red man's hut, he did not care to go there alone, being now convinced that Shaumut had been the thief.

He repaired at once to the white settlement, and told the people what had happened. All agreed that the Indian was the robber, and *none were more sure of it* than the two white men who had *themselves* committed the crime.

It was determined that Shaumut should be instantly punished ; and four men, armed with guns, returned with Mr. Warrington to his house, for the purpose of carrying this scheme into execution.

They waited until it was dark, and then repaired to the scene of action. Shaumut's house as I said before, consisted of sticks covered with sods. It was a kind of hut called a "Wigwam."

In a wigwam there is no door, but the Indians pass in and out through a small hole, by creeping on their hands and knees. It was about ten o'clock, on a summer's evening, that Warrington and his companions surrounded the red man's Wigwam. The Indian and his wife and three children were already asleep. Not thinking of danger, they were all reposing on their bear-skin beds, enjoying their rest, which the labours of hunting and fishing, in which their lives were passed, made doubly sweet.

Suddenly the silence of the night was broken by the sound of a musket. Shaumut heard the noise, and creeping out of his wigwam, was met by Mr. Warrington, who charged him with the theft. Shaumut denied the charge, "Theft," said he, "is the white man's crime ; the red man's hand may wield the tomahawk, or pull the bowstring, but his fingers cannot steal."

But, in spite of his declaration, Warrington and his friends believed the poor Indian was guilty ; it was true they could find none of the stolen articles anywhere about his wigwam, but what so easy as to hide or bury them ? They, therefore, drove him and his family from their home, and then set it on fire. At the same time they told the Indian to leave that place, and never to return to it. Thus the poor red man was forced to see his dwelling-place consumed, his wife and children without a shelter, and his own name branded with crime. But, like all Indians—silent—he said nothing.

He gloomily plunged into the forest, and followed by his family, disappeared from the little Valley where he had so long dwelt.

Some time had passed away, and the events which I have related were almost forgotten. Shaumut had never re-appeared, and it was supposed he had gone away to the Far West.

One day that Summer, it was necessary for Mr. Warrington and his wife to go to the Settlement which I have already mentioned. They set out early in the morning, with the intention of returning at night.

Having given strict charge to their children to remain at home, they felt no anxiety, but went on their long walk with light hearts.

They had not been long gone when the children, feeling dull in the house, proposed to each other to play in the Woods near ; for, though their parents had told them to stay at home, they would go but a very little way, and keep the hut in sight. But the day was very pleasant ; the wild fruit and nuts were in abundance ; the large butterflies (not like those in England, but several inches across the wings) of lovely colours were flitting about ; the squirrels eating the nuts were leaping from bough to bough ; and the birds occasionally filled the forest with their voices. And thus it was that the two children wandered on, and spent two or three hours, insensibly going further from their home. They, now, however, determined to return. But though they walked for some time they saw no trace of their home, for they had missed their way ! They wandered about for some time, and neither dared to tell each other that they were lost ! But at length they looked into each other's faces, and began to cry. For some time they remained at the foot of a tree, lamenting their disobedience, and expressing their anxiety to each other ; but by-and-by they arose, and, excited by their fears, they walked on as fast as the thick trees and bushes would permit. A recent writer, Mr. Bates, thus describes these immense forests of America : —“The few sounds of birds are of that pensive character which intensifies the feeling of solitude, rather than imparts a source of life and cheerfulness in these trackless wilds. Sometimes in the midst of the stillness a sudden yell or scream will startle one, as some defenceless fruit-eating animal is pounced upon by a tiger-cat or stealthy boa-constrictor. Morning and evening the howling monkeys make a most harrowing noise, under which it is impossible to keep one's usual spirits. Often in the still hours of mid-day, a sudden crash will be heard resounding through the wilderness, as some great bough or entire tree falls to the ground. There are besides many sounds which it is impossible to

account for ; and I found the Indian natives generally as much at a loss in this respect as myself. Sometimes a sound is heard like the clang of an iron bar against a hollow tree, or a piercing cry rends the air ; these are not repeated, and the succeeding silence tends to heighten the unpleasant impression they produce on the mind. With the natives it is always the 'Curupia,' or Spirit of the Forest, which produces all sounds they are unable to explain."

It was into the depths of such a forest that poor Laura and John wandered for three days, living on nuts and wild fruit. One night, overcome with fatigue, they sat down, and both of them wept bitterly. Seated by the side of a rock, and folded in each other's arms, they fell asleep. So quiet were they, that a bird alighted on Laura's shoulder, early in the morning, and commenced his song, thus awakening her and her brother. For a moment they could not recollect where they were ; on looking round they saw the thick woods, and remembered their dreary situation.

While hesitating what course to pursue this day, they heard a crackling in the leaves, as if someone approached. Their first feeling was of joy, for the children believed it was their father coming to their relief ; but what was their terror to perceive a huge black Bear approaching them, which, startled by their scream, made a pause at the unusual noise. The children fled through the forest, through the tangled branches of the trees ; and the Bear, recovering his surprise, snuffed the air for a few moments, and followed after them through the thick bushes. The children heard his gruff panting, snuffing, and growling ; but the branches tore their arms and legs, and they at last came to a stand. The Bear, rendered bold by hunger, opened his arms and settled himself, for a leap and the death-hug. When, at the same moment, a bough or two were moved on one side—the barrel of a gun protruded from a tree close by—and a shot was fired. The Bear fell, and after a few struggles, died. At the same time, an Indian came rapidly up to them, and to their dismay proved to be no other than Shaumut. Knowing what had happened between her father and him, Laura, even at her age, felt alarmed at what the red man might do. But we shall see that the Indian's revenge was of a different nature to that expected.

I must now tell you that the Parents of the children had returned at evening, and found their home vacant. In vain did they call, and search the nearest woods, and call from every little hill in the valley. The night was spent in fruitless search ; but, though men from the settlement assisted

the disconsolate parents, days passed, and still the children were not to be found. The Parents were sitting, after another sleepless night, at the door of their hut, when suddenly Shaumut came out of the woods with Laura and John. He stood apart, and witnessed the meeting of the parents with their children. When the first kisses and tears were over, the Indian came up to Mr. Warrington, and said :—

“White man, listen! You supposed I had done you wrong. You were mistaken. But still you set my wigwam on fire, and sent me and my family to seek a home beneath the cold shelter of the oak! You drove me from the land of my fathers, by bestowing on me the name of robber and thief. A red man does not complain. Behold a red man's revenge! I met your children in the wilderness. I could have carried them away, and made *your* heart desolate, as you have made *mine*, but I did not do it. I was leaving this place, to journey towards the sun; but I have returned to bring your children back. I have brought them *far!* I restore them to you—and now I say farewell!”

The red man turned away; and before Mr. Warrington could make any reply, the Indian was lost amid the thick branches of the trees.

Some time after, the two white men who had committed the theft, were discovered by one of the stolen articles, which they had not disposed of with the rest, at a distant settlement, and were given up to justice. Convicted for other offences, one of them confessed the theft. But, though Mr. Warrington made *many* efforts, he never learned anything of Shaumut again, for the good Indian had left those parts, *never to return*.

“If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses.”





“Yah ! there goes Old Skinflint !”

CHAPTER II.

CHARITY.

IN the southern part of France is a large city called Marseilles : here there once lived a man named Guizon ; he was always busy, and seemed very anxious to amass money, both by his industry and his frugality. He was poorly clad, and his food was of the simplest and cheapest kind ; he lived alone, and denied himself all the luxuries and many of the comforts of life. He was honest and faithful, never attempting to defraud others, and always exact in performing his promises ; yet the people of Marseilles thought he was a miser, and they held him in great contempt. As he passed along the streets, the rich looked on him with scorn, while the poor hissed and hooted at him. Even the boys would cry out, “There goes old Skinflint,” But the old man bore all this insult with gentleness and patience. Day by day he went to his labour, and day by day as he passed through the streets he was saluted with sneers and taunts. Thus time passed on, and poor old Guizon was now more than eighty years of age. But he still continued the same persevering industry, still lived in the same saving simple manner as before. Though he was

now bent almost double, and his hair was thin and white as snow; though his knees tottered as he went along the street, still the rude jokes of the crowd would follow him, "Yah! there goes the old Skinflint!" But at length the old man died; and it was found that he had heaped together, in gold and silver, a sum equal to forty thousand pounds. On looking over his papers, his will was found, in which were the following words: "I was once poor, and I observed that the poor people of Marseilles suffered extremely for the want of pure fresh water. Having no family, I have devoted my life to the saving of a sum of money sufficient to build an aqueduct to supply the poor of the city of Marseilles with pure water, so that the poorest may have a full supply."

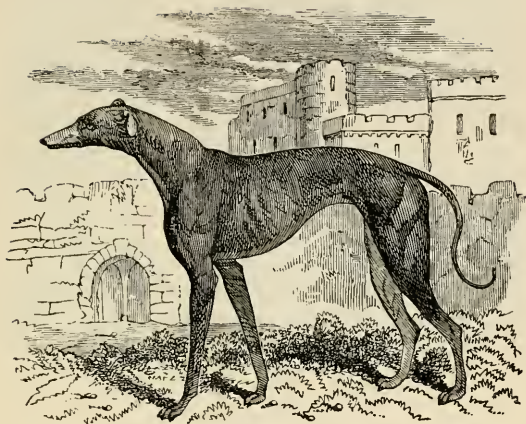
Let us be very careful how we judge from appearances, and act uncharitably in ridiculing or denouncing those who live differently from what we do, and who seem to us to be narrow-minded and selfish.

For years this good old man had borne the scoffs and taunts of the senseless mob. Fixed upon one noble purpose, he led a life of penury and self-denial, and died at last *friendless, despised, and alone*. But his noble object was accomplished, and when he was gone, *many* a wreath of flowers, and *many* a tear were dropped upon the old man's grave!

We may find in judging, and condemning one who does not live as we do, that we have been condemning one far better, and far nobler, than *ourselves*.



Saturday Night.



"Gelert."

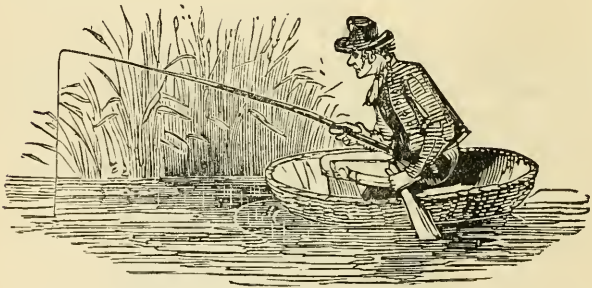
CHAPTER III.

—
ANGER.

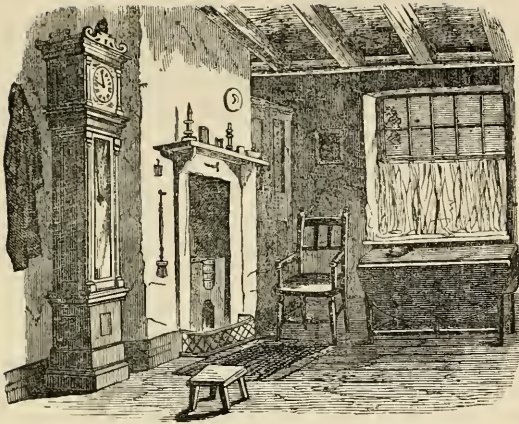
IN a Village at the foot of Snowdon, the well-known mountain in North Wales, there is a tradition that Llewellyn, son-in-law to King John, had a residence in that neighbourhood. The king, it is said, had presented him with one of the finest greyhounds in England, of the Highland or Scotch breed, named "Gelert." Llewellyn one day on going out to hunt, called all his dogs together ; but his favourite greyhound was missing, and nowhere to be found. He blew his horn as a signal for the chase, and still Gelert came not. Llewellyn was much disconcerted at the heedlessness of his favourite, but at length pursued the chase without him.

For want of Gelert the sport was limited ; and tired and disappointed Llewellyn returned home at an early hour, when the first object that presented itself to him was Gelert, who bounded with his usual transport to meet his master, having his lips besmeared with blood. Llewellyn gazed with surprise at the unusual appearance of his dog. On going into the apartment where he had left his son and

heir asleep, he found the bed-clothes and things surrounding the cradle all in confusion, and stained with blood; the cradle being overturned. In the sudden fit of rage he hastily concluded that the dog must have killed his boy; and giving vent to it, without a moment's reflection, he plunged his sword to the hilt through Gelert's side. The noble animal fell at his feet, uttering dying moans, and *endeavouring to lick his master's hand*; his cries at the same moment awakening the child, who was safely sleeping beneath a mingled heap of clothes, while close by lay a huge Wolf, covered with gore, which the faithful and gallant Hound had followed into the chamber and destroyed! Llewellyn, smitten with sorrow and remorse for his rash and frantic deed, which had deprived him of an animal he could *never* expect to replace, did all that was left to commemorate his fidelity, and unhappy fate. The place to this day is called "Beth-Gelert," or "the grave of the Hound."



A Welsh "Coracle," (Basket Boat).



“The truth is, I am tired of ticking.”

CHAPTER IV.

DISCONTENT.

THE following fable by Miss Jane Taylor was meant to encourage those who are apt to look too much at the labours and difficulties in advance, instead of remembering that the present day's work is easy to perform, and it is with the present alone that we have to do.

An Old Clock that had stood fifty years in a Farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one Summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly *stopped!* Upon this, the *dial* plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the weights hung speechless; the hands felt it impossible to indicate the right time. Each member felt very much disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial plate instituted a formal inquiry throughout the works as to the cause of the stagnation; when Hands, Wheels, Chains, and Weights, protested their innocence, and the *Clapper* was especially loud in its denial; but now a faint tick was heard from below from the Pendulum, who thus spoke: “I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking.”

Upon this the Old Clock became so enraged that it was upon the point of *striking!*

"Lazy thing!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up both its hands.

"Very good!" replied the Pendulum. "It is vastly easy for you, Mrs. Dial, who have always, as every one knows, set yourself up *above* me—it is easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beg of you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and swing backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the Dial, "Is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the Pendulum, "It is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not, as you all know, stop even for an instant to look out; besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I will tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of the next twenty-four hours. Perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum?"

The minute hand, being QUICK AT FIGURES, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand, four hundred, times."

"Exactly so," replied the Pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all, if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one? And when I began to multiply the stroke of one day by those of Months and Years, can any one wonder that I felt discouraged at the prospect; so after a good deal of reasoning, and hesitation, thinks I to myself, 'I'll STOP.'"

The Dial on this replied:—"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious, person as yourself, should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. Holding the important position you do, you should remember that we are really dependent upon your fulfilling the duties of your post, as it rests with you whether we obtain, and merit, the attachment, and confidence, of Mankind, or are brought into disgrace. The consciousness of how much depends upon your exertions, how little we can do without you, deserves your deepest consideration. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time. So have we all, and are likely to do; but although this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is whether it will fatigue

us to DO it. Would you, now, do me the favour to give about half-a-dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

"Certainly," said the Pendulum, (who to do him justice, was always *susceptible* to good and *straightforward* movements, and who had hitherto been remarkable for his *uniform* and *well-regulated* conduct.) And he ticked six times at his usual pace. "Now," resumed the Dial, "may I be allowed to enquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the Pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor sixty, but of MILLIONS."

"Very good," replied the Dial; "but let me ask you to remember, what I think you have forgotten, that although you may THINK of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but ONE, and that however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"Well, this consideration staggers me, I confess," said the Pendulum.

"Then may we not hope," resumed the dial-plate, "that we shall all return at once to our work? For though we may stand still, we must remember that time goes on the same."

Upon this the Weights, who had never themselves, been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence,—throwing their weight into the scale. The Pendulum gave way, and began to wag once more; when, with one accord, the wheels began to turn, the hands to move, and the pendulum, to do it justice, ticked as loudly as ever; while a beam of the rising sun that streamed through the hole in the shutter of the kitchen window, shining brightly upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

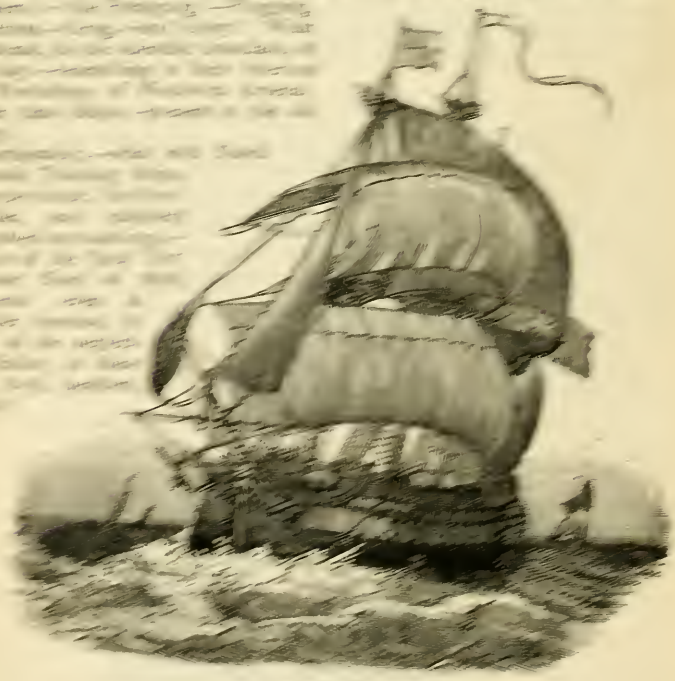
When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the Clock he declared, with surprise, that "His watch *must have gained* nearly half-an-hour in the night!"



A too successful Archer.



The first of the islands in the group is the largest, and is called the
Great Island, and is the only one of the group which is of any
importance. It is a low, flat island, and is covered with a
thick growth of vegetation. The soil is fertile, and the
climate is healthy. The island is surrounded by a narrow
channel of water, and is separated from the other islands
by a low reef. The island is the only one of the group
which is of any importance. It is a low, flat island, and
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other islands by a low reef. The island is the only one of
the group which is of any importance.



The "Great" Island, in the group of the "Great"

snug little hammock. Once, a passenger relates, in a hurricane which overtook them, something had gone wrong aloft ; there was danger of the ship being "taken aback," and immediately foundering ; certain ropes had become entangled at the top of the lofty mainmast. Who, in such an awful Storm was to go aloft ? Not a Sailor volunteered ; they knew the danger amongst these loose flapping sails and swinging booms ! The Mate, a rough powerful-looking man, called for the sailor boy Volney, who was below, and ordered the boy to go aloft ! The Boy glanced upward—then at the resolute, determined, face of the mate—pressed his little Scotch cap firmly on his head, and, with a kind of sigh, took hold of the rattlins, and (although he knew the danger as well as the mate did) without another word, went up with a will. The passenger expostulated with the mate for ordering the gallant boy aloft in such a storm. "He could never come down alive !" "I did it to *save our lives*," growled out the rough sailor ; "if we were 'taken aback' at this moment, we should all be in 'Davy Jones' locker' in ten minutes ! We have lost *men* overboard, but never a Boy ; they are lighter. See how he clings on like a squirrel !" "I *do* hope he will come down safe"—continued the mate—his eyes anxiously fixed aloft together with the other Sailors, "He's a *good* one he is ! We should'nt like to lose him !"

After a time of sickening suspense the Boy succeeded with the ropes—the men hauled away with a will—and the Ship was soon "snugged," (as the saying is at sea), and in comparative safety. The Boy was received with cheers from his shipmates, and the rough Mate growled out a few words of honest approval, which made the Boy's fine face glow with pleasure.

A sailor boy in those days had to lead a hard life ; to be fed with biscuits so hard that they had to be either soaked, or broken with a hatchet ; to be suddenly awakened—from the soundest sleep, to go aloft in darkness and rain—such was the life of Volney. But the boy soon came to regard little ordinary toils and privations ; indeed, with it all, he enjoyed perfect health, and was thus free from the diseases springing from idle and pampered appetites.

Although deprived of the advantages of a good education, his own experience had rendered him intelligent, and such was his cleverness and trustworthiness that he was judged by the owners to be worthy of promotion in the vessel, and received double the usual pay. A light-hearted, merry boy, he was always ready and willing to assist his

comrades, and soon won the esteem and affection of all around him. An occasion at length arrived when the young sailor boy performed one of the most gallant actions on record.

It happened that during one of the voyages the ship made, that Volney's father was also on board.

Among the passengers was a little girl, the daughter of a rich American merchant. She had slipped away from her nurse, who was ill and lying down in the cabin, and had run upon deck. The boy Volney was sitting by his Father, and others of the Crew, on the fore-castle, when the little girl, in looking over the side of the vessel, lost her footing and fell overboard, the vessel giving a sudden roll to starboard.

The quick eye of Volney's father, who was at the moment relating a story to the seamen (who, with his son Volney, now a fine boy of fifteen, were listening eagerly to him), saw in a moment what had happened, and without a moment's hesitation sprang to his feet, shouted to them to "shorten sail," and throwing off his coat, dropped over the side into the sea, in a few powerful strokes had reached the little girl, as she was sinking ; held her up by her frock, and, with the greatest coolness, supported both her and himself in the water till assistance should reach them. All would have been well, for he was a powerful and noted swimmer, and the action was *nothing* to some of his performances, when, whilst he was swimming with one hand and supporting the child with the other, he perceived that horror of a seaman's, a *pointed black fin*, at a short distance advancing towards them. *One glance* was sufficient ; *it was a Shark*. None but a sailor knows the danger of being exposed to these monsters. The deep sea Shark grows to an immense size ! They will follow a vessel for days, the superstition amongst sailors being, that it knows when a death will take place on board, and waits till the body is thrown overboard. Much more probably the large fish is attracted by the odds and ends thrown overboard in the wake of a vessel, especially when a number of emigrants or soldiers are on board, and the cooks are kept constantly employed. The shark has several frightful rows of teeth, set backwards like a saw, and pointed. When about to tear its prey, it is, however, compelled to roll half over to seize it in its mouth. When one of these monsters has been caught and hauled upon deck it will, with one blow of its tail, make the ship tremble again. The seamen cut the tail off with a hatchet, when, after a length of time, the monster may at length be

killed by repeated blows and stabs. The most powerful swimmer is of course entirely helpless in the water before one of these creatures, which grow to the length of a ship's boat. Volney's father knew too well their *extreme peril*; he shouted loud! His voice reached *one faithful ear*, that of his son Volney! The boy knew from that voice of terror that something had *indeed* now happened! He knew his Father well! In many a sudden danger had the boy seen him. He had sat and slept by his Father at the helm—their smack caught in a Gale far from the land—and, through the dark night, his Father's skilful arm had guided their plunging boat; saying to the boy when he woke—"All right, Vol., we shall weather it; go to sleep again;" and the little fellow would kiss his Father, and drop off to sleep again, feeling perfectly secure. It was the *first cry* he had ever heard from his Father in danger. The Ship had been turned, a boat was being manned, when the lookout man raised the cry of a "shark." The mate at once ordered up two ship's muskets, and fired one over the spot where the fin could be seen occasionally out of the water, hoping thus to scare the Monster from his prey; but it was *too late*. The fish had seen them!

Every one was now on deck! The men straining every nerve to lower the boat, which (as too often happens in an emergency) had got its tackle in some way entangled. The powerful mate, musket in hand, watched for an opportunity for another shot. He knew he should only have time for *one*. At this moment a boy plunged into the sea, holding something in one hand. It was the boy Volney Beckner! Resolved, after his father's cry of agony, *never to desert him*, and either to save his father or die with him, the gallant boy had seized the long, keen, knife of the ship's Butcher, and diving like a fish until he saw the white body of the Monster above him, ran the long keen blade far into its body! Thus severely wounded the fish quitted its first prey, and endeavoured to roll over to seize his assailant. But Volney, long accustomed to play tricks in the water, dived here and there, and even succeeded in getting home another desperate thrust with his knife. Meanwhile his father reached the ropes thrown out to them, and mounted the deck in safety, with the little girl, still living, in his arms. It was a heart-rending scene! On the one side the American gentleman trembling for his little girl, and blessing the generous seaman who had risked his life, and saved his child. On the other hand, the Captain, Mate, and the whole Crew breathless

in anxiety for their young shipmate. The Mate, pale, but determined, seized another opportunity, and (at the risk of hitting the boy he longed to save) again fired. This shot seemed successful; the fish, for a moment, disappeared; a glad roar rose from the crew! Volney, the next moment, had reached one of the dozen ropes thrown to him—a dozen hands were trembling with excitement to help him in—when the brutal fish following him, with its usual dogged tenacity, enraged, apparently at seeing his prey about to escape him, made (as they are sometimes known to do) a sudden rush and half leap out of the water, and succeeded with its sharp teeth in tearing the body of the gallant and intrepid boy almost asunder, above the hips. A part only of poor Volney's palpitating and lifeless body was drawn up into the ship; while his father and the little girl were both saved.

Thus perished this noble sailor boy! When we reflect on the action he performed in saving his father—whom he loved so well—at the almost certain expense of his own life, we are entitled to place his name in the first rank of heroes. He was born in Londonderry in 1748, and from the account from which this history has been, in part, taken, it would appear that he at this time was about fifteen years old.

From what is known of his admirable and generous character we may hope that the boy was not unprepared to die. And as he was at the moment of his death obeying his Creator's commandment, "Honour thy Father and thy Mother," by giving his life to save his parent's, he could hardly have chosen a nobler end, than in trying thus to *do his duty to the last!*

Dear young reader, do you emulate the noble example of this youth? Then remember that by not always caring for yourself alone, you will find numberless opportunities of caring for others, of being of service both to God and man, and of gaining their love in return. And once gain the love of God, and it little matters where and when you die! For we may be certain in the case of a good and noble Youth, however sudden and painful may be his death, that Almighty God will not suffer, "either height, nor depth, nor *any other creature,*" to separate him from His love, "which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE GREAT ROBBERY, AT WALSALL, BY A JUNIOR CLERK.

“Thou shalt not steal.”—The 8th Commandment.

THROUGHOUT all our large commercial towns, Youths of 14 to 18 years of age may be met at every turn, whose countenances have lost the apathy and carelessness of expression of schoolboys, whose quick step and manner indicate business, and whose air of self-reliance and intelligence speak hopefully of future success. We cannot but feel proud of them, for few (if any other) Nations can show a class to be compared with them, in the same sphere of life. Considering the amount of property necessarily entrusted to these youths, as Clerks—youths in Warehouses, Offices, Shops, &c.—it is of importance that each of them should reflect that a base action, a breach of trust towards their Employers—who confide in their sense of honour very often with perfect and implicit confidence—not only attaches lasting disgrace to themselves and their relations, but throws discredit upon the whole of their brethren. If the Youth who reads this book should ever occupy such a post, I would remind you that you are individually bound to support, by your faithfulness, the trust placed in you by the firm, and the credit and respectability of a class well worthy of regard and consideration from all, as containing the elements of our future commercial, and therefore *National* prosperity.

It is now some years since the above robbery by an office youth took place, and by omitting the true names and locality, it may perhaps form an illustration of the above commandment, without giving pain to any one who can still remember this now almost forgotten affair.

On Monday morning the 15th of October, 18—, all was going on well in the office of Messrs. ———.

A parcel of money, value £950, draft for £670, £135 in gold, and £140 in bank notes had been paid in from Birmingham too late to place in the bank. It had been locked up by the cashier in the safe during Sunday, and was perfectly safe when that young man came on the Monday morning.

Called into the next office, he placed the parcel in a drawer of his desk, locked it, and left the office with two

other clerks in it—a youth of sixteen or seventeen named Louis, and an elder clerk. The elder clerk left also to post some letters, leaving the boy Louis alone. Louis was an intelligent, quick, clever youth, a favourite with all. For once let a youth show an interest in the business, willing to help when business presses, without grumbling, and he is sure to be liked.

No eye is quicker than an employer's in observing this, and the impression once made, is not soon forgotten. But treated kindly, and trusted by all, this youth proved himself to be without the slightest principle, as adept a thief as if he had studied the profession for years.

On the poor Cashier returning, we may imagine his dismay, on opening his drawer, to find that the parcel was not there! It had disappeared! Young Louis was seated at his desk, and had only left the office, he said for a moment. The doors were immediately locked; the police sent for; the rooms searched, but the money was gone. Louis' replies were apparently so ingenuous and innocent, his concern at his employers' loss so artfully expressed, and his voluntary proof that he had nothing of the kind on *his* person (the boy turning his pockets, &c., out at once, even before being asked), that no one ever, it seems, suspected him.

His parents were respectable people: his father a shop-keeper. He had been well educated at the Grammar School, and attended a Sunday School. The youth even contrived to throw suspicion on an innocent person on the premises. The fact being that the youth had watched the cashier, picked the lock or turned it by a key of his own, taken the money, ran out into the back yard, hid it in the ground, and then returned at once to the office. A reward of £50 was offered for the detection of the perpetrators of this mysterious robbery. The brunt of the affair, however, fell upon the poor cashier; it looked very bad, very suspicious. He could offer no explanation, and had no means of making good the money to the Firm. His distress and anxiety made the young man ill.

Louis attended all that week as usual; but, telling a falsehood to his parents, he left home on the Saturday afternoon, "on business," he said, "for the Firm." It was not till the following Monday that any one suspected anything wrong; it was then found that a friend of his, a youth of 17, named Johnson, had met him at — Junction on the Saturday afternoon, and that the youths had gone up to London. The London detectives were applied

to, and with their usual quickness traced them to their lodgings, and found out that they had paid £50 for their passage by the ship —— about leaving for Melbourne, Australia; and would have taken both of them had it not been for the father of Louis. He, poor man, instead of leaving the matter to the police, went up to London and called at their lodgings. The youths hearing of his calling, took the alarm, and giving up their passage money, decamped, and all trace of them was lost by the police for a week, to the great chagrin of the detectives. The firm telegraphed to Louis' father—"For goodness sake leave the matter to the detectives. We should have had the lads last night but for you. No harm shall come to your boy."

Waiting for the Scotch Express leaving at three o'clock in the morning for Glasgow, the two youths were next heard of at Liverpool. A gentleman in the parlour of a public house (where the youths were having some sherry at about twelve o'clock at night) read aloud the Liverpool paper describing the youths. He thought they corresponded with the description given, followed them to the Landing Stage at Liverpool, and told the policeman on duty there his suspicions. At first Louis' artless, innocent manner again threw them off the scent; but another constable coming up, it was suggested that they should be taken into a room on the landing stage and searched. As they were being taken there Johnson dropped something into the sea. It was the bag containing the money. "If they got him," the wicked fellow said afterwards, "he was resolved that they should not have the money." The divers never succeeded in recovering it. Louis was prevented from doing the same with a pocket book. In this book were found the numbers of every note stolen. The cunning youth had, during the week which followed the robbery, obtained a list of what numbers had been known to his employers, and of which payment had been stopped. These he marked with a K, for "known." These were not to be used in England. Against the others he had placed U K, for "unknown." These might be changed safely.

The young thief had planned out the following to spend at Melbourne. He was going to purchase seeds, £11; boxes, £2; horse and cart, £21; sheep, £20; cattle, £40; land, £40, and so on. Louis wore an Inverness cape, and while being taken to the lock-up slipped it off and escaped, leaving his friend in custody. He walked all that night along the coast road, was twenty miles from Chester at six

o'clock next morning, and reached Chester at four o'clock that afternoon, and asked a policeman to shew him a respectable lodging-house! It was but natural that so *very respectable* a character as he was should require such accommodation, and he was actually taken by a police sergeant to one. But now the money being lost, and being in want, he for the first time wrote to his poor distressed parents.

He never sent them a word till he had no money left—the officer having searched them. He would have left his kind parents, who had always done their duty to him, without a word of farewell, and gone off to Australia; but now that he wants to get some *money from them* he calls them his “dear parents,” tells them that “he prays for them every night,” &c. I ask your attention to the following letter of this heartless scamp (for no other word is appropriate to such a character), because it illustrates too well the false idea of true religion taught to youths in this day of a suasive, emotional, religious teaching, which relies upon *feelings*, rather than upon a *good* and *conscientious* life.

He begins by asking them for some money, and for the register of his birth, “but do not say that it is for me. I want also your written consent for me to join the Royal Navy. I am just at the right age.” The boy had found out that the parents’ consent and register of birth is always required by the Naval Authorities; but he seems not to be aware that our sailors are not generally composed of thieves, and are by no means partial to their company. If any character is abhorred by the British Tar it is that of a *thief*. He then throws in a few religious words, which he had probably heard his parents—apparently worthy, pious people—use. “Do not fret for me,” he says; “God will work all things for the best,” &c. After describing how cleverly he had “dodged the police,” he continues, the next moment, the stock religious phrases, the mere expression of which, seems to pass, in our day, for true religion. “God will work all this for the best; God feeds the sparrows, and will feed me if I cry to Him. I pray for you every night,” &c. The utter heartlessness of these remarks is well shown by the concluding sentence—“Still I am pretty happy, thinking of the song, ‘Cheer up, Sam, and don’t let your spirits go down.’ Address, George —, Post Office, Chester, to be left till called for.”

What English youth, worthy of the name, and of his country, does not prize his *honesty* above all else? What

nonsense it is, dear reader, for such a youth as this talking about religion before he has even the elements of common honesty and good principle! It is due to the suasive, sentimental ideas of religion now too often taught, a religion dependent on the feelings rather than on the conscientious life, that such a youth did not perceive the absurdity of pretending to be religious, when he was not *even honest!* How can we be pious, when we are not even honest? How can we be religious when we are not even moral?

In a postscript the youth adds—"If I mind what I am about I shall get on as well in the navy, and perhaps get a little more than a lawyer's clerk." Selfishness, cunning deception, heartlessness, and "getting more," seem to sum up his character.

The detectives were, of course, behind the counter when he called, as call he did, after a time, for "letters for George ——," and secured him.

He treated the distress of the poor Cashier, kept so long under suspicion, and the loss of £900 of his employer's money—who had done nothing but treat him with kindness—as a matter of quiet amusement. But with great cunning he swore that the desk had been left by the Cashier unlocked; the cunning boy knowing that this would help him at the trial. The Cashier swore, on his oath, that it was locked.

The trial came off at the Borough Sessions the next month. Numbers of ladies were present, so "interesting" was the thief. If he had been a ragged, neglected boy they would have felt *no interest* in him *whatever!* The Judge, in passing sentence was "affected." A similar scene took place in that atrocious affair, the Roade murder. It seems hardly fair for spectators and judges to reserve their sentimental feelings for *well-dressed* Scamps, and good looking Murderesses alone. Why a Judge should be "affected" in sentencing one of the latter to a few years' imprisonment, when dozens less favoured, but *quite* as worthy persons, *have been hung* without a tear, seems strange! "Judges should be made of sterner stuff!" We want justice, rather than sentiment, in a court of justice. Surely intelligent and educated Criminals deserve far less sympathy than the ignorant, the poor, and neglected, who have never enjoyed their advantages. However, instead of "*getting a little more*" in Her Majesty's Navy, Louis got a little more than nine months in Her Majesty's Gaol.

Let me urge, dear young reader, the pleasure, the freedom of being able to say—"I am a poor boy it is true, but I never in my life took one single penny which was not my own—or, if I have, I will now return it, and ever after resolve to be free!" To each of us the opportunity of defrauding our Employers comes. To every youth, sooner or later, the temptation comes,—stray silver, stamps, materials, I care not what. Once commence pilfering—in however small a way—you have commenced a fatal habit. It is not for the sake of the Goods, or even the Employer, I urge this,—*it is for your own!* You are inflicting upon yourself a fatal injury! Have done with it *at once!* Resolve to be *free!* In the way the Commerce of our country is carried on, youths are now necessarily trusted to perhaps too great an extent; but, in a well conditioned English boy, one ought always to be able to confide.

It seems that the two youths had at first planned to rob a rich old gentleman in the town, but were prevented. They acknowledged that it was suggested to their minds through reading that abominable, vile, weekly rubbish, written, purposely, one would think, to ruin Boys. You know the horrible stuff I allude to! Those tales, without a word of truth, in which highwaymen and bold pirates, dressed in blue coats and top boots, go blustering and swaggering about the world, held up as Heroes for our boys to follow!

If you knew the *miserable* lives those wretched men, Shepherd, and Turpin, really lived, hunted, and followed like dogs through a short life of misery and crime, ending with a shameful death; you would see the falseness of these tales! God looks with favour and approbation upon an honest youth, and has made many an act of honesty on a boy's part pave the way to fortune. However poor a youth you may be, you possess *two priceless* treasures, which *no one* can take from you but *yourself*, namely, your purity, and your honesty. No youth has any right to *rob himself* of these possessions. When a Youth injures his character by losing his *honesty* he deprives himself of a reputation which is *priceless*.

"My reputation! my reputation! my reputation!
He that steals my *purse* steals trash,
But he that *robs* me of my *good name*
Robs me of that, which not betters *him*,
And leaves me *poor indeed!*"

Who would not be able to say—"It was God's providence that I should have been born a *poor* youth, but, thank God, I am an *honest* one!"

"Thou shalt not steal."

CHAPTER VII.

EDWIN, THE APPRENTICE.

A STORY somewhat similar to the following was published many years ago, believed to have been written either by Miss Jane Taylor or her father. In those days the Apprentices lived with the Employer ; generally on the Business premises.

In one corner of a dark Warehouse at the back of a dark house, in the midst of a dark street in London, an Apprentice youth one afternoon seated himself upon a dirty bale of goods, and presently fell asleep.

Poor Edwin—for that was the boy's name—was not at this time very happy in his mind, though had he known a little more of life, he would have seen much more reason to be contented with his circumstances than he now did.

He had been brought up in the Country, perhaps too tenderly, by a fond mother, a widow. She died, and the boy was bound apprentice, by the aid of a Relation, to a London Merchant. Edwin fancied that he was treated with little kindness in his Master's Family. Perhaps this partly arose from his ignorance of the world, and mistaken idea of what may reasonably be expected from those with whom we have to do.

Perhaps, too, he did not reflect that in the view of most pushing Men of Business, sentiment or feeling of any kind, is the most useless kind of stock that can lie upon their hands. Being quite unaccustomed to the prompt, brisk despatch of London business, he felt at first quite bewildered, and discouraged, by the smart orders he received, and the strict attention to them that was required, and he saw no one around him whose counsel he could ask, much less whose sympathy he could invite. For he was the youngest of the staff of Clerks in the establishment, and the tall lads, and smart young men, who brushed by him fifty times a day up and down the offices, took no other notice of Edwin than scolding him when they were cross, and laughing at, and teasing the boy, when they were merry. His mistress was, he thought, a very fine lady, but he never saw her more than once a day from the remote perspective of a long dining table (in those days, very different to the present system, the apprentices of a merchant in the large towns, were boarded on the premises) —and then the tone of voice in which she used to ask, "Do you wish for any more?" did not much encourage him

to open his heart to her. As for his master, he was so many removes from him in dignity and office, that very little, if any, intercourse passed between them.

It was one hot afternoon, after having been employed all the preceding part of the day in the Warehouses, that Edwin, fatigued and melancholy, fell asleep as before related, and dreamed the following dream. He thought that he rose to leave the warehouse, but upon entering the passage that led to the front premises, it appeared so unusually dark, that he shrunk back, and would have returned, but something compelled him to proceed. At every step the darkness increased, and the passage became so exceedingly narrow that he could, with difficulty, creep along upon his hands and knees. It was also exceedingly cold, and poor Edwin experienced a kind of horror, altogether indescribable. The passage, too, seemed to lengthen, as he proceeded, and he began to despair of reaching the end, when a distant light proceeded from the end of the passage. Indeed it appeared as if the apartment within must be illumined by something brighter than sunbeams! When, however, he at length reached the door, he perceived that it was fastened with bars of massive iron, and exhausted as the poor boy was, he despaired of being able to open it, when to his great and joyful surprise, it gently unfolded itself, and he entered; and now, instead of the dull apartment he was accustomed to see, he found himself at the extremity of a widely-extended lawn, from which arose, at some distance, a magnificent palace. Noble avenues of flowering trees, spicy groves, beds of delicious flowers of every colour, bowers of roses, sparkling rivulets, and cascades falling over moss-covered rocks, were all shining beneath a cloudless sky; whilst birds of lovely plumage, rare butterflies of immense size and gorgeous tints, and the happy buzz of bees, and insects flitting over the flowers and amongst the trees, all added to the charming scene.

Whilst Edwin was gazing upon this delightful prospect, several persons—amongst whom he observed not a few youths of his own age, but of extraordinary grace and beauty—respectfully approaching him, courteously informed the boy that he was the sole proprietor of this fine estate.

Thereupon they conducted him to the interior of the palace, which was furnished with everything to gratify his utmost wishes; and where he found himself surrounded by intelligent and affectionate friends, who evidently felt

the greatest love for him, and vied with each other in promoting his happiness. But there was something besides all this which it is impossible for language to express; for over the scenery of a pleasing dream there is spread a rich glow of colouring—an air of enchantment unlike the tints and aspects of anything in this world. Such Edwin now beheld. It was enchanted ground, surpassing even the brightest dreams of youthful fancy. The radiant sunshine;—the richness of the extended prospect; the hills of gold and pearl which glowed in the distance; the magnificence of the palace; and, above all, the delightful intercourse he enjoyed with his beautiful companions—who positively assured him that what he saw was only the beginning of the joys prepared for him for ages to come by the great and good King, who had given him the estate)—all excited in Edwin's mind an indescribable happiness. A beautiful milk-white steed—richly harnessed, was now led up, on which his companions proposed that he should survey the more distant parts of his domains; but, in the usual tantalizing spirit of a dream—although Edwin made repeated efforts, he could not succeed in mounting the horse. With one foot in the stirrup, and no visible impediment in the boy's way, something constantly retarded him, as often as he endeavoured to rise. At length he had made a resolve to make one effectual spring into the saddle, when just at that moment the rattling of a Mail Coach driving rapidly down the London street, together with the piercing notes of the guard's horn, suddenly awakened Edwin; and as it was now getting dark, the coach lamps flashing upon the ceiling and lumber of the warehouse as they passed, perfectly restored him to his recollection. Note.—At the time this story was written—before any Railways were laid down—some 200 Coaches entered, and left, London alone, each day, proceeding to and from every part of England. On the first of May each year the Guards were equipped in new red coats, the horses with new harness, the Coaches newly painted, and a grand procession took place at the Post Office, St Martin's-le-Grand, before starting that evening to run the Mails, as usual, along the splendid roads constructed by Telford, at ten miles an hour. It is described as having been a splendid sight!

Who has not experienced the blankness of awakening from a pleasant dream to the dull reality of our present circumstances? No wonder that poor Edwin returned to his employments with a deeper feeling of the joylessness of his situation, and present prospects.

For several days the impression of his dream remained so much on his mind and imagination, that the boy began to think that it must be interpreted in favour of his future good fortune. There was a young man in the warehouse (much esteemed by the Firm, Edwin had been told, for his sobriety and fidelity,) who had been in the business for some years, and had, in the case of attempted robbery, rendered great service to his employers by his courage and foresight. He was entrusted with a responsible post, receiving and delivering goods from the Store Rooms and Cellars. This youth's good-natured look, and kind manner, had, from the first, attracted Edwin's liking, and happening to be sent down to him on some business in the store cellars, where John was generally employed, the boy ventured into conversation with him.

Having finished the work for the day, and knowing that Edwin was not, at times, treated well by the others, the young man good-naturedly inquired how he was getting on, and gave him a few hints, in a friendly way, as to his work. Happy in having found some one to be friendly with, Edwin soon confided to him his dream, to which the young man listened attentively. "Well, Edwin," said John, when the boy had finished, "there is no cause for your being so downhearted—for you may one day come into far more than even what you saw in your dream, if you are only willing to go the right way about it!" "Are you in earnest?" exclaimed the boy, "I would willingly work all my life to come into such a possession as I dreamt of. But what hope have I? for you must know, John, (I don't mind telling you, for I know you are good-natured, and never make game of any one)—that I am a very poor boy; I have no father to help me, nor mother either now, nor any one to be friendly with excepting yourself; how can I hope to get on and obtain such an estate as I saw in my dream?" On hearing that the boy had lost both his parents, John took his hand, saying good-naturedly that he should be quite willing to be his friend, at the same time inviting him to join the Society of several good young men, who met together for mutual improvement, with John for their secretary. "As for the dream, Edwin," he continued, "we are neither of us very likely to come into such a property as you saw,—although boys, as poor as we are, have sometimes raised themselves to vast wealth,—yet do you know, Edwin, I have had for some years now a good expectation,—indeed a certainty,—

of as great things, ah! and far greater, too, than you saw in your dream; and you may have the same expectation too!"

A CHRISTIAN YOUTH.

Edwin here expressing his surprise, John, with his good-natured smile—said that if the boy did not believe him he would show him the Title Deeds of their Estates—and taking a book out of his desk he found two places in it, and handed it to Edwin. The book Edwin found was a New Testament, and the two places John pointed out to him were, "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Oh! dear," said Edwin, and the boy's countenance fell considerably—"Why *those are only two texts in the bible!* Do you think I have never read them before?" "Well, but Edwin,"—said the young man, "they are God's own promises to us, though they are, as you say, 'only texts in the Bible'—we have God's word as security for our promised possessions. The fact is, I was but a lad very little older than you are, when it pleased God to convince me that if I was to become very rich—indeed, if it were possible that I could gain the whole of this world, and all the wealth that is in it—and yet possess no love to God, and lose my soul through the Eternity to come which lies before us all, it would do me no good. I had, before this, longed to get on in life and to become rich, but I now saw that it was the most imprudent, desperate, conduct to enjoy ourselves in this world, until I had a good hope of being happy to all eternity. I wondered very much,—and do so still,—that all reasonable people do not think the same. I had very little comfort in religion at first, for I had never felt any love for God, but, at last, I became convinced that God cared for, and loved me, a poor, unworthy, lad as I was,—that He had sent His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, into this world to save sinners, and that I had as much right to avail myself of His mercy, I resolved to give my love, and heart, and the best of my thoughts and life to the Saviour, and He has certainly not cast me out. I have, it is true, had to work pretty hard, and fare hard at times, too; I may never be rich in the things of this world, for, like you Edwin, I have had no one to give me a start in life; but then, I often think, when I hear the grand carriages rolling away in the street

above, while I am at work in the Cellars, and see the grand folks, at times, in Hyde Park—‘what, after all, will it signify to us all in a few years to come?’ No one ever yet managed to take a single thing away with him from this earth—let him be as rich as he may—and if you and I, Edwin, do but persevere in the good ways of God, we know that he will love us, and then what great things will be ours! Our Creator, who made this world, knows, of course, what are the good things to be obtained in it, and He assures us that they are as *nothing*—less than nothing—compared with ‘the things which He has prepared for those that love Him!’”

“I thought, as you told me of the dark passage in your dream, that there is but one dark, cold passage before both of us, before we enter into our Heavenly Inheritance. So don’t be fretting yourself because you may not get on as well as some you see around you, and may never come into so fine an estate as you saw in your dream, in this world. God, if you pray to Him, will be your Heavenly Father in place of your Parents, and will, one day, give you something far beyond all that you saw in your Dream.”

Now as young Edwin had never been in the habit of hearing much on the subject of religion, he was the more struck with this discourse, especially as he saw that it was certainly not mere talk on the part of this good youth. Anyone could see in his constant cheerfulness that he was leading a happy life, and felt evident joy at the thought of God’s love to him, and at the prospect before him, and John was most sincere in saying that if all the riches in the world were offered him in exchange for his hope of future, eternal, happiness, he would most certainly decline them, and would remain as he was. No wonder that after such a conversation as this Edwin felt an increased liking for the young man; the latter introduced the boy into the society of good, pious, worthy companions, and soon began to consider Edwin as under his charge and protection. Oh! that the elder youths and young men in our great schools, workshops, training ships, and business establishments knew the influence for good, or for evil, they exercise over their younger comrades! In quiet walks in the Parks, and at various times, Edwin and his new friend had many conversations after this. Well would it be if such discourse was more popular, and more often heard in many a splendid drawing-room, as that which passed in that dark store cellar between the good, and Christian young man, and the young apprentice boy!

The result proved unspeakably to Edwin's advantage. It saved him from evil companions, caused him to think much about religion, join in good Christian work, the Sunday School, &c, and it relieved him from great anxiety about getting on in this world, as he began to feel that his real and ultimate success, and happiness, did not, in the least depend upon his condition in this world ; whether he was rich or poor.

Edwin soon learnt to reflect with delight that God offered for his acceptance, real happiness upon earth, and boundless—endless—happiness in the world to come—poor lad though he was—if he had only a mind to obtain it by a life of Piety, and persevering in the good ways of God—“Whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace.” Thus—a poor apprentice boy, without any of those things which are sought after with such avidity by the men of this world, without the wealth of which thousands are willing to sacrifice their health, life, and eternal happiness—Edwin resolved like the young man who first told him of these things—that he also would be a Christian ; accepted joyfully the offer of a Saviour's love, and found himself happy in the love of God, and heir, one day, to possessions infinitely beyond anything that he saw in his dream, seeing that he will one day possess all things, throughout a happy Eternity, in the “unsearchable Riches of Christ.” Dear Youth, who reads this story, what is it that keeps you from following Edwin's example ?

“Ask ! and ye shall receive ! Knock ! and it shall be opened unto you !”



Jesus in Peter's Boat.



Jack Willis.

CHAPTER VIII.

JACK WILLIS, THE SAILOR BOY ; OR, A
SAILOR'S GRATITUDE.

IT was a raw, bleak, Winter's night, the rain was falling fast,—while the wind blew in violent gusts. The Portsmouth Night Mail Coach stopped at the principal Inn of a town on its way to London. The cold and weary passengers alighted for a few minutes to enjoy the comforts of the blazing fire and the well-spread table. “Will you give a poor fellow a night's shelter in your hay loft,”—asked a young sailor, addressing one of the ostlers,—“It's a rough night, and I can't go on further, having been robbed of my money at Portsmouth.” “We can't have young fellows like you sleeping in our hay lofts,” answered the man surlily—“you had better make your way off, and not prowl about here!” “Well,” replied the sun-burnt, honest-looking Sailor Boy,—“perhaps you may one day be sent adrift without a penny to keep your head above water; I had money enough,—hard earned, too,—if the rogue had not robbed me of it; as to honesty, I hope I know better than to take what is not my own, even though I hadn't a shoe to my foot!”

“I wouldn't trust you further than I could see you,”

growled the surly ostler, and the others laughed in chorus. Poor Jack Willis was turning away, cold and hungry, when he was tapped on the shoulder by one of the stable lads. "If you were to go down the road,"—said the boy,—“to the first little shop you come to, Widow Smith, would, I dare say, let you sleep in her wood-house. She's a good old body, and is always ready to help any one in distress; you should have my bed,” added the good-natured lad,—“only they might not like it. I have a brother at sea no older than you are.” “Thank you! thank you!” said the young sailor, shaking the boy's hand,—“I'll go and try!”

These few words caused a cheering feeling in the breast of the young sailor,—for they told him that there were still hearts in which kindness dwelt.

John Willis, on coming ashore, after a long cruise, had been robbed of all his wages and prize money; not an uncommon occurrence in those days, when every seaport swarmed with “crimps,”—“land sharks,”—and all sorts of naughty people, who pounced upon poor Jack the moment he set foot ashore. There were no “Sailors' Homes” in those days. Jack Willis had only enough left to pay his coach-fare to this town, and would be compelled to beg his way for the rest of the journey to London.

He knew, however, that the prevalence of imposture renders it difficult for those really in temporary need, to get help, as their truthfulness is apt to be questioned.

Jack followed the direction given, but he found the little shop closed. He felt that it was an unreasonable hour, but the storm raged without,—“blowing great guns,”—as the sailor terms it, with the prospect of a wild night,—and the favourable account he had received of the owner encouraged him to tap gently at the door. His summons was answered by the worthy dame, who was sitting by her fire with her big Bible, before having her supper and going to rest, with her favourite, fine, cat asleep on the hearth-rug. She listened compassionately to the youth's tale; the lad's honest countenance told her that he was no impostor, and she bade him enter, and share her frugal meal. The young tar—his troubles soon forgotten—was quickly seated by the fire, drying his wet clothes. During the meal he entertained his benevolent hostess with a recital of various scenes in foreign parts, and the more than one narrow escape he had had; and the good dame piously directed his mind to the good Providence who had preserved him to the present hour, and to the Saviour who had died

to redeem him ; for widow Smith was a good, Christian woman, and soon learned that her young visitor had lost his Mother years before. The repast over, after reading together a chapter from the Bible, while the cat purred drowsily the while, the widow with the sailor's assistance, placed some clean straw in one corner of her shed joining her cottage, and well covered with a warm blanket or two, the wearied traveller, with a thankful heart, stretched himself upon it, while the storm raged outside, and slept as soundly as if on a bed of down. Before continuing his journey in the morning, he looked in to thank the good woman for the shelter she had given him. He found, however, a warm breakfast awaiting him. Having partaken of it, and having, with difficulty, been persuaded to accept a trifle from the widow's slender store—"to help him on his way"—the lad gave her a hearty kiss, called her his "Mother," and with a heartfelt benediction he departed.

Ten years passed, and the little incident recorded had long escaped the memory of all save one of the parties concerned. Ten years had wrought many changes in the town and its inhabitants, but they had glided gently over the head of Widow Smith, although it is true her hair had become more silvery, and her form was slightly bent. She still continued her labours of love, and though her means were very limited, she was looked upon with respect and love, as a friend and neighbour, to those who were sick or in want. But one morning a large letter was put into the widow's hands by the postman. It was from a solicitor, begging her attendance at his office on the following Wednesday—when she would hear "Something to her advantage—which his client wished to communicate to her personally."

Much consultation and gossiping ensued amongst her neighbours. One thought that it must be a hoax to play the good old dame a trick, but the solicitor proved on inquiry to be highly respectable, and of long standing. The only objection urged was that it was highly imprudent for a woman of her years to trust herself alone in such a place as London. It did appear a formidable undertaking to one who had never strayed ten miles from her home.

The widow's credulity had often been imposed upon—as whose has not?—but she could not think that anyone would intentionally desire to injure her.

She had great confidence, too, in the protecting power of God. He had been with her through a life of no little sorrow and care, and she could trust Him now.

Therefore, in spite of the doubts of many of her friendly neighbours, she started by a coach which passed through for London, and reached the office at the time appointed. On her arrival she was ushered into a private apartment, where two respectable looking men rose to receive her. The Widow's surprise was increased when one of them,—a fine looking man with a black beard,—accosted her with the familiar words—"How are you, Mother? It's long since we met! Don't you remember me," he continued, in answer to her half-frightened, inquiring look. "I am Jack Willis, the sailor boy, you housed one rough night many years ago, when he had neither money nor friends. I've been many a voyage since then, but I said I'd *never* forget it, and I never will! I have prospered—thank God—and am now Captain of a Merchantman. We leave this week for a two years' cruise to China. I mayn't see you again, but I learnt that you were still alive, and will be, I hope, for many long years to come! This gentleman—turning to the Solicitor—has sufficient in my name to settle this annuity upon you for the rest of your life (handing her a parchment), as a proof of my gratitude for your kindness to me when a poor boy, and especially for your good advice—which I often thought of,—and which first led me to think of religion, and, I hope in God's mercy, has led me to trust in Christ for my salvation." The Widow—overcome at this unexpected proof of God's good providence, thus caring for her in her old age—burst into tears!

Widow Smith returned to her home thankful to God for His blessing on her humble efforts to benefit another in body and soul, and delighted that she had now the means, for the rest of her life, of increased usefulness amongst the poor.

And she never after listened to a tale of suffering without thinking of Jack Willis, the Sailor.



CHAPTER IX.

MURDER.

THE FIRST PRIVATE EXECUTIONS IN ENGLAND.—THE BOY ALEXANDER MACKAY.

“Thou shalt do no murder.”

THE second execution under the new act for executions taking place in private was that of the youth Alexander Arthur Mackay, aged 18; the first, singularly enough, being that of a youth 19, who shot the Station Master at Dover, in a fit of vindictiveness and passion. The 8th commandment, like the 6th, consists only of four short words: “Thou shalt not kill;” or, as the Church of England has it, “Thou shalt do no murder.” Only four words, yet to many an undiscovered murderer, four words of awful meaning! Not that the saying, “Murder will out!” is by any means carried out by experience, or that the murderer always suffers death in this world. The Police could give a long list of murders, even of recent date, to which no clue has been, or ever will now be given. The Waterloo Bridge murder, and several other cases of mutilated remains of persons found in the Thames:—the murder in “Love Lane;” the Great Coram Street murder, and the horrible Murders of Women in London Streets, of comparatively recent date, might be added to numbers now only remembered by a few aged persons; the very memory of which is now passing away. If, in the centre of a city like London, in a network of telegraph communication, police, and exposure to immediate publicity in the papers, Murders can be perpetrated, and the Murderer leaves no clue, how many have been committed in Ireland, in Paris, New York, the Lower town (in the old times) at Quebec, in New Orleans, and the lawless far west States of America, of which no record, and very little notice, has been taken? God knows that there are at this moment hundreds of Murderers at large in His world far more guilty in His sight than was Alexander Mackay! Untaught, neglected, without Father and Mother, and very young, this boy committed a murder in a few minutes of ungovernable passion, confessed his crime, and suffered the penalty. But God knows many a hardened, cunning, murderer has evaded all punishments. The deliberate, carefully thought over, slept upon, and successfully executed, Murder has never been “found out.”

The means he had planned to evade detection were successful ; the police were entirely baffled. The secret is *locked up for ever* in that guilty bosom ! He will carry it with him to the grave ! The murderer is said to have "escaped." Oh ! *what* a tale could such a one tell of the mockery of that word "escaped !" He could tell what it is to have God's eye upon him, go where he would, for years, when the crime almost forgotten by his fellow men, never forgotten *for a single day*, by the murderer, or by God—comes up as fresh as ever on lonely nights, *with all its horrid details* ! Escaped ? *Where* has he escaped ? "Can any hide himself in secret places, places that I shall not see him ? Do not I fill Heaven and Earth ?" saith the Lord. Escaped ? Where is unrepented sin to escape to ? "If I ascend up into Heaven, behold Thou art *there* ! If I make my bed in Hell, behold Thou art *there* !" "He that made the eye, shall He not see ?" "The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee !" "All things are open and naked in the eyes of Him with Whom we have to do !" The guilty sinner chooses darkness for his deed, it conceals it from *his fellow man* ; he forgets that *God is looking on* the whole time ! Like the silly ostrich, which, when pursued, buries its head in the sand, and because it cannot see the hunters, thinks itself secure, while its *whole body is exposed* to view—so the escaped murderer, because no one saw the deed, thinks that he will forget it, and enjoy the proceeds of his crime ! *Enjoyment* ? Say rather a few years of untold misery, during which the awful secret is ever rankling in his heart, and then the going out alone to appear before Him from Whom there is no more "escape !"

A case—exhibiting this remorse—took place in 1871. A shocking murder committed years ago (in the summer of 1849) at Norwich, was confessed to by the murderer to the police in London : he being unable any longer to bear the misery of his conscience. The actors in the scene—who remembered the mutilated remains being discovered about the fields near Norwich—had *almost all* passed away ! For 23 long years the wretched man had "enjoyed" the fruits of his crime ; till, after long years of agony—walking one day in London, he could bear it no longer—gave himself up to the police—and was executed, "*Without hope* as to the future, but certain that *no future Hell* could surpass what *he* had gone through the past 23 years !"

But it was not deliberate, secret murder, planned for the sake of gain, by a grown-up man, that Alexander Mackay

suffered for, but one committed openly, in a fit of passion, by a boy of 18; and surely far better to confess, and suffer for the crime as this youth did, calling upon God and Jesus to forgive and save him, rather than let it go on for years undiscovered—unpunished, and unforgiven, until he had to appear before his God! The following account appeared in the daily papers:—"Within the walls of Newgate Prison yesterday morning, the youth Alexander Arthur Mackay, was privately executed, according to the sentence passed on him by Mr. Justice ——, for the murder of his mistress in Spitalfields." Alexander was only 18 years old. He was recommended to mercy by the jury, and sent a petition for mercy to the Home Secretary. Many will recall the case which took place soon after, of the young man Scott—much older than Mackay—22 or 23 years old, who merely being unable to account for £15 he had received as collector to a gun and pistol firm in Birmingham—went deliberately into the store room, asked for a revolver, loaded it, and returning to the office, deliberately shot dead the brother of the head of the firm—a gentleman who had been kind to him, and was respected and loved by all who knew him, leaving a wife and family.

When we consider that, to the astonishment of all Birmingham, this man was respited, it may seem strange that no attention was paid to Alexander's petition. The slightest expression of opinion on the part of the Judge, has however, a great effect, and Mr. Justice ——, had remarked—"that the crime had exceeded in atrocity most he met with," and the Home Secretary allowed, therefore, the law to take its course. "The wretched boy"—(for such in fact he was)—continues the daily paper—"appeared to entertain no hope of a reprieve—but from the first had evidently made up his mind to die. He was, it seems, an orphan—having lost his parents in childhood. He never, from the first, attempted to deny that it was his hand alone which had caused the death of his mistress, but states that he had no idea at the time that he had killed her."

She appears to have been a powerful and determined woman, and Alexander states that she had always been against him; constantly scolding and "hagging" at him before strangers—a thing felt deeply by a boy of any pride. On the morning in question she had ordered him to clean the windows, and while he was doing his best, she kept making remarks about him to the bystanders. We hear, in this day, much complaint of the increase of wife

beating, the apparently increasing brutality to their wives on the part of working men, but we hear little of the drunken, worthless woman,—the provoking words—aggravating temper, irritating words, cheerless, comfortless, miserably managed homes, many a well-meaning man has been ruined by! There are two sides to the question; a cross, “hagging” woman, inefficient, slovenly and useless, as a wife, and ill-tempered and injudicious, as a mother, with little self-control—not too much sense—and yet with a “will of her own,” and ever ready to show it, and “have the last word,” ought never to have married. Few young men can stand, for years, the misfortune of having such a one for a (so-called) “helpmeet.”

What followed is not known, whether, on entering the kitchen his mistress struck him first, he seemed not to know, but in his excitement, the boy seized the rolling pin from the dresser, and having once struck her, he says he lost all control over himself, and continued to beat her.

He did not, however, think for a moment that her death would be the consequence. At his age—a thoughtless, ignorant youth—giving way to his passion—he would probably have little experience in the effect such a blow would produce. The clemency of the Crown has certainly been extended in cases of far more deliberate murder. He repeatedly expressed his sorrow for having deprived the husband and little ones of the mother; saying that he felt the act to be worse in him, having, himself, known what it was to be deprived of his own mother when he was very young. The clergyman of the gaol seems confident that his sorrow was heartfelt. He repeatedly alluded to it. He adds that the boy, though untaught, and greatly neglected, was greatly impressed with some words he pointed out to him.

Although unable to read clearly himself, he was struck with one text read to him—“Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out;” and at his earnest request, the sacrament was administered to the boy on his last Sunday afternoon. He wished to take it, he said, for it helped him to feel the love, and death of the Saviour, and his willingness to forgive the greatest offender, if truly penitent. His conduct in the prison was altogether irreproachable; he appeared to be a quiet, inoffensive boy, very susceptible of any kindness shown him. Although an uneducated youth, Alexander soon learnt one text, upon which he appeared indeed to dwell as his hope of salvation, and was

never tired of repeating it. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"This was the second execution under the New Act for private executions," says the *Times*, "and nothing could be more striking than the contrast Newgate presented to former execution days. Instead of the yelling mob, all was silence and gloom! A very few of the reporters of the press were present." The only other visitor present was, singularly enough (and certainly not in the best taste), the son of Mr. Justice ———, by whose father Alexander had been condemned. Alexander walked quietly and firmly up the scaffold, and patiently allowed Calcraft to alter the pinions, and place him in the most favourable position. The boy looked earnestly at the clergyman, who stood beside him. "The preparations," continues the *Times*, "seemed to us unusually, and unnecessarily, long, but the unhappy youth did not exhibit any signs of fear. The boy, indeed, seemed absorbed in prayer."

At last the drop fell with a great boom, the boy's last prayer—uttered very fervently, being:—"Oh! Lord God! have mercy upon me! Oh! Jesus! save me!" The *Times* continues, "It is no wish of ours to hint at any neglect on the part of the officials, but the sufferings of the youth appeared to us to be dreadful! On this we will not dwell, except to say that in the opinion of several present, the amount of fall given was not sufficient, with his light weight, to insure his immediate death. How Mackay appeared to suffer yesterday, only those who were present can tell! An hour after, however, we were shown the youth's body, and it had a very calm expression of countenance. A warder present, whispered to us—'That is not usual, gentlemen, in one who has been hanged!'"

Thus both the first executions in private, in this country, had for their victims boys of 18 and 19 years of age. There are dispositions which find it extremely difficult to forgive the least actual or fancied slight or insult, even from a friend. They brood, and brood over it; instead of attempting to throw off with God's aid the demon of revenge, they nurse and cherish their savage feelings. When *once* the *tiger* spirit which exists in every heart by nature, is thus roused and encouraged, it must have *blood!* Pride, injured self-love, is at the bottom of it, but, with God's aid, such a disposition may be mastered completely.

Many a boy of a naturally vindictive passionate temper has obtained perfect control over his infirmity.

If, dear Reader, this may be your character—your trial in life—take it up bravely—determined to conquer!

Instead of a youth thinking it mean and cowardly not to resent an insult—it is the mark of a noble youth to be able *to forgive*. A *tiger* can tear an enemy to pieces, but the Creator expects rather nobler and higher qualities from an intelligent youth, than He does from a *wild animal*! When taunted by others to revenge an insult—give to those who say, with a sneer, that “You do not dare”—the noble reply:—“I dare do *all* that may *become a man*; who dares do more, *is none*!”—SHAKESPEARE.

The Tiger.



A Tiger,—misjudging his spring from the Jungle on to a Young Sailor,—falls into the very jaws of a huge Alligator.



CHAPTER X.

“ I WILL DO IT AGAIN ! ”

“ Do as you would be done by.”

THIS sentence contains a golden rule for our life. How do we wish our fellows to treat us? We wish them to treat us kindly, justly, charitably: we wish them to be affectionate, cheerful, and pleasant. Then you must be kind, just, charitable, cheerful, and pleasant to others.

If you observe this beautiful rule, which Christ Himself has given us, how happy you would make all around you.

To show how this rule would work, let me tell you a story,—a true one. The horse of a good man happening to stray on to his neighbour's land, his neighbour put him into the “pound” and a fine, in consequence, would have to be paid.

Meeting the owner soon after, in a surly mood he mentioned what he had done; “And if I catch him on my land again,” he said, “*I will do it again!*”

“Very well, friend!” said the other, “only I would have you know that not long since I looked out of my window, at night, and saw your cattle getting out into the road; so I ran out, drove them all into your yard, and shut the gate; and if *ever* I see them going astray *I will do it again!*”

His neighbour looked at him, shook him by the hand, and calling himself an "unneighbourly, churlish fellow," he went off, and paid the charges himself!

And let me tell you, young reader, if you wish to increase in favour, both with God and Man, if you wish your play-mates to be blithe and kind to you, be so to your companions. Kindness begets kindness, as selfishness begets selfishness; doing good to *others* is the best way of doing good to *ourselves*!

"He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love."—I *John* iv., 8.



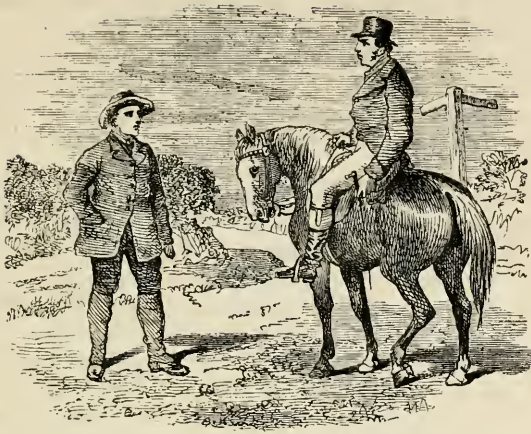
AN AUTUMN SATURDAY RAMBLE.

The Boys asking for a drink, the good-natured woman gave them some milk, and told them if they would help her Tom in the orchard to gather apples, that afternoon, they should have a Tea worth remembering. Off went their jackets, and to work! What fun it was. What baskets of rosy-cheeked apples did they carry in, and lay out in the apple room!

Five o'clock came, and with it the jolly Farmer; his wife came out to praise the Boys, her apples, and her Tom, and to announce Tea. What a meal it was! New laid eggs, and such ham! Such butter, and sweet bread! Then the Preserves and the Pastry! Apple turnovers fresh from the oven! Then roasted apples and the good woman's special Cowslip wine to finish, which all must taste!

The Boys could sing sweetly, being in the Choir, so off went Harry with his pathetic Ballad, and sang so well that the soft-hearted woman had to use the corner of her apron.

Then they all three sang a comic song, with a chorus, and the jolly Farmer laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. At last fearing dusk would come on, the good woman filled their pockets with apples, and then all went across the two fields, and some way down the lane, before they could part with them.



CHAPTER XI.

TRUTH.

SOME years ago, when certain rules in respect to travelling on Sunday were in force, in America, a man was riding on horseback near Worcester, in Massachusetts.

It was on a Sunday, and the traveller was soon stopped by a town officer, whose business it was to see to the carrying out of certain laws relating to the observance of the Sabbath ; and he was asked his reason for riding on the Lord's day.

"My father lies dead at Sutton," said the other, "and I hope you will not detain me."

"Certainly not," said the officer, "under these circumstances," and accordingly he allowed the man to proceed.

About two days after, as the traveller was returning the same way, he happened to meet the same officer on the road. They recognised each other, and the following conversation ensued.

"You passed here last Sunday morning, I think, sir,"

"Yes," replied the traveller, "I did,"

"And I think you mentioned that you were hastening to attend your father's funeral,—were you in time ?"

"No," said the traveller, "I did not say I was going to my father's funeral—I said he lay dead in Sutton, and so he did ; but he has been dead for fifteen years."

Thus you perceive that the actual truth may be spoken, but in words designed to deceive another :—they conveyed an intentional falsehood to the town officer. It is not so much whether an actual lie be told, which is the guilty part in the eye of God, as the intention thus to deceive, to make another believe something which is not true ; it is in vain to attempt to steer between prevarication and falsehood !

It is not only the ill-disguised contempt of our fellows, which will ever follow discovery in a falsehood we need fear, so much as the injury inflicted on the mind ; an injury not visible to the eye of man, but as plain to the eye of God as a stain or disease would be to us. But although invisible, we can discover the effects in a feeling of shame (however we may attempt to hide it by pride) which comes over the mind : we feel we are not as we once were, and begin to find it easier to tell a falsehood again, instead of speaking the truth boldly out at once. By repeated falsehoods all moral dignity and noble feeling in the soul are finally lost. It is said that *lying*, once *thoroughly confirmed*, can never be overcome.

An action, even without a word being spoken, may constitute a falsehood ; as when a groom holding out an empty measure deceives his horse in thinking he has some oats in it, and the horse allows himself to be caught in consequence.

“ And all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death.”—*Rev.* xxi., 8-27. Also, *Rev.* xxii, (the *last* in the Bible) 15.

The Ethiopian in the Chariot, and Philip.



Ancient Chariot.

CHAPTER XII.

"ENVY."

ONE day as I was passing through a principal street in town, a car was passing by, the horse going pretty fast. Two boys were running behind, trying to jump up unperceived by the driver, that they might have a ride. One of them succeeded in doing so; the other boy, whose name I do not know, but will call him "Envy" (for he showed a cruel and envious temper), was about to do the same, when the driver happened to whip on the horse. The horse sprang forward, and left him behind.

"Envy" was angry because the other boy had succeeded in getting up, and he had not; so he called out to the driver, "Whip behind! whip behind!" as loudly as he could.

The driver heard him, swung his heavy whip round, and happened to strike the poor boy across the face. The blow made a great cut on his face. He fell from his seat, upon the road, and was much hurt. The other lad only laughed at his suffering, and stood on the pavement till I came up, saying, "You got it that time,—and I am glad of it!" What pleasure had "Envy" obtained from it? *Why* was he glad of it? Why did he cry out "Whip behind?" It was not because he wanted to do the driver a service,—for he would have got on *himself* if he could have done so; but because of his mean *envious* disposition. Had he got up too, he would not have called to the driver, "Whip behind!" he would have been glad to have enjoyed the ride quietly; but he could not bear to see the other boy enjoying a pleasure he could not share.

Try to conquer this disposition; let every one of your acquaintances feel and know that you have no wish to deprive him of any blessing because you cannot get it; that you can feel pleasure in his enjoying it, and would do your part to add to it; that you have no desire to get, or to keep, any good thing by depriving him of it; and that if he succeed better in his studies or his enterprises than you do, you have no inclination to cry, "Whip behind!" and you will find, in the affection and goodwill of others, a rich reward.



“What is it thou wouldst have to be happy?”

CHAPTER XIII.

GOLD.—THE CAVE OF DIAMONDS; AND THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP “LONDON.”

A FICTION ILLUSTRATED BY A FACT.

“Thou shalt have none other Gods before Me.”

A YOUTH, named Alexis, a young nobleman of Russia, was comparatively poor compared with many of the other Nobles with whom he associated, and was continually considering how he might become rich. Although he had enough to live upon in comfort he was ever longing for great wealth. He often dreamed of getting rich,—of finding treasures and gems, and how he would enjoy, and spend an immense fortune, were it his. You could not speak to this youth of riches but his cheek paled with envy. He could not bear to hear of the success and wealth of others he longed so much for himself, although already possessed of sufficient to satisfy all his actual wants. As usual, unhappy, and discontented, he was one day passing the silver mines possessed by the Government, in which occasionally, valuable gems are also at times found. The youth left the workpeople, and ascended to the summit of the hill beneath which the Mines are worked. Reaching the summit he lay down to rest, thinking what he would do if all the Mines below him could be his. While pondering upon these subjects, he was startled by the sudden appearance of a person in singular attire, having a long rod of peculiar kind in his hand, who, after making him several low bows in the Eastern fashion, said, “What is it thou wouldst have to make thee happy?”

To this the youth, having recovered from the surprise at the sudden appearance of the stranger, replied—"I have long desired for wealth—riches—give me only wealth and I should be happy. I am poor compared with many whom I see around me, and I see no means of bettering my position. I ask only for riches ; with them I can obtain all that my heart desires."

Whilst the youth spoke the figure before him seemed to smile on one side of the face, and to frown on the other ; but he answered blandly, "Your wish shall be gratified, what you have longed for so earnestly shall be yours. I am compelled, however to remind you that you have already more than sufficient for your actual wants, far more than is possessed by thousands, who live, nevertheless, happily and contented. There is, I am also required to inform you, *danger* where we are about to proceed. Whether you choose to accept my guidance or not must be for you to decide freely for yourself. I promise to lead you to riches, immense, vast, incalculable, but I engage to do no more ; for *whatever* follows I will not be responsible ; if your wealth utterly disappoints you when obtained, and leads to your *ruin*, do not blame me. Of the riches I can lead you to, there can, however, be no doubt ; these are a handful of gems from the place I speak of." The figure here exhibited to the delighted youth a number of precious stones, of various colours, and immense size and value. Alexis did not hesitate for a moment, he instantly, and eagerly arose, and followed the figure, who, upon seeing he had decided, commenced at once to descend the mountain, and entered a cave apparently formed by nature in the rock. It seemed at first to be a dark and gloomy place, and a fearful roar, as of a mighty waterfall falling amid ravines far down in the recesses of the mountain, was heard.

THE CAVE OF DIAMONDS.

As they advanced, however, the scene gradually changed. The darkness disappeared, and they entered at length, after threading many intricate and winding passages, a chamber which seemed glittering with thousands of lamps. Nothing could exceed the splendour of the scene, for not only was the floor of the cavern strewn with precious stones of immense value, and every colour, but diamonds of priceless worth glittered from the roof and walls ! As the youth strode among the stones he disturbed heaps of emeralds, rubies, and sapphires, and every now and then a diamond of a size and lustre which alone would realize a fortune !

The youth was entranced ! At length his fondest dreams were realized ! Wealth incalculable—immense—lay at his feet, and the farther he advanced the larger the stones appeared to grow ! A sound as of music caught his ear, proceeding from the end of the cave, and on looking round for the cause, he saw a rivulet stealing gently with a soft murmur through the apartment, and on approaching the edges, he discovered that it rippled over a bed of precious stones ; every kind of jewel of exquisite purity and colour flashed at the bottom in glittering heaps !

“ This is indeed enchanting ”—said the youth aloud—“ well and truly has my guide fulfilled his promise ! ” While thus speaking he looked around for his guide, but discovered, for the first time that he was alone. The guide had disappeared ! The youth waited for a time, but the mysterious stranger who had led him into the cavern did not return. At length he began to feel even weary of gazing upon his treasures, and looked around for a spot to lie upon, but no place appeared, for the floor was covered with precious stones so pointed and sharp, like crystals, that they cut his flesh when he attempted to lie down upon them.

Soon, too, he became hungry. There were emeralds, and sapphires, and diamonds, but neither rest nor food to be obtained in the cavern ; he therefore began to search for his way out of the cave, first filling all his pockets with the very largest and rarest gems he could find. But to his alarm and terror the more he sought for the passage by which he had entered the cavern, the more distant it appeared.



“ And ran frantically from place to place.”

LOST !

One passage followed another, and seemed to be leading him to an immense labyrinth. He now understood “ what

the guide had told him about the *danger* of seeking this immense wealth! He had, it is true, obtained it, but found that after obtaining it there was *no return!* Oh! how he longed to return to his former condition! *Then* he had at least food and all ordinary comforts. In a short time his alarm increased to frenzy; he became frantic. He threw up his arms, tore his hair, and ran frantically from place to place, making the cavern ring with his frightful screams. "Take back your jewels," he cried, "only give me back rest and bread!" "Give me back rest and bread!" repeated a fearful echo, repeating the words several times, until at last it died far away in distant caverns, far in the recesses of the mountain. It seemed to be mocking him! Repeating his cries, he continued to run from place to place. It is said by the workmen in the Government mines in Russia, who tell this Tale, that while at work they hear strange noises and cries, and their Superstition is that the mines are still haunted by the spirit of the covetous adventurer, still continuing his cries day and night, unable to obtain rest.

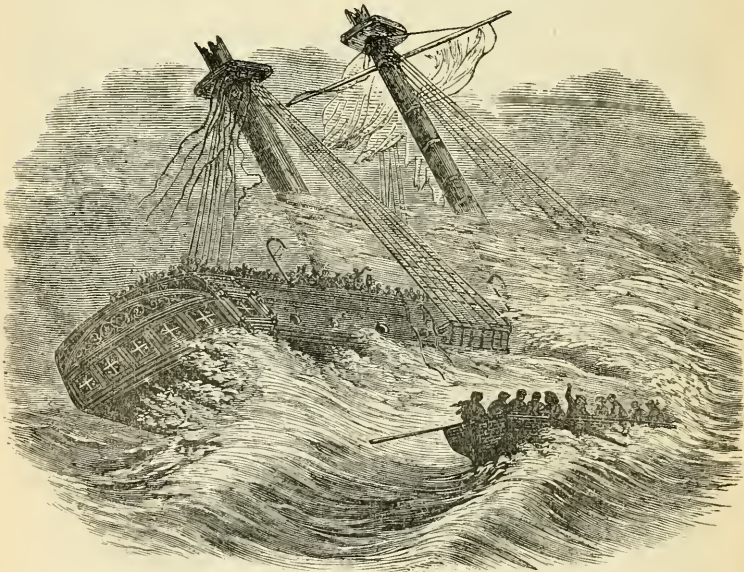
The most splendid Fortune is not, in reality, equal to the common, ordinary, comforts we all receive from our Creator. We never value them fully until they are all lost. What is the possession of thousands of pounds, for instance, without *health*, or vigour, and all those great, but common, blessings God bestows upon us? The young man would have given all the priceless gems in the cave to escape to the fresh green fields, to the sun and bright happy daylight—to the ordinary comforts, food, and sleep, he had so often despised and repined against. How many, desperate in their resolve after wealth, have, like Alexis, sacrificed all innocent simple pleasures and enjoyments, until money has become the tyrant of their lives. They live for the pursuit of it alone. God's creatures minister to their support year after year, but they never wait to enjoy them or to thank the Giver! God's creation is around them; they hardly care to regard the wonders of Creation; they esteem all time lost which is not bringing in the money upon which their hearts are fixed! The years of life (not too many) given us to prepare for another life—for an Eternity—in which wealth is unknown, and before whose endless existence twenty or forty years' affluence in this life is less than nothing—are spent by thousands as if they were preparing apparently to pass an Eternity on earth. Years pass by—God is neglected—priceless opportunities of

conversion to God—of making peace with Him—go by, one after another. Youth goes by untouched by Jesus' love; how can it be otherwise when a youth's heart is already fixed upon this world, and upon money, and has decided that they shall have his time, labour, talents, and life? Manhood comes, the tyrant *wealth* and covetousness, has become more importunate and exacting than ever!

And now at length old age approaches—the lights of Vanity fair grow dim—yet *still* the tyrant gold is insatiable,—and the aged person,—who, in half a dozen years, is to go out into Eternity to meet his God, whom he has spent a *lifetime* in *neglecting*—is *still* to be seen at work in the Cave of Diamonds—still collecting his *deeds* and *securities*, his *shares* and *property* around him, and not *one atom* of which will,—in a few short years,—be his.

THE LAST SIGHT OF WIGRAM'S STEAMSHIP, THE "LONDON."

BAY OF BISCAY, 11TH JANUARY, 1866.



"I saw the brave young Midshipman (Mr. Angel) still at his post, at the pumps."

An illustration of this love of gold was seen on board the ill-fated "London." One of the few survivors of the steamship "London" (owned by Messrs. Wigram, and on

her way to Melbourne) which foundered in the Bay of Biscay in 1866, says,—

"On Saturday morning, 30th December, 1865, I left Fenchurch Street Station, for Tilbury, to join, as passenger, the auxiliary Screw S.S. 'London,' to sail, that day, for Melbourne."

She was a new Ship, this being only her third voyage—having been twice to Melbourne and back;—1,428 tons, 267 feet long, 200-H.P., very heavily sparred, the old "well shape" deck, not a flush deck like the grand old "Great Britain," and modern steamers. "I had selected the 'London,' saying, I can spend a month longer in England, and still be in Melbourne as soon as if I had started a month earlier by sailing ship."—[Here follows the account of the stormy run down channel to Plymouth.] It was Tuesday, 2nd January, 1866, at 10.0 a.m. before they got near the Isle of Wight. "The weather still boisterous, and glass threatening, Captain Martin and Pilot decided to anchor at 4.0 p.m. opposite Ryde; and thankful we were, for it blew fearfully that night. All Wednesday in channel. Thursday, 4th, the heaviest weather we had experienced as yet. By this time we could see that we were on a heavily laden vessel, very low in the water, not at all buoyant." About 9.0 a.m. of this Thursday,—waiting for a Pilot off Plymouth,—two or three fishermen attempted to board them to pilot them in. One was drowned in the attempt. The boat of the "London" they tried to lower got stuck,—would not lower just when needed! "The affair cast quite a gloom over the ship. Many said it was a bad omen for us. 'If I could afford it I would leave her at Plymouth,' said one; 'I'll take odds she never gets to Melbourne,' said another,—when we were discussing the length of our coming voyage, after one had bet a dinner that we had one at the 'Albion,' Bourke Street, by 11th March,—'Do you remember what I said at Gravesend that she looked like a coffin!' I recall these remarks distinctly; two *did* leave at Plymouth, one a gentleman who expressed to me his great dislike to being shut up in the small state room for two months,—this being his first voyage:—when he left he did not tell us of his intention.

Another,—one of my state room companions—was thinking seriously of leaving the ship,—was quite undecided all day,—all he needed was a little encouragement, to have done so. I know of three more who would willingly have left at Plymouth, but were ashamed to do so for fear of being considered cowards.

I can recall many forebodings of evil to come.

Friday, 5th January, was fine, boats came alongside, with stock, meat, coal, &c. Fifty tons of coal in sacks were piled on deck,"—Fancy, dear Reader, the *modern* splendid Australian P. & O., and Orient Line, Steamers, 7,000 tons, and 7,000 H.P. (against the "London's" 200 H.P.), carrying *coal on their decks!*—"Many passengers joined us this afternoon,—almost every class of society was represented on board. We had Clergymen, Actors, Magistrates, Bankers, Lawyers, Merchants, Tradesmen, Labourers; and all ages, mothers with children and nurses,—accomplished young ladies; newly married couples; wealthy families returning after a visit to England; many saying it was for the last time, longing to get back to their beautiful climate and sunshine, 'had not seen the sun, in London, for a Month!' Also many going out, for the first time, to seek their fortunes, full of hope. My attention this afternoon was drawn to a lady and gentleman walking on the poop; they were Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Brooke.



Mr. G. V. Brooke, the Actor.

The latter was to have joined him in Australia a few months later. We had 59 saloon, 52 second, 52 third class passengers, 89 (captain, officers, and crew), and I have no

doubt a few 'stowaways,' I knew of 3 at least, whose names were not on the list. Say there were 6, giving a total of 258.

Our first day, Saturday 6th, was fine, Ship even now rolling considerably; the coal on deck rolled down, and came very nigh killing a little boy; a good many passengers, on deck, making acquaintances; but this was the last day we saw much of each other. Next day the weather was too rough for the deck, I did not see a lady there again until the last day!" Then came heavy weather in the Bay of terrible repute,—'the Bay of Biscay;'—the over-laden,—crank,—wet,—steamer,—scooped the seas into her well-deck, the scuppers were too small and *got choked with the coal*. "Large lumps would also roll about the decks to the great danger of the men; for two nights I could hear them rolling about over my head (he was in the second class, midships). The hatchways were not properly made, the water came down. We were carrying up water in buckets all the night out of our state-rooms to save our clothes, &c., being spoilt; no sooner did we get clear than down came another supply. Then came heavier weather. On Tuesday, the 9th, the jib-boom and topmasts broke off, and hung down by the iron rigging, a wreck. "Towards the latter part of the day the wind increased;—the ship labouring very much, every prospect of a wild night. Many now began to express fears at the captain continuing to force the heavily laden ship against a head sea. One, I remember,—John Hickman,—from Ballarat, had his wife and four children on board. He had formerly been fourteen years at sea. On the afternoon of this day (Tuesday) I saw him coming down from deck. "Well! Hickman," I said,—“how do matters look on deck?” “I have been a good deal at sea,” he said,—“have been in a good many ships, and know something about them; but I never yet saw one behave as this does! She frightens me,—I don't know what to make of her!” Then came a Gale. “At 7.0 p.m. one of the boats was carried away,—lifted out of the davits by a sea. Our hatches were closed, but, the covering not fitting the combings, the seas floated up the lids, and by 9.0 p.m., all was terror in our cabin, ladies clinging to you, many reading, and praying. Mr. Munroe,—who had also formerly been at sea,—came down about midnight. “I have been on the poop,”—he said, “for hours;—the sight up there is terrible, she won't rise a bit, seas mounting right over her!” Wednesday 10th,—

Before daylight,—the "London" was put round to return to Plymouth; the worst thing that could have been done,—with a "poop" or "following" sea and a coming storm,—with a deeply laden steamer; keeping her gently screwing *against* it was the only safe plan. "Most of this day,—up to 3.0 p.m., the crew were getting in the wreck of the boom,—for what purpose, I never understood; on deck it was a source of great danger, instead of towing it astern,—so as not to foul the screw,—and letting it go adrift, as it was; it was at length *lashed alongside the engine skylight*,"—an amazing indiscretion! The writer went on to the "London" at Sandridge Pier, in 1865,—seeing some acquaintances off, on her previous run to England,—he particularly noticed the well-deck amidships, and the feeble, slight, skylight over the engine room. A box sent out to him by friends in England went down with her. Fancy slinging a boom the size of a man's body, alongside a feeble engine skylight, in a ship rolling like the "London" did! "It was no gentle, undulating motion, she would roll till you were in doubt if she was coming up again, then up she would come with a jerk! I often stood, that night, watching the port hole of our state room, when she made those awful lurches! The water would remain dark and still against the glass for half-a-minute or so. I would say, "Will she come up again?" That Wednesday was dull and gloomy, heavy cross seas, the ship labouring, darkness came on early,—the wind increased, the sky looked wild,—everything bespoke a terrible night; I thought of our hatchway, and said to Munroe,—"Here is another bad night coming on, and nothing done." He said, "I know it—I have told Mr. Harris the first officer about it, and all the satisfaction I got was 'Let it go down.'" NOTE.—This Mr. Harris had gone out in a boat with a view of speaking another ship, or some other purpose, during the voyage out. Fog, or night coming on,—the "London" missed him, and proceeded on to Melbourne, arriving 10th August, 1865. Two or three weeks after,—Mr. Harris appeared in Melbourne, picked up by an out-coming vessel! It sounds like a romance; but the writer was in Melbourne at the time, and well remembers the severe remarks, and newspaper comments, upon the affair. Munroe got some canvas and tacks,—"Can you do it?" I asked, as he was hammering. "Only partially, I could only get half enough pump tacks; all is alike on board,—all confusion, nothing can be found that is required."

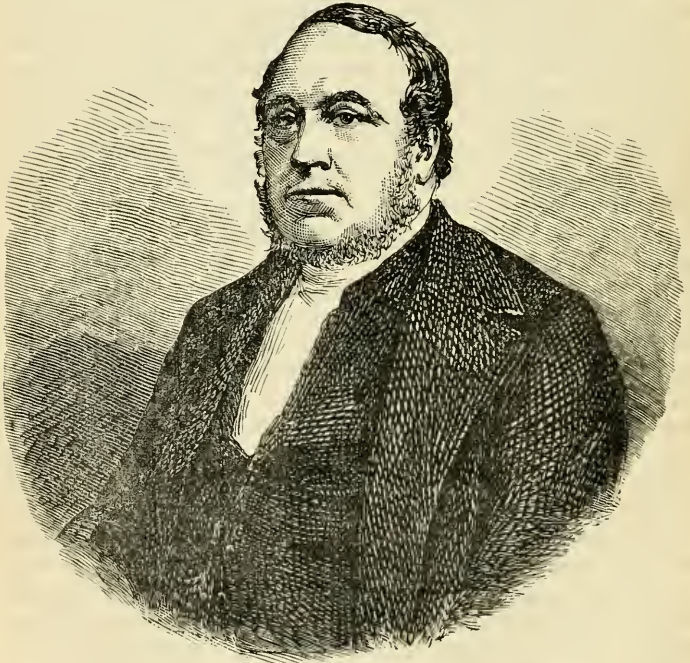
Then came the storm! "By 9.0 p.m., two feet of water in the cabin was carrying every moveable article with it." Distracted women,—men with pale faces,—one girl nearly frantic! The steam, from the water getting on the hot machinery, found its way into their cabin till they could not see each other five feet apart. It was suffocating! "The sensation in our cabin was then really awful! The darkness,—the dismal sound of the water coming in;—I never shall be able to convey an idea of it! About 10.0 p.m. I spoke to the Purser, in our cabin, he said, "They are as bad aft, we have been carrying water out of the saloon all evening!" I said it was very wrong when they had had previous warning, and it might easily have been prevented by securing the hatches properly by the ship's carpenter. He said, "Oh! there is no danger in it,—the water runs aft to the engine pumps, and is pumped up." "But it all tends to keep her down in the water," I said. A few minutes after, their fires were out, the pumps stopped, and the water still there! While we were talking, some sailors rushed by towards the sail room. The boom on deck had broken loose,—*carried* away the *engine skylight*,—the fires were out,—and the "London" was scooping the sea down an opening—several feet square—at every roll! Mattresses, &c., were piled over it, and sails placed on top; but the water lifted them up. Eighty of us then passed buckets of water up; but two came in to one taken out! About 2.0 a.m., Captain Martin came to us saying, "Men, put down those buckets, and come and try to secure the engine hatchway; it is the only chance to save the ship!"

The starboard passage way was so blocked by luggage and freight, that the sails had to be taken forward, and down the port side, where the stores were also piled up within three feet of the deck, and the sails had to be got over them,—a dark passage 60 feet in length,—it was here that the truly painful delay took place;—I think some of the cases had to be first removed. I mention this, to show how every space was choked with goods, preventing the proper working of the ship. First came the second officer singing out,—“Hurry that sail along,—what's stopping you!” Then the Captain—“What is detaining that sail?” Then a voice from deck,—“More sails, for God's sake,—else she'll go down!” A very large sail was placed, at length, over all,—fifty men at work at it, and with great difficulty, nailed down; I saw Mr. Harris, the carpenter, and men, driving nails, in a foot of water. The ship—a

helpless log—lay over on her side,—the shreds of the split sails were blown out at right angles by the storm. The wind through the iron rigging produced a dreadful sound, seas every now and then broke over us. I noticed the stern ports to the starboard were knocked in, and the water rushing in; later on, the others also gave way. I went into the saloon fully convinced that the ship must sink—I never expected her to float till daylight—to this day I am amazed that she floated so long as she did!

I found the passengers from all parts of the ship in the Saloon—no distinction now—the poorest, with their families were there, of four or five in groups. I saw the Rev. Draper, with many round him, reading the Bible and praying incessantly.

The faithful Minister.



Rev. Draper.

Note.—It is believed that this good Minister was the Rev. B. H. Draper, who wrote a small Book, about 1840, on the Parables, and was then at this time (1866) Pastor of a Melbourne Chapel.

Now and then, one would ask, "Oh! Mr. Draper, pray

for me!" Others were sitting apart reading their Bibles. So the hours passed, till daylight came in.

As I left the Saloon, I took the last look I ever had of it—the sight is indelibly stamped on my memory! On deck, as the morning passed, things got worse and worse—she felt at times as if going right under! Going aft, I passed the Engines; there was no one there at that time but the Captain; he was having a look at the engine-room. We looked down together, and a frightful place it was! The water black with coal washing about and breaking up the iron floorings, platforms, and machinery, and producing an unearthly sound. A vast pool of water it seemed to be. We went up the cuddy steps. I saw a sailor *feeling about for a sovereign* he had dropped in about one foot of water. He was as eager for it as a street Arab would be, if the boy had dropped a sixpence in the street! I was alarmed to see that a great deal more water was coming down. The water in the engine-room had increased considerably; it was now within two or three feet of the deck on which I was standing. I got on to the poop as quick as possible, knowing now that the end was near! The others knew it too. The staircase of the poop was crowded with people, apparently bewildered. I noticed a sailor keeping guard over the only boat which was being prepared. On my way from Fenchurch Street to Tilbury, the week before, this sailor had got in at Stepney, and sat by me, from which circumstance we had spoken once or twice on board. He advised me to have a try with them in this boat, 'But take your chance and jump when she is in the water.' No one could help seeing that there was a great change the last quarter of an hour.

More people were on the deck—walking about like persons waiting at a railway station: scarcely a word was said! I saw G. V. Brooke, the actor, who had been working with us in his shirt sleeves, leaning against the saloon door, in deep thought. All hopes of the boats, after the swamping of the iron pinnacle, had apparently gone. It was only a few of the sailors, who knew what could be done with a boat at sea, who were going to have a trial in her for their lives. It has always been an unaccountable thing to me why Captain Martin did not have the other boats got ready—properly manned and officered—and then told the ladies, 'There is your only chance, accept it if you choose!' The port iron pinnacle was still hanging in its place, also a smaller wooden one forward. I felt loath to

give up life;—I enjoy life. There was also the *uppermost thought of all*, the uncertain hereafter! Another thing I never could understand was, why Captain Martin never had signals up; as a vessel—if she did happen to sight us—and we not her—of course would take no notice and pass on. All seemed prepared for death. I saw *an elderly person*—a saloon passenger—*strapping up a railway rug into a bundle*. I have since been told this gentleman had *a thousand sovereigns* with him, no doubt in the rug. Shortly after, he appeared on deck, and Captain Martin—with a faint smile—asked him '*If he intended to take it with him?*' I said to the sailor, 'If you do not lower in five minutes it will be too late!' The vessel was settling by the stern. I am amazed that she floated as long as she did! He said, 'We can't lower till King comes.' Presently King



King, The Boatswain.

came up. Captain Martin was asked by King 'If he would go with them?' He declined, saying he 'would go

down with the Ship,' but said 'God speed you safe to land!' adding that the course was 'E.N.E. ninety miles to Brest.' It was now about two o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, the 11th of January, 1866.

Note.—Captain Martin's former vessel was the Sailing Ship "Suffolk";—many a voyage had he made in her;—a *Sailing Ship* he understood well!

He died like a true British Officer! It is as if he had said,—"*You go,—in your position it is right, and proper,—God speed you to land,—but I,—the Captain? What! I,—their Captain,—leave all these women, and children? No! No! Faults there may have been,—circumstances I could not well control,—but I hope they will say in England that at least I did my duty, and stood by them to the last!*"

All honour to our noble English Officers! It reminds one of the Burning Training Ship,—so nearly a terrible fatality,—and the good Captain urging the Boys on, as they passed by him,—regardless of himself; his *one thought* being to save *their* lives! One fine lad entreated him to save himself, and leave with them.

"No! No! My lad," exclaimed the true Captain,—"*that's not the way at Sea! I must see them all safe! Pass on Boys! Pass on! The Captain's last at Sea!*"

"No! No!—My lad!"—the Captain cried,
 "Pass on! Nor care for me!
 When duty calls,—*the Captain's last!*
Yes!—That's the way,—at Sea!"

King must have misunderstood him, as we must then have been 120 miles off. We were 140 miles off when picked up the next morning. King then jumped into the boat—about a dozen being in her—and they lowered immediately. As soon as I saw that she was safe in the water I stepped on to the mizen chains, and when the boat rose on the sea, I made a cautious leap right into her stern. I had only five feet to jump by waiting for a sea to lift the boat. There was no attempt to prevent anyone jumping, all on board might have jumped; they evidently considered our chance in such a sea to be hopeless. The boat was nearly sucked under the stern. I, and two others, got out oars, and kept her off. Now that the sailors saw that the boat was safe they wanted to take in a few of the women, and sung out to bring a lady or two. Only one, a girl of sixteen—very pretty—offered to go, but when she saw the fearful sea below, and the boat likely to be smashed at every heave against the huge iron wall of the ship, she said, 'Oh! I can't do that.' There was no time for delay, and Munroe,—seeing the boat shoving off,—leaped in himself. All this took place in a minute or two. Even after we had shoved off we drew in again from the suction of the vessel settling at the stern. The second time we got her off, and were pulling away at the port side, running

before the wind, nineteen of us in a fine boat, but constructed only to carry twelve, I was told.

The sun just then shone out for a time, which made the scene the worse for me. I saw the brave young midshipman—Mr. Angel—still at his post, at the pumps, which he never left till they went down. Just as we left the ship a lady, in a frantic voice, was heard to cry, 'A thousand guineas if you will take me in!' It was too late; if our lives had depended on it, we could never have made the ship again; we had to run before the gale just where the wind chose to drive us! As we mounted up a great wave we could see the 'London,' her bows well out of the water, so that we could see the red paint on her bottom, her stern very low, and by the pitch or rake of her masts she seemed to be at an angle of 45°. Just then a heavy sea was seen to break over her deck and to wash the people about! They had just before been waving handkerchiefs, &c., to us. We ran down another wave, and when we mounted up the next, nothing was to be seen of the 'London!' Of the 258 on board, only the 19 in our boat were saved!" (See the admirable account by Mr. Wilson, one of the survivors, in the *Cornhill*, for June, 1866.)

"When we were lifted on the wave a second time and found that the ship was gone, it cast a gloom over all. We continued looking in the direction where we last saw the ship to see if any could be seen clinging to a spar, or anything, but nothing whatever was to be seen. King now sang out, 'Boys, the London is gone. If we don't mind we'll soon follow her; say no more about her, but attend to the boat,' which was certainly a wise remark. We were thrown together mostly by chance—almost unknown to each other;—our party consisting of three engineers, a fireman, a carpenter, one young midshipman, eight seamen, a steward, a boy, and three passengers (not from the saloon). We had no officers, or captain, but we had the only thing to save us at that time; we had cool, skilful, excellent boatmen; had we not we would not have lived half-an-hour. We were twenty hours in that boat: I had no idea of what one could go through. No one could ever have made me believe that a boat could have stood what ours did! I think some of the men must have been born and reared in a boat! Our arrangements were soon made; those who understood rowing were to work in spells, those who did not were to bale. I was one of the latter; two or three were to keep a constant look-out, one to be constantly

watching behind us to see when a wave was coming that had a crest on it, and warn the helmsman. Those were the waves we dreaded, and here was where the skill and judgment was displayed. The chief study was to let the seas meet us square on to the stern, otherwise she would have filled at once. As one sea would pass,—invariably giving us a dash as it passed,—another would be seen coming in another direction, perhaps on our quarter. These were the cross seas, and the ones most likely to sink us. Then would be heard 'Look out King, here's one,' when, if the rudder would not bring her round in time, or was at the moment out of the water, the helmsman would be heard singing out, 'Pull on the starboard, and back on the port, quick!' a minute after, 'Pull, pull all!' that was to get out of the way of a sea about to break,—then, 'Back, back all!' Night was coming on: I dreaded to think of it. The sky looked wild,—wind still strong and cold,—sea still very heavy. It was what you might call a troubled sea. All of us wet, cold and hungry, nearly worn-out by the constant anxiety, exertion, and fatigue of the two previous days. I considered it about one chance in a hundred that ever we saw the morning! How were we to see at night those crested seas that we feared so much? I was puzzled that the sailors did not speak of this great difficulty to my mind. Presently night closed in, and the mystery was solved by the phosphorescent tops of the waves, which, shining in the dark, showed pretty well the way they were coming. At first the stars occasionally appeared, by them we guessed up to about nine, we were going south. I said to King, 'We shall not fetch the Spanish—much less the French coast—at this course; we shall go wide of Cape Finisterre.' He said, 'I can't help it, we must go where we are compelled, the wind may change,' and so it did. I had certain stars for guides, and by them I could see that we were coming gradually round, and, by midnight were going nearly east. We knew that any course that had east in it would bring us to land. Smith, a seaman, who had been steering, was relieved by King, who continued till 3.0 in the morning, when Daniels relieved him for three hours. It was most trying work, the *tiller being missing*,—like everything else, that was wanted,—so they had to work the rudder by hand, almost always with one hand in the water. Great watchfulness was needed, and all through the night King was continually singing out directions to the oarsmen; then 'Bale her out, keep her dry, who is bailing now?'

In this way he was constantly talking and encouraging us to keep awake, for we were drowsy from fatigue; I had only had four hours' sleep since Sunday night, and others no doubt had had no more, and this was Thursday. At times, while bailing, I would be half-asleep, but still dipping out the water. King asked, "Who had the time, my watch was going, but it was too dark to see the hands. We thought it must be getting towards daylight, I felt the hands and found it was only eleven o'clock. It was only the Moon rising. So the long dreary night wore slowly on. We thought the daylight would never come. About midnight the weather became more squally, heavy black clouds came down upon us, and at times we seemed to be running into a black wall. It was difficult to discern the figure of the man sitting close to you. It was the night remembered in London for the heaviest snow storm of the season,—when the telegraph wires were broken down in many parts of England, and vessels were being wrecked by scores in Torbay, About this time,—and a time that will never be forgotten by any in the boat,—we experienced the most narrow escape of any during the whole of our voyage: a large sea was seen close behind us, and on the very point of breaking, and it was impossible to get out of its way in time. On it came, eight or ten feet higher than our stern, and, the next moment it appeared that we should all be engulfed. Someone quietly remarked, 'It's all over with us now.' I myself thought the end had come at last; *over* came the great wave, *burying* the *afterpart* of the boat completely. She trembled, and up she came! The sea had passed on leaving us in all but a sinking state. The water in the boat was about a foot-and-a-half deep; a bucket would dip in it! Immediately King sang out, 'Don't move! Bale out quick! We are safe yet!' At once the bucket and bailers were at work—in a few minutes she was lightened, and on we went again.

It was a providential thing that we had not another person in the boat, for I do believe that the *weight of one more* would have taken us down!" A small vessel with two masts passed close to them that night,—they saw her lights, and they "All bellowed together as loud as we could. They evidently heard us, and putting about, ran about, looking for us, we trying to guide them by our shouts. Then came a squall, and they lost the run of us. We could only see her occasionally through the gloom, when we rose on a wave; at last she was out of sight.

It affected the spirits of us all, when all hope of this vessel was gone! At last daylight came in,—in hail, and rain. Then the sun would come out for a few minutes, we scanned the horizon, but could see nothing. Some time after again the cry was raised 'Ship in sight!' We could just see her off the port quarter. Presently we sighted another, more in our track, on the starboard bow, but at a great distance. Hope revived; we were in the track of vessels and rejoiced to find some still floating. On we went for half-an-hour, with occasional sunshine, then a squall, and rain, the sea still rough, the same constant attention required. Those on the look-out reported the vessel first seen was not getting any nearer to us. Some proposed to King, who was now steering, to put about to run for her, King strongly objected; saying that the boat would certainly swamp in going round, and then we had a long way to row almost dead to windward before reaching her; we would never reach her. It was now say 9.0 a.m., Friday, the 12th January. The men were getting irritable; there was not that friendly feeling which existed at first,—would answer each other sharply; of course this was owing to twenty hours' exposure and thirst, which we were all feeling terribly. Words ran high as to the advisability of putting round to run for the vessel. One who was holding the signal of distress (a shirt on an oar) said to King at the helm, 'If you don't put her about, I'll put this oar through her bottom!' I was beginning to feel frightened. Of course every allowance must be made for the man under the trying circumstances. I do not entertain any ill-feeling towards him whatever for his threat. He might not see the danger, as an experienced boatman did, of going about,—thought, no doubt, that we were missing our last chance. Immediately someone proposed that we should run for the distant sail on the starboard bow, not so much with the hope of reaching her, as to prevent the boat being put about. I seconded the proposition, urging that even if we missed her, we would be nearing land; that it was not more than forty miles off (so we then thought), and by keeping on that course we would sight land before night; that it was early day and most likely we would sight other vessels, that we were in their track was proved. The proposition was put, and carried amidst some grumbling. The oars were double manned, the course of the boat slightly altered. Soon everything was going pleasantly, and all now seemed well-satisfied with the new

arrangement; all they wanted was to be going towards some vessel. The sun at that time was shining, and our little craft sped along bravely, she quite astonished the most sanguine,—everybody expressed the greatest affection for her. Still great caution was required; the vessel not being directly in our track, we had to make good a few points to the wind; and that is where the difficulty was. Whenever an opportunity offered we would steer to windward of the vessel; we knew we could make leeway at any time. Whenever a crested wave came, round would have to come the boat, and we would turn tail and run with it till it had passed, then try again. The only man allowed to stand up, the look-out, reported that we were nearing her, soon we could see her hull; and when within half-a-mile we were rejoiced to see that they had sighted us, and were bearing away to run for us. Just at this moment was seen a terrific squall coming down as if to annihilate us at the very moment succour was at hand. We had, of course, to turn and run, and were being carried past the ship. Fearing losing her, many sung out to King to put about,—others not to, he said 'She will fill the moment we do so; and don't you see they are running with us?' So they were, shouting in Italian, probably telling us,—in the wildest excitement,—to run on,—and they would follow. After the gale had a little passed, we put partly about, but in doing so had a narrow miss of swamping, as she shipped a heavy sea. A few minutes more and we ran up to her stern;—a line was thrown to us with remarkable accuracy,—it was caught, a rope followed. She had come round to the wind, a barque of some 400 tons, rolling very much, and we thumping against her side by the mainchains. All order was now broken, each caught hold of anything he could, and scrambled up, lugged in by the friendly men on board. I caught hold of two tempting bolts; down went our boat leaving me hanging on with others near me; up came the boat again, and we were soon all over the rail, except one who had been hurt, a rope was got over, and he was safely drawn up. We were kindly received. The Captain, a fine, jolly, burly old fellow, with a most benevolent countenance, and his crew, were getting out dry clothes, and serving out Geneva, when I got aft. It was now about 10.0 a.m., and we were soon having warm tea, &c., in the Captain's cabin; fowls were killed to make us a good stew. She was laden with wheat in bulk, from the Mediterranean for Cork,—had experienced heavy weather,—had thrown some of her

cargo overboard,—but was at this time safe, dry, and snug. We could not understand each other, but the Captain, by a map, explained that he would try to run into, and land us at Falmouth. In the afternoon, we lay down and had a troubled sleep. I went through the horrors of shipwreck; and for many nights, and I may say for weeks after, I would see the 'London,'—with her stern under water,—her foretops gone. At night we most of us lay on the wheat covered with warm sails, and felt very comfortable, though our limbs were so stiff many could hardly crawl about. The weather continued rough; it blew fiercely that night; so passed that day, also the next. Then came Monday, we were in the Channel, and that morning we sighted the Scillys, or Land's End. That night we had a gale, dead ashore; the Captain and crew on deck all night, apparently very anxious, and constantly singing out, and directing. But the barque held her own, and about three or four (daybreak), on the Tuesday, 16th January, was put about to run slowly to land; the fog rose, Falmouth Harbour fair before us! Three cheers for our good Captain!" A gold chronometer, with a suitable inscription, was afterwards presented to good Captain Gion Batta Cavassa, by the Board of Trade.

NOTE. The Reader will note the providential falling in with the "Marianopolis," just as they were getting worn out with thirst, cold, and hunger. It took a well-found barque *four days and nights* to land them. Instead of 40, they were 140 miles off. It blew a gale two nights while on the barque. The wind,—*changed*,—was *against the barque* all the Saturday,—so that, if they had got through another night, they would have been merely carried back again into the Bay of Biscay. They would never have survived another night in the boat; and had they missed that barque the fate of the "London" would never have been known.

The three passengers,—alone saved,—not one from the first-class saloon,—were Mr. Wilson, of Ballarat (the narrator)—Mr. Munroe,—and Mr. Mead,—the other survivors belonged to the vessel. Mr. Wilson returned home,—the following April,—in the "Great Britain,"—Mr. Mead attempted to accompany him,—but, on entering the ship,—fainted,—the past scenes coming up too vividly,—and he gave up his intention. On her voyage out, in April, the "Great Britain" had to "lay to,"—off the Cape,—in the worst storm, and heaviest sea,—Captain Gray, said,—he

had ever been in during his many voyages. Mr. Bevan,—of Hereford,—whose brother was lost in the "London,"—going out to settle the latter's affairs,—being allowed,—on the third day of this gale to go on deck with a rope round him,—says, "That it was the grandest sight he could have imagined."

Striking the ground in Dundrum Bay,—as soon as she was launched,—the "Great Britain," for some twenty years after, weathered the storms on her fine runs to Australia. Her captain,—Gray,—respected by all,—eventually committed suicide,—through home troubles, it was said. The "Great Britain" has, probably now disappeared, together with her contemporaries the "Red Jacket,"—"Marco Polo," "White Star,"—"Swiftsure,"—"Suffolk," (Captain Martin's former ship)—"Lightning," &c., &c., familiar names in old days of "the Diggings," and for fifteen years after, till the Suez Canal,—and modern steamers,—rendered the long sea route, viâ the Cape, almost obsolete.

No one,—however,—who has ever made the Voyage out by the Cape, and the Return round Cape Horn, through Icebergs, and Fogs, in all weathers,—will fail to do justice to the following great performances of our old Sailing Ships. For the "Great Britain" merely had an "auxiliary" steam power of 400 H.P., useful for screwing out of the "Doldrums" or calms, about the Equator. She of course,—like the ill-fated "Royal Charter,"—depended upon her *sailing*, for her Passages. Indeed it was the *fatal dependence* upon the miserably inadequate steam power these early steamers possessed which caused the "Royal Charter" to be embayed at Moelfra, on the night of "the Royal Charter gale." Tuesday, 26th Oct., 1859,—and dashed to pieces at 5.0 a.m., the next morning, on the Welsh rocks, within four hours of Liverpool! What Captain of a *sailing* Ship would ever have allowed her to hug the coast, when it was blowing a hurricane as they passed Holyhead, a North gale, dead ashore, with danger all the way to Liverpool? The feeble engine was *relied upon!* Captain Taylor had made the run,—*then* "a Record,"—in 59 days. This time he had run her to Cork in 58. £500 was offered him if he ever did the out, and home, Voyage, in 150 days. Everything was to give way to speed! They had narrowly missed an Iceberg this very voyage off the Horn! He "carried on" thus, with 500 persons on board, in a vessel which had been *lengthened* in her *middle* to 30 feet longer than the "Great Britain,"—thought he could just reach Liverpool, and "chanced it!" What was 400 H.P. to screw such a ship out of a Bay in a Hurricane dead ashore? The modern "Teutonic," ss., has 16,000 H.P.!

Had she not *broken in two* in the *middle*, all might have been saved! Out of 61 saloon, 300 second and third class, and 112 crew (say 480), only 3 saloon, 10 second and third, and 19 of the crew were saved! An immense treasure of Gold in her strong room (never recovered), and great wealth on many successful "Diggers" on board, was lost. Seven Passengers landed at Queenstown, and 9 "Riggers" got in there, 3 of whom were saved. The gigantic, but almost useless, "Great Eastern" was nearly lost at Holyhead Harbour that night. The Captain's mackintosh was blown to shreds! They had seen her from the "Royal Charter" as they passed.

Copy of a Way Bill 24 years ago. "The celebrated Auxiliary Steam Clipper, 'Great Britain,' 3,209 tons. 500 H.P. with water-tight compartments (?)—Lieut. John Gray, R.N.R., Commander,—is appointed to leave

the River Mersey, for Melbourne, on Thursday, the 9th of May, 1867. This far-famed Ship has again made another run out, to Melbourne in 58 days. The nine previous passages to Melbourne were made in 62, 63, 59, 60, 58, 61, 57 and 57 days. On one occasion, 55 days, 17 hours out,—back to Queenstown in 59; performing the whole voyage of 28,000 miles, in 4 months, 24 days,—including a detention of 31 in Melbourne,—a feat never before accomplished!

To conclude our Tragedy,—the writer regrets to add, that,—while on a “Jubilee Year” tour to Australia, in 1887,—he was informed that King,—the Boatswain of the “London,”—eventually kept a public house, out in Australia,—and had also committed suicide some two years before.

Let us hope that the information was incorrect; for it does seem a sad end after having been so marvellously saved, twenty years before.

CONCLUSION.

It is in such scenes, when in presence of death, that the real character is shown. The humble, pious believers, with all hope lost, quietly praying with the good minister, Mr. Draper, in the saloon; some, utterly reckless, breaking up cases of wine, to die, as they had lived, without thought or hope. The sailor *groping for the sovereign*, knowing well, as a seaman, that the ship was already settling down at the time, and that, in a few minutes they would be in eternity! The *elderly person strapping up his* thousand pounds in the *railway rug*, and coming on to the deck with it, when in a quarter of an hour he would have to appear before his God! It proves how, when the mind has been set, for a lifetime, on wealth, and money—has *trusted* to gold—loved it—chosen it, in the place of God—that the approach of *death itself* cannot release its hold upon the soul!

Dear Youth, who may read this book, with all life before you, choose a life of piety, the approval of God—the love, and the service of the Saviour,—in place of a life devoted to gain! That solemn hour—the hour before your death—will as surely come to you and me, as it came to those who perished that winter’s afternoon on the “London.” Instead of the frantic cry, “A thousand guineas if you will take me in!” Instead of grasping, like the elderly person, your gold, to the last moment of allotted life, you will then—long accustomed to trust to God, and to believe in a Saviour’s love—be able cheerfully to resign your soul to His faithful and long-tried goodness, well knowing that having long tried to serve Him in health and youth, He will never forsake you in *your* hour of need! You could

then unite with the good Mr. Draper in the saloon of the sinking "London" in his cry, "Those who have not been converted, be so now, for, in a few minutes, we shall be in Eternity! Captain Martin says that there is now *no hope for us*, but the Great Captain says that we may all get safely to Heaven!" Words which would strike cold and unmeaning to the irreligious ear, but which would be felt, and understood by you.

God is not a hard master, requiring us to relinquish this world, its pleasures and its gains, and offering nothing to us in return. God knows what are the good things to be obtained in this life, for he created them all, and He assures us that all the riches, pleasures, and happiness to be obtained upon earth are less than nothing to what He has prepared for His faithful followers. For He tells us that, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him!"

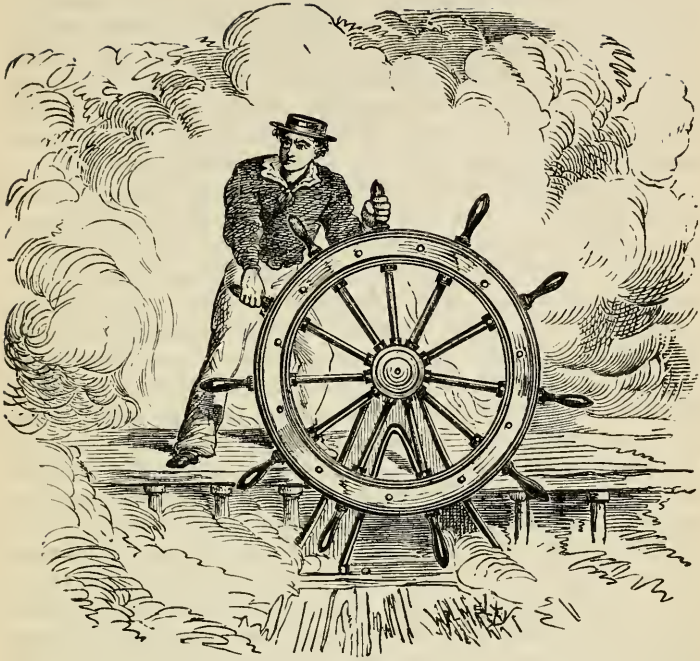
How many a young business man—his whole heart, soul, and life devoted to money—has indeed, as the years of priceless opportunity have rolled by, succeeded, like Alexis, in obtaining before he died, great wealth and position—but in God's sight is ruined for His service, and for ever unfitted for Heaven, and for Eternity—the Last Day only will disclose!

How many when life and opportunity have passed,—may have to say, "I grasped for many a long year the riches of a dying World, but I *missed the tide*—it was God's will should have borne me to my heavenly home!" "I've grasped for many a year the riches of a phantom, passing World,—I *grasped the dunghill*,—but I missed the *starry crown*!"

Like Alexis, they found that the Cave of Diamonds once entered—the tyrant gold submitted to—loved and followed—an escape is seldom possible. The experience of Mankind does but re-echo the Saviour's words—"For where your *treasure* is, there will your heart be also!"

"Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image, neither shall ye make unto you *Gods of Gold*; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them, for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God. Thou shalt have none other Gods before Me."

"But *covetousness*, which is *idolatry*, let it not be once mentioned among you as becometh saints, for this ye know, that no covetous man,—who is an idolater,—hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ, and of God."—*Ephesians* v., verses 3 and 5.



“Can you hold on five minutes longer? Land close ahead!” “Aye! aye! Sir! *By God’s help* I will!”

CHAPTER XIV.

JOHN MAYNARD, THE PILOT. THE BRAVE YOUNG AMERICAN.

IN this World in which we see very little else than selfishness, constant (and very often unscrupulous) grasping after wealth, everyone caring for himself alone, and generally thoughtless of all else besides—there are yet occasionally to be met with instances of heroic forgetfulness, and pure, unselfish, benevolence, and thoughts for the safety of others—which shine forth, in a fallen world, like stars amid the prevailing gloom around.

Such deeds serve us as beacons, pointing us to a nobler life. An instance of true heroism of this kind may be found in the following account of John Maynard, the pilot.

The American steamers which ply upon the great lakes of America are very different to any we see in this country;—they are two or three stories high—huge floating hotels, in fact—propelled by massive Engines worked by beams, similar to the “Beam Engines” or “Cornish Engines” employed in England for pumping mines and waterworks. Densely crowded as these steamers are during the summer months—often carry four or five hundred passengers—the chief danger is from fire, for the great lakes of America are so extensive that the land is constantly lost to view, and as these steamers carry few boats, the only hope when a fire occurs is to try to make the nearest land, and to run the ship aground. John Maynard was an honest, hardy young pilot, who plied his occupation on the lake steamers. He was an upright, brave young man—a good husband, and already a fond father of two bright little ones. His wife loved him best, for she best knew how he possessed a heart as loving and tender as it was brave and manly. Hundreds who had stood by when one of the sudden storms came on to which the lakes are subject—had remarked John Maynard’s steady hand and wary eye, and felt that let the danger be what it might, all that man could do for the safety of the vessel that John Maynard would do! Hundreds when the storm was at its height could tell how the Pilot bore himself in those hours of fear and danger. But one summer day there was harder work for John Maynard to perform! The time came when it was shown what he could really do! When, having been faithful to his duty during his life, John Maynard had to show that,—when Duty called,—with God’s aid he could remain faithful to death!

For one hot summer’s day one of these huge steamers, densely crowded, was ploughing its way down Lake Erie; the passengers were lying asleep under the awnings, or sitting under the shade of the balconies. No one dreamt of danger, for the sea was perfectly calm; the faint breeze was not sufficient to relieve the heat, and the well-known Pilot—John Maynard—was at the wheel.

About noon, however, a slight smoke was observed by the Pilot rising from the aft hold;—it was but the slightest film, but the Pilot’s quick and experienced eye detected it in a moment! “Simpson,” he said quietly, to one of the deck hands, “Go down aft and see what that smoke is!” at the same time sending another man to call the Captain.

The Pilot was not the man to alarm the bystanders,

knowing well the panic the least suspicion of fire would create amongst the passengers. The man shortly returned ; he had been with the Captain below, and hurriedly whispered—"Good Heavens, Pilot ; the Captain fears that the ship's on fire !"

A few minutes more, and disguise was no longer possible, for a burst of smoke came up from below, and in a minute more the alarm of "Fire !" spread from deck to deck and from cabin to cabin, and some five hundred frantic passengers in a paroxysm of terror, at the awful death before them, hastened upon the fore decks. But *loud* above all the confusion the *stentorian* voice of the Captain was heard, through his speaking trumpet, shouting to the man at the wheel—"John Maynard !" (The Captain knew that everything now depended upon the Pilot ; no one else knew the bearing of the coast as he did). "Aye ! aye ! sir !" came John's steady voice from the wheel house. "Head her to land ; how far away ?" "Five miles, sir ; east by south east." "What is the shortest time we can do it in ?" "Half-an-hour, sir, at this rate." Then came the Captain's word to the Engineer—"Put on every ounce of steam she will bear !" In the meantime every man, woman, and even child, who could lift a pail, worked for dear life to keep down the flames, which soon began to appear from below. But the woodwork, always slight and dry in these vessels, was now like tinder from the heat of an American midsummer ; and worse than all, amongst the cargo between decks were some casks of resin and tar, shipped from the back woods. No sooner did the fire reach the tar than the whole ship aft of the fore deck was enveloped in a thick smoke, lit up with long flapping flames of red fire. Driven on to the bows, the whole multitude of passengers crowded in utter despair. But the huge engine beams are going up and down quicker now—the huge steamer is flying through the water : and, firm at his post, enveloped in the smoke, and grasping the spokes with both hands, there still stands John Maynard,—the Pilot,—at the wheel !

The flames during some twenty minutes have spread on—the tiller chains were black with the heat—the wheel-house even was on fire. At this awful moment, however the wind veered slightly, blowing aside the dense smoke, and disclosing the land close ahead. But the Captain knew well, and John Maynard, the Pilot, knew it, too, that the *least* change in the rudder, and the Steamer, instead of making the land, would swing round with the current, and

drive the flames over the women and children crowded on the bows. So seizing his trumpet, the Captain's voice was heard once more above the noise and smoke, shouting, for the *last* time, to the man at the wheel, "John Maynard!" and thick, and choked, came from the smoke and fire, the Pilot's voice, "Aye! aye! sir!" "Can you hold on *five minutes longer?* Land close ahead!" And for the last time in this world came, from the burning wheel, the answer, "Aye! aye! sir! *By God's help I will!*"

"God bless you John!" roared back the Captain. He knew that the man had given up his life to save theirs, and the rough, hardy Captain turned aside. He did not care that any should see the tears that ran down his cheeks. He had braved many a danger in his time unmoved; but he gave way now!

And many a woman, as she held her little ones to her breast, repeated the words, "May God bless John Maynard!" And from the hundreds of beings crowding the deck rose the murmur, "God bless that brave fellow at the wheel!" The young Pilot had a home, too, and wife, and children, whom he loved with as pure a love as the richest merchant now trembling on the bow. To spring from the deck into the sea and leave the vessel to her fate, would have been easy; the work of a moment: mere child's play to him, a noted and powerful swimmer; but five hundred Men, Women, and little Children, were entirely dependent upon him now. He had never yet shrunk from his duty; with God's aid he would hold on and save them all! And with a prayer from his own wife, and little ones, whom he knew he should never see any more; firm at his post—his hair scorched from his face—with one hand scorched black by the fire, steadying the wheel with his foot, and grasping the burning spokes, there still stood,—in his last death agony,—the heroic Pilot,—John Maynard,—at the wheel!

A minute after, the huge steamer struck with a crash upon the beach in shallow water, and the whole multitude were swarming down the ropes they had prepared, and handing down the Women and Children, praising God, and trembling with joy, at having escaped so dreadful a death.

But as they touched the shore with their feet, the Wheel-house, and the burning deck, fell with a *great crash* into the red fire below, carrying with them the blackened corpse of young John Maynard, the Pilot!

THE CAPTAIN'S CALL.

There comes a time in the life of every youth when

God's call to duty comes to him as clearly as did the Captain's voice when he called upon "John Maynard!" It is a gentle voice, it is true, disregarded by thousands of Youths, but, stifle it as you may by the follies and sinful pleasures around us on every hand, it is a voice, nevertheless, that *will* be heard. *Strange* if it were not so, for it is the voice of Almighty God! "Forsake that sinful and careless life! It can never lead to happiness or to Me! Commence now in youth a life of piety—seek My favour and a Saviour's love, while time and opportunity and youth are thine, and I will be with thee in thy hour of need!"

In the life of every youth there comes a time when he does hear God's call, does sometimes think of commencing a Christian course,—does sometimes think that he will commence that Journey to the Better Land,—take some steps towards his Heavenly Home! Such feelings are God's "call" to you, for such desires never come into the heart of any youth of themselves! By nature we are opposed to God, and care little for His favour, or for the bright Home above! But such feelings *do* come to every youth, because the Saviour comes and stands knocking at his door! Long years does Christ stand at the door of some hearts! He stands there in the language of the Scriptures till "His head is wet with the dew, and His locks with the drops of the night!" His voice of entreaty—the Saviour's call to forsake sin—to lead a life of piety and prayer is heard by every youth! There *must* be something solemn in *Eternity*, if God Himself, (in the person of the Saviour), must needs come thus, and plead with every youth at the commencement of his life! It is because God knows that your affections are strongest in youth—that you are more likely to turn to Him now, than at any other period of your life!

The hour will come when there will come *another*, and a *terrible* one knocking at your door!—One whose dread summons was never yet disobeyed! He brooks no delay! When death knocks, the hardest door must open, and open at once to him! Now, in youth, and health, with Death far distant is the time to listen to God's call, and to secure a Saviour's love! And when God's "call" comes to you, asking you to commence a life of duty and love to Him, let your reply be that of John Maynard—"By God's help I will!"

"Be wise to day!—Procrastination is the thief of time!
Year after year it steals till all are fled!
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an Eternal scene!"

CHAPTER XV.

“SMALL BEGINNINGS, AND HOW TO GET ON.”

POOR BOYS, AND HOW THEY BECAME RICH.

No. 1.—“Never Despair.”

WILLIAM HUTTON, OF BIRMINGHAM.

WILLIAM HUTTON was a remarkable instance of a very poor boy attaining to wealth,—not from any happy chance of fortune, but from his own persevering industry,—his brave struggles with the difficulties he met with, as a boy,—and his lifetime of self-denial and strict economy.

At the age of seven the little boy was put to work at a Silk Mill,—the youngest of 300 hands employed there. Not being indeed tall enough to reach the loom, a pair of high pattens were made for him to stand on, to enable the little fellow to perform his allotted tasks.

Urged on by public opinion our Governments have, from time to time, passed Laws in reference to the labour of young children in factories. The first Act was, however, only passed some forty years ago, up to which time the life led by young children, in the large Mills of Lancashire, Dundee, and other localities, was something frightful: a slavery worse, in some respects, considering our climate, and the terrible confinement, and bad air in the Mills,—than that of slave children on the Cotton Plantations of America. Up, in the depth of winter, to be at the Mill at Six o'clock,—with no regulations of any kind then as to the hours worked,—amidst the everlasting whirl of machinery,—children of six and seven were worked as long as the grown-up men and women, while the heavy strap of the overseer was ever at hand to quicken the tired hand.

“Christmas”—says Hutton,—speaking of his recollection as a child of the Silk Mill,—was attended by a heavy fall of snow, and a severe frost,—I did not wake the next morning till it appeared to be daylight. I rose in tears, for fear of punishment, and asked a man whom I met what hour it was; he “believed it was about six.” I hastened on in agony, for fear of being late at the Mill, and from the

bottom of Full Street—not two hundred yards—I fell down nine times! Observing no light in the Mill, I knew it was an early hour, and that the reflection on the white snow had deceived me. Returning, the clock struck two!”

His hard servitude at the Silk Mill terminated after seven years, when he was 14 years old. He was then placed at Nottingham, under his uncle, a Stockinger, and here he continued until an unhappy quarrel with his uncle—its origin being a mere trifle—caused the boy to run away from Nottingham, whither bound he knew not. He had only two shillings in his pocket. At ten at night he reached Derby, carrying what little stock of clothes he had, and a few provisions, in a bag. The next day in the precincts of Lichfield, he says—“I saw at nightfall a barn a little off the road, in which I hoped to get a night's rest. I hid my bag in a hedge whilst I went to look at the barn. I could not have been gone a quarter of an hour, when returning from the barn (which I found closed fast) to my amazement my bag was gone! To this day I cannot imagine who took it! Terror seized me! I went about the fields lamenting, and told all I met of my loss. I was too much distressed to find relief in tears, they would not flow. I found seeming pity from all, but relief from none, and at eleven o'clock found myself alone in the streets of Lichfield. It is not easy to fancy a more distressed position. I had nothing left;—a stranger to the place; no employment, nor hope of getting any; no food to eat, or place of rest. All the little property I had in the world had been taken from me: even hope died within me! I was but a boy of 14 at the time. I slept that night on a rude bench outside a butcher's shop.” He walked with blistered feet and a heavy heart to Walsall, and from thence to Birmingham, where he asked for employment at three different stocking makers', but was refused at all.

Yet see what a difference a few years of industry and perseverance effected for this poor boy. In 14 years from this date, William Hutton had married the daughter of Francis Grace (from whose premises he had been turned away), and a few years after the entire property was left him, and his excellent wife, by the old man's will!

“It was about seven o'clock”—he says—“in the evening when I first reached Birmingham. I remember that I sat down to rest upon the old cross which used to be in Philip Street, Bull Ring—probably the poorest boy in Birmingham, in that great Parish of which 27 years after I was

appointed Overseer. I sat down, silent, and oppressed with grief, under the very roof where years after I sat as Commissioner of the Court!"

For the first few days in Birmingham he says he lived chiefly on cherries (which were plentiful that year, selling at a penny a pound) and a little bread. Unable to subsist by the two trades he had learned, Hutton by a curious circumstance, was led to become a bookbinder. He occasionally purchased shabby old books for a trifle from a man who kept his bookbinding apparatus in his shop; and by repeated visits to this shop, and by close and constant watching the man at work, Hutton mastered the secrets of the trade.

"The first book I bound"—he says—"was a very small one. I showed it to the bookseller. He seemed surprised. I could see *jealousy* in his eye. But he recovered in a moment, for he had no doubt that I should break down, and lose what little I had saved. He offered me an old press for two shillings, which no man could use, and which was laid by for the fire. I looked attentively at the press, bought it, paid the two shillings, and got a receipt. I then asked for a hammer and pin, which he handed me with a smile, and more than half a sneer. I drove out the 'garter pin,' which, being worn and galled, prevented the press from working, and turned another square, which perfectly cured the press. He now said in anger—"If I had known, you should not have had it.' However I could see that he consoled himself with the thought that I should make nothing of my beginning in business, and that the press would come back to him. That press proved the best I had for five-and-twenty years after."

As an instance of Hutton's frugality and perseverance, when commencing business as a young man, he found that a journey to London was needful, and always a wonderful pedestrian, he resolved to walk there and back (224 miles), and gives us the total of his expenses. "I was out nearly nine days; that is, three in going, three in London, and three in returning. I spent 3s. 8d. on the road each way, and a little over 3s. in London. Out of eleven shillings journey money I brought back 4d." This gives an idea of the prices of provisions in those days.

From this point he rose rapidly in the world. In 1790 he purchased a carriage and pair of horses, and built a coach-house, which, with his usual exactness in money matters (for Hutton's whole life and soul was now evidently bent upon money), cost 635 guineas.

A long list of how he purchased and sold land—how he married rather to save expense, than from love—follows.

Having felt what a dread thing poverty was, his life was now precisely what might be expected from one who evidently neither possessed nor professed to possess, any practical Religion. The poor boy had raised himself to prosperity, but he had done it *himself*—God appears never to have been in his thoughts from boyhood to old age! He neither appears to have sought Him in adversity, nor cared for Him in Prosperity. He seems to have decided that as everything had been against him in youth, his success was due to his own industry and frugality alone, and that he had no one therefore to thank for it but himself. There is a loneliness, coldness, and hardness about such a life, which no intelligent reader of his memoirs can fail to mark.

William Hutton was one of the sufferers in the Birmingham Riots, which took place against the Unitarians. Hutton was one of this body, and attended the dinner at Dee's Hotel (then just built) in commemoration of the French Revolution. It was a great mistake of Dr. Priestley and the Unitarians. The people became excited, and collected outside Dee's Hotel; from hissing and howling, they proceeded to throw stones, and the windows of the hotel were broken in. Then began the terrible Birmingham riots, which, owing to the miserable inefficiency of the old watchmen (the only police of that day), lasted three whole days. Two chapels, Dr. Priestley's house, and other houses known to belong to Unitarians, were destroyed by the mob, and amongst them, William Hutton's place of business in High Street. Fifty wagons, he states, would not have sufficed to carry off his stock of goods, which was burnt in his warehouses. Indeed his wealth may be estimated from the fact that he placed his loss at £8,000. Although he afterwards received £5,000 by way of compensation, he had to show his private books, and the large profits thus exhibited caused others to set up in the same trade. At the same time the rioters destroyed Baskerville House, the residence of Mr. Samuel Ryland—a lovely place in those days—quite in the country—now converted into Winfield's Bedstead Manufactory, Cambridge Street, Birmingham; the front still retaining a portion of the original edifice. For 25 years Mr. Ryland left it in ruins to serve as an example to the Birmingham people. The grandfather of the present writer knew Hutton well, they being much together, living close to each other at one time in High Street, and used to

describe the crashing of the things on the night of the riot, as the rioters, who were sacking Hutton's premises, threw them out of the window into the street below.

Hutton describes the first night of the riots :—"The 14th of July," he says, "has always been a memorable one for me. It was on the 14th of July I first entered Birmingham as a poor runaway apprentice boy, without home or friends, and it was on that very night, the 14th of July,—fifty years after,—that I stood leaning against a milestone on the Sutton Coldfield Road, after the rioters had sacked my premises, once more (for a time at least) without food or home." This, of course, was, however, but a temporary gloom, for he soon retired from business, evidently a wealthy man. His vigour and health were such that at 77 years of age, Hutton—always a wonderful pedestrian—undertook a walking tour of 600 miles to visit the Old Roman Wall which crosses the North of England. During this tour he crossed England twice in one week, completing the 601 miles from leaving Birmingham, having walked 17, and often 26, miles a day, Sundays excepted, for six weeks. A pretty good performance for an old gentleman 77 years old! Hutton was only twice in London; the first time he walked there and back as a poor youth, at a cost of 11s., to buy £5 worth of materials to begin trade with! The last time, 57 years after, he went up to close a purchase of property which he had purchased for £12,000. William Hutton was a remarkable instance of a very poor boy succeeding in life, *so far*, at least, *as wealth and this world* is concerned, and as it was entirely the result of his own persevering industry—savings—and brave struggles with the difficulties he met with in boyhood—his life seems a likely one to interest, and encourage the youth who may read this book, to see if he, too, cannot meet with success in life, but no one can read his life without perceiving that having gone thus far, *we must stop*. It is *impossible* to disguise the conviction which must come over the reader of Hutton's biography that his life's object—as it is with many a one—was to make and to save, *money*—and he succeeded. But when we consider that not one farthing's worth of property has ever been taken out of this world—that the deeds, securities, shares, and bank notes of a wealthy man cannot be crammed into his coffin—and moreover that each of us has life given to us to prepare for—not forty, or perhaps fifty years of affluence on earth—but to attain to that life of piety, love, and holiness, which can alone prepare

us for existence in the Eternity to come—it *does* seem a deplorable failure in life to lay up, during a long life, infinitely more than we shall ever need, or be able to enjoy, and in doing so to neglect God's service, and our own salvation.

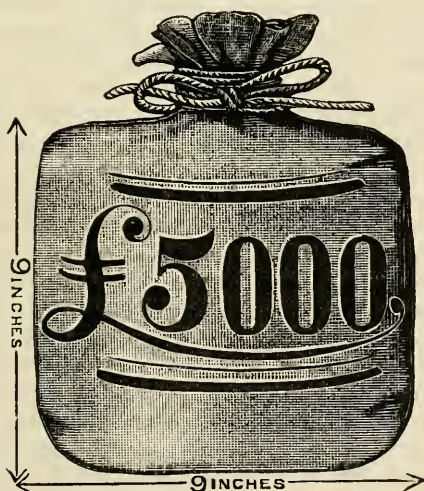
While therefore, urging the example of William Hutton, to encourage the poorest boy not to despond, and "never to despair," every intelligent youth who reads this book is entreated to consider what can avail the greatest industry, economy, and success in life, if at the close we find we have lost Heaven, the love of God, and our interest in Christ?

Every youth should strive to rise in the world, but it should be with God's blessing, approval, and aid, sought by daily prayer.

Wealth, success, and worldly prosperity—*without God*, leads to the hardest, coldest, and most lonely of lives; and, whatever the amount of riches we leave behind us (for *others* to enjoy) we shall find, when we go out alone to meet our God, that such a life leads in the end to *a failure*—so fatal, so irrevocable—that no human language can describe it!

"For what shall a man *be advantaged* though he gain the whole World and lose his own soul."

"No man can serve two Masters! Ye cannot serve both God and Mammon."



CHAPTER XVI.

“SMALL BEGINNINGS, AND HOW TO GET ON.”

POOR BOYS AND HOW THEY BECAME GREAT,

No. 2.—“Never Despair.”

ALDERMAN KELLY, OF LONDON,

FARMER’S BOY, AFTERWARDS LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

POOR Boys, and how they became rich and great, is of all subjects perhaps the most interesting ; it is a secret well worth inquiring into. Some of our greatest men began life in so humble a way, in positions so apparently hopeless as regards fortune and position—that their lives should prove an incentive to every youth who reads this book to make a determined effort to rise, as they did, above adverse circumstances, and with God’s aid, and in submission to His will, to become the architect of his own fortune.

In reading the lives of successful men, a youth in poor circumstances compares despondingly his own prospects with those around him, and sadly concludes that the success of others depended upon fortunate circumstances and chances, which he can never hope will occur to him. Such a youth should, however, remember that if he possesses a spark of determination and perseverance in his breast, and God gives him health for many years to come, there is nothing whatever in his case to prevent his doing what many a poorer boy has done before him.

The secret is in not looking for immediate results, but to be willing to live for a few years a life of resolute, steady application, in whatever position one may be placed, not looking too far ahead, but letting the duty of each day be well performed, and not letting a day go past without something gained, some efforts at self-government. One other secret may be named. Without for a moment hinting at the life of a miser—hoarding every penny you can obtain—denying yourself every pleasure—refusing to bestow charity upon those in greater need than yourself—still whatever your income may be, *something* should be laid by. In spite of the wonderful tide of prosperity England has

enjoyed the past twenty years, how many of the working classes appear to save little or nothing? They have not the habit of saving, a habit only to be acquired by effort and *self-denial*. The working classes in France and other countries, with half the wages of our English workpeople, are nevertheless wealthier. They save what our English workmen squander. Few nations work more constantly, with fewer holidays, than the English, yet our working classes seem little the better for it; the millions they obtain in wages pass away from them almost as soon as obtained to satisfy the pleasures of the moment.

If a youth, therefore, desires to find himself,—in a few years' time,—on the way to prosperity, let him commence at once the habit of saving. Remember that the habit need not interfere with innocent pleasures; the cheapest pleasures are not unfrequently after all the best. A few hints to youths at the end of this book on their daily habits, amusements, &c., will, if followed, soon prove the truth of the above statement.

Alderman Kelly, of London, began life as a very poor boy, on a very poor farm—engaged in the commonest drudgery of rough farm labour. Notwithstanding this depressing, and apparently hopeless position, the boy felt within him the ambition every thoughtful youth possesses, for something better. Whilst engaged in tending cattle, or at work in the fields, the thought would often come to the boy—"Surely I must have been born for something higher and better than a life like this!"

He met, however, with many disappointments. One of his school-fellows had obtained a situation in an office in London, and the boy had hopes that a similar one might be found for him. The influence he hoped would have been used in his behalf, however, failed, and the opportunity for a change of life passed by, and nothing more was heard of it. These repeated disappointments began to tell upon his health, and poor Kelly sank into despondency; especially upon hearing that his parents had decided to apprentice him to a small shopkeeper—a chandler—at an obscure, neighbouring village. The engagement had been entered into, and his father was to accompany him. The day arrived, but they had hardly started, when the poor boy overcome by his feelings, burst into tears. His father, guessing the cause, after some thought, said kindly—"Well Tom! If having to go to Oxted makes you so unhappy, you shall not go there!"

To the boy's delight, the engagement was abandoned, and they returned home, greatly to the surprise of his mother. Upon what little things do our future lives turn! Had Kelly gone to this situation, he would probably have lived a life of obscurity in a country village, ending probably in an old age of penury. At length a situation was found him as office boy in a brewery at Lambeth. A few shirts and necessary articles of apparel in a small bag, with 3s. or 4s., was the whole property with which its future Lord Mayor, and Commissioner of the Central Court of Justice in England, entered London. In after life he used to describe the loneliness and wretchedness of his first few days, after leaving his home and parents, and entering London on a gloomy, foggy, Autumn day.

In two years the brewery proved a failure, but through the influence of the proprietors, a situation was obtained for the boy in the office of the well-known publisher, Mr. Hogg.

The arrangement was, that he was to board and lodge on the premises, and to receive ten pounds a year for wages. The business premises of Mr. Hogg, in Paternoster Row, were even then very extensive. Kelly's duty was to make up parcels for retail purchasers, write out invoices, and to attend to the wants of casual visitors.

When the duties of the day were over the boy applied himself diligently to improve himself by studying history, geography, &c.

Those were the old days of rigid business habits—of long hours—and hard work. For fifteen years the boy never had a holiday! It was thought necessary for the security of the premises that someone should sleep on the spot, and this duty fell to the youth Kelly.

He slept on a small bed made up under one of the counters in the shop. One can hardly conceive a life more depressing to mind or body; but the inflexible resolve never to give up, and to persevere, which served him so well through life, never deserted him!

He found one friend in the person of the old house-keeper—Mrs. Best. She proved from the first, a faithful friend. It was in the company of this humble, but worthy woman, that most of his leisure time was spent, she being never tired of listening while the boy read aloud from various books. In return, as an instance of her consideration, she never allowed the boy to perform any menial work.

Unfortunately, Kelly's consistent conduct excited the jealousy of one of the young men employed by the firm in the delivery department. For reasons of his own, which were afterwards explained, he endeavoured to obtain the boy's dismissal from the establishment by every means in his power. It is the jealousy, and unreasonable dislike of a worthless fellow workman, which often discourages, and injures many a well-meaning, worthy youth.

Kelly's worthy friend, the housekeeper, spoke on every occasion in the boy's favour, but one day overheard the following conversation between this man—under whom the boy was placed—and Mr. Hogg. "Well!" asked Mr. Hogg, "and how is the new lad getting on?" "Oh!" replied the man, "I wished to speak to you about him; I can't make anything of him. I don't think he is at all the boy for us!" "Why?" asked Mr. Hogg. "Oh! he is so very slow, replied the man, adding something which the housekeeper could not hear. "Oh! well! give him *time*"—replied Mr. Hogg—"let him have a *fair trial*." "*I like him,*" added Mr. Hogg—"he's a *biddable* boy!" It was evident that the youth's attentive, docile, conduct had already caught the eye of his employer.

One day, as Kelly was passing a cheesemonger's shop, the boy's quick eye detected in the window some sheets of printed paper, which he instantly recognised as part of a work then in process of being printed by his employer. Quietly entering the shop, and making a trifling purchase, he saw in a corner a large stock of similar sheets. Kelly immediately obtained a private interview with Mr. Hogg, who accompanied him to the shop. The shopkeeper willingly placed the matter in the hands of the police, who soon discovered that the dishonest young man above alluded to, who was so anxious to obtain Kelly's removal, had been in the habit of selling considerable quantities of paper belonging to the firm, representing it to be the damaged paper of a printer which he had purchased. "This was my first appearance in a court of justice," says Kelly—"I felt very sad at having to be witness against the young man I had worked with, and I remember the extreme fear I had lest I should state when on my oath, anything—even a single word—incorrectly, remembering the necessity of having a conscience void of offence before God, before whom I had taken the solemn obligation of an oath. Little did I then think, when trembling, as a boy, in the witness box, that at a future day I should be raised to the

dignity of First Commissioner of the Central Criminal Court, with sword of Justice over my head, and the Mace at my feet, and should occupy the very judgment seat at which, as a boy, I had looked with such awe!" The theft being clearly proved, the man was convicted, and sentenced to seven months imprisonment.

Although having lived so hard a life—while his wages were but ten pounds a year, the boy gave nearly half of it to aid his parents, who were in poor circumstances.

As his salary slowly increased—with that unselfish affection for his parents—which many of the most successful men have shown—he constantly helped his father to stock his farm and improve his land—and (what the boy cared for more than all) to lighten his poor mother's toil.

There were griefs which he could not ward off. One after another he lost four of his younger brothers and sisters, the expenses of their funerals being defrayed by him.

It was not until he was thirty-nine years of age that Thomas Kelly began business for himself. He had only a very small capital to start with, but trained for long years to a life of self-denial and patient resolution, he by degrees entered into more extensive undertakings, printing and publishing some important standard books—circulating them in numbers—a new idea at that time, and employing agents to sell them.

The reward of patient toil and industry was obtained; for, from this time Thomas Kelly's course was one of brilliant success; his trade transactions came to be estimated by hundreds of thousands of pounds, and as it has been in thousands of instances—an early life and youth of toil, and steady, quiet, application, was crowned by an old age of honour and fortune. Thomas Kelly—or Alderman Kelly, as he was usually called—became Lord Mayor of London. Full of days and of honour—his prospects brightening to the last—he closed a useful valuable life, at the advanced age of eighty-four.

One incident will close our record of this good man—dutiful in his boyhood, patient and industrious in his youth—prosperous and useful in his manhood. Throughout his life he made an annual visit to the grave of his parents; and it was during these visits that a warm friendship was formed between Alderman Kelly and the clergyman of the parish, who from the first had been struck with the filial piety displayed in these yearly visits. It was to this

friendship thus formed that we owe the admirable life of Alderman Kelly.

In this account of one of the many instances of a poor boy of our time and country becoming rich and great, every youth who reads it must acknowledge that Thomas Kelly's start in life was certainly not more hopeful than his can be. Here, at least, we have no happy chance, no sudden turn of fortune which the youth who reads this can compare despondingly with his own prospects, and sadly conclude that nothing of the kind can occur to him. In the life of this boy we have nothing of the kind; he began life under the most hopeless aspects as regards fame or fortune. A poor working boy on a small farm, then a shop boy, sleeping for years under a counter, with £10 a year (half of which went to his parents), *fifteen* years without a holiday—not setting up in business till thirty-nine years of age, then only in a small way. Surely such a life may encourage every boy who reads it to try to accomplish what, in spite of all that was against him, Thomas Kelly succeeded in doing.

The secret of this boy's success, as it is with thousands of successful men, was his conscientious, steady, application, his faithful performance of duty towards his employers, his parents—and all who had a claim upon him;—and his great desire, as he himself says, "to live a life, not of great ambition, but one void of offence both to God and man." It was this, far rather than the mere pursuit of wealth, which influenced him through life.

Without God's blessing, riches, when they come, can impart no true, really, lasting, happiness. A docile, industrious, obedient boyhood, blossoms naturally into an industrious youth, and a useful, honourable, and successful manhood.

Let every youth who reads this book, instead of desponding, follow the steps of this good youth (as follow them you can), by setting before you God's favour as the great object above all else to be gained, and in doing so, you will one day find, as Thomas Kelly did, that you have gained honour, influence, success, and all else with it.

"They that honour Me, I will honour; but they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed."



DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

CHAPTER XVII.

“ POOR BOYS AND HOW THEY BECAME FAMOUS.”

No. 3.—A TRAGEDY.

THOMAS CHATTERTON, OF BRISTOL.

“ WE have,” says a recent writer—“ biographies of successful—self-made, men, ‘*ad nauseam*,’ till we are sick of them; Smiles, Tupper, and the religious magazines are crammed with them. Men who seem to have combined ‘getting on’ and ‘making money,’ with perfect piety, in a manner perfectly startling, until we are compelled to doubt whether, in these modern times, they have not discovered a *golden path*, in which it is possible ‘to serve both God and Mammon.’ Will no one give us a few beacons and warnings? Surely they cannot *all* succeed, else where are our eyes? How about the great army of the *unsuccessful*—the *vicious*—the *fallen*? To *one* who rises above his original station in life *how many* fall below it? Might not the histories of wasted, misspent lives be instructive? How is it that we never hear of them? Success may teach us some lessons, but it is from *failure* that we learn wisdom.”

“ We are much bound to them that do succeed,
But, in a more pathetic sense are bound
To those who fail !”

Having given two instances of successful boys, let us take the histories of two who were *unsuccessful*—not only in this life, but in the deepest and saddest sense of all!

In the great British Museum in London may be seen several letters written in a boyish hand, together with a number of poems written in the old “Black Letter” Saxon English, of 500 years ago, on old parchment, or rather parchment supposed to have been blackened over a candle so as closely to resemble it. These papers thus carefully preserved by our nation, in the British Museum, were the work of a boy of sixteen—that wonderful boy, Thomas Chatterton, who died by his own hand when not quite 18 years old, being at the time reduced to starvation in London, where he had gone to seek his fortune.

Let us imagine ourselves at Bristol (Chatterton's birth place)—at about eight o'clock in the evening of the 24th of April, 1771. The old-fashioned coach of that day is just starting for London. Chatterton is in high spirits at leaving Bristol, and going to London—he is wrapped up for his journey—a noble-looking youth, possessing a countenance described as very intelligent, and remarkably brilliant eyes. His widowed mother, and a few young men—Thomas' companions—have come to see Tom off. The guard blows his horn, the coachman cracks his whip, and the old-fashioned coach of that day sets off to London through the dark, carrying with it one of the most wonderful boys England has ever produced, who has thus taken leave—as it proved, for ever—of his widowed mother and his birthplace, to seek his fortune in London.

Thomas Chatterton was a very poor boy; he had been brought up at the Blue Coat Charity School at Bristol. He had lost his father very early in life. At the school he was noted for his cleverness. He wrote poetry when only 12 years old. He was kind and good-natured to his comrades, but was easily provoked. He was a very proud boy, with much ambition, evidently feeling the poverty of his lot very keenly. He would, when quite a boy, give way to sudden bursts of weeping at very slight apparent grounds. One of those highly-gifted, sensitive minds, no doubt, so little suited to a life of penury; unsuited to submission, if not incapable of it; and therefore always exposed to the endeavours of those who consider it their duty to keep a "charity boy" in his place.

Chatterton soon became, however, noted and admired, not only in Bristol, but even in London—(where some of his writings had been published)—for his wonderful acquaintance with the literature of 500 years ago.

Having access to the Old Church at Bristol (St. Mary's), the boy had discovered in an old chest a number of old Black-letter Title Deeds, of no value, but which the boy spent hours in deciphering, and pondering over, till he had become master of the old words, &c., of the period, which require a glossary, or dictionary, to become intelligible to us.

It appears that having thus prepared himself, the boy, when only fifteen years of age, gave way to the temptation of composing some exquisite poetry of his own—which, for fire, grace, and imagination, has rarely, if ever, been equalled—and writing them in the old Black-letter style

and words on parchment, which he blackened over a candle to appear ancient. He then gave out that he had discovered several old poems, written by a Monk named Rowley, who lived 500 years ago. The Savans were greatly astonished, they had never even heard of such a writer (nor was it likely that they should have, seeing that he only existed in the imagination of the boy Chatterton), yet here were produced the most beautiful poems, to all appearance genuine! So ably indeed did Chatterton employ the old expressions, and the words of that period, that many refused to consider him as the author, and what was called the "Rowley Controversy" continued for years after the boy was dead and gone. The great Statesman and Literary man of that day—Horace Walpole—was completely deceived by the poems Chatterton forwarded for his inspection. He at first received them as from a brother Savan, taking Chatterton for a gentleman of profound erudition and learning, (in which he was not far wrong)—but when the poor boy made the mistake of confiding to Walpole his age and condition, the latter seems to have refused any further correspondence. "I am but sixteen,"—writes Chatterton to the great Statesman—"and the son of a poor Widow. I am very unhappy because I am apprenticed to a Lawyer, when I feel that I am capable of, and should succeed in, literary pursuits."

Walpole has been blamed, even after this confession of the boy's, for not giving some assistance to so wonderful a genius (of whom the nation might, in time, have become proud)—although he might have now guessed the state of the case, and felt annoyed at having been imposed upon.

The lawyer mentioned in Chatterton's letter to whom the boy was bound apprentice, was named Lambert. He seems to have been a coarse, unfeeling character, the last person in the world to appreciate genius, and to whom Chatterton was but a poor boy, bound legally to him as apprentice. He never understood the boy—probably never cared to—he only intended to show the proud boy that he intended to be his master. No wonder, from the way they treated him, that the boy was, as they said, "sullen." There was no question that the boy was proud, and above his station. Lambert endeavoured to humble him; made him sleep with the servants' boy—told the servants to watch that he did not leave the office; forbade the boy from going out of an evening—in fact, though he entirely failed to humble him, he succeeded in making the boy so

wretched that he resolved to put an end to his life! Before, doing so, however, he wrote a letter (intended to be delivered after his death) to a Bristol gentleman—a Mr. Clayfield, a good, worthy, man, who seems to have been kind to the fatherless boy, and the only person whom Chatterton seems to have regarded as his friend. The letter was delivered accidentally too soon; the worthy gentleman hastened to see Chatterton, and a long interview took place. He took the boy to task for his want of submission to his lot—for keeping bad company—for his bad principles—for Chatterton, always, from a boy, seems to have despised and disliked religion, and the company of religious folk—but the worthy gentleman, while he blamed, showed nevertheless, such real concern and attachment to the boy, that Chatterton was greatly affected by his kindness, and shed tears.

The letter he wrote to Mr. Clayfield, the following day, may be seen in the British Museum:—

“Dear Mr. Clayfield,—I do not know how that letter came to be given to you, but as to my reasons for wishing to die, I beg to assure you that I keep no worse company than myself. I never drink, and—without vanity—I may say that I have too much sense to care about gross iniquities. No! it is my *pride*—my unconquerable, native, pride, which drives me to distraction! I cannot bear a life of servitude—to have no will of my own. I will try to learn humility, but it must not be under Mr. Lambert.

“I am, your much obliged, unhappy,

“Servant, T.C.”

The result was Thomas' removal from the lawyer's office, and, to his delight, his wish to gain his way by writing, was consented to.

We have seen him start on his journey.

Several of the London periodicals had already published some of Chatterton's writings, which the boy had sent them from Bristol; and, at first, he found work enough to support himself. His industry was wonderful, and unceasing; he wrote almost through the night in his small garret, and called in turn on all the London publishers. Many things, however, fell out against him; his best friend,—a gentleman of influence, died suddenly; the London season was over;—everybody left town. Still with his usual indomitable pride, the boy all the time sent over to Bristol grand letters as to his prospects—disguising the truth, poor fellow, that the proud heart was almost broken;

boasting of his little successes, and even sending home presents to his mother, to prove how well he was getting on; when the fact was he was living on stale loaves of bread, which he obtained cheaper, and which lasted longer than new ones. Let us pass over the remainder of the scene quickly! Surely there can be no sight in God's world more painful than that of a brave, industrious, youth, (proud it is true, but proud with the consciousness of undoubted talents and genius) breaking his heart in that wilderness—London—without a father or friend to assist him!

Things got worse and worse, the boy's clothes began to be shabby and worn out;—a terrible thing to a proud youth like himself, who had to go about amongst respectable shops, and leading publishers, to seek a sale for his writings.

The publishers became tired at his constantly calling upon them. There were then in London, as now, thousands living in luxury—whose worst misfortune would be to wake an hour before their usual time, or to be prevented by a shower, from some favourite amusement, who would give as much for a bouquet, to take with them to their guinea seat at the opera, as would have supported this poor boy for a week!

At length, after—it is believed—he had had nothing to eat for two whole days—he was refused any further credit at the baker's shop until he had paid what he owed. Too proud to beg—all hope extinguished, his mind was now made up; he was but a boy—not yet 18 years old—alone, with no one to advise him, and alas; worse than all, no belief in God, or religion to support him. He lay in bed longer than usual on the morning of the 23rd of August, and, when up, sat for some time brooding by the kitchen fire.

His landlady—(Mrs. Angell)—who has been greatly blamed for not having, before this, guessed the true state the boy was in, and letting others know of it till it was too late for any, however willing, to aid him—seems now to have become alarmed. She asked him "What is the matter?" "Nothing!" he replied, pettishly, "why do you ask?" and then went out with a bundle of papers, no doubt to try the publishers once more, on a last weary round, on that long Summer's day.

At eight the poor boy returned, looking very tired and dejected. He had been refused at all the publishers', and, it afterwards proved, had purchased at a chemist's a bottle

of poison. Arsenic ; of all things in the world to choose ! The poison of all others—(though probably he was unaware of it)—causing intense pain before it kills. He complained to Mrs. Angell that “Mr. ———, the publisher, was treating him very badly—keeping his papers—and refusing to pay him for them.” Mrs. Angell seems now to have guessed the state of things—to some extent at least—and asked the boy whether he had not better go back to his friends and Mother, at Bristol ? He asked her, she said, with tears in his eyes, not to mention that subject again, as he never should go back to that “hateful Bristol.” He then, she says, kissed her—a thing he had never done before—and went up to his lonely garret, treading heavily, she says, or rather giving a kind of stamp on each step as he went up. Little things—not noticed at the time—and remembered afterwards, when a tragedy has taken place ! Why did the tears come into his eyes when the landlady spoke of returning to his friends ? No doubt he was thinking of his widowed Mother, whom he should see no more ; but rather than go back to Bristol, rather than have to confess his sad failure, after all his grand letters, and endure the scoffs of the Bristol folk, and the life of servitude which would have to be begun again, the rash, despairing boy, resolved rather to die.

It is said that the last insult that the sinner offers to Christ, after a life of opposition, is his determined resolve *not* to believe in His generosity, and willingness after all to forgive, and save to the uttermost, even his enemies. Chatterton was not a Christian youth—indeed he had prided himself in not being one. In a letter to a young companion he writes, “I am no Christian,” and his writing and principles make it only too probable that what he said was true. Still the Saviour tells us that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Creator’s notice ; He marks the minutest occurrences ; and we are told not to fear, for we “are of more value than many sparrows !” If then, dear reader, you and I cannot but feel compassion (cold and selfish as we all are) at this history, can we imagine that Almighty God—infinite in goodness and mercy, was entirely indifferent to the sufferings and death of a boy—and he the most wonderful boy too, in some respects, our country has ever produced ? We *cannot* think so, and it has always been to me the most important lesson to be learnt from the life of this unfortunate boy, that, in God’s providence, a friend was at the very time

close at hand. The head of St. John's College, Oxford—Dr. Fry—had been struck with some of Chatterton's ancient "Rowley's" poems, and having conceived an earnest desire to see, and learn something of the writer, was just setting out at the very time the boy destroyed himself. Had Chatterton but consented to live a little longer all would have been well. Chatterton's life shows that no genius or talents can supply the place of faith and belief in God. A Christian youth would have had sufficient belief in Almighty God to ask Him—who has all things to bestow, out of His endless resources, at least to give him his necessities. God would certainly have opened for him a way—(as it is certain that He does in countless instances, when asked)—so *naturally*, so quietly, that one seldom notices the fact that we have actually got what we desired of Him.

But Chatterton believed nothing in religion, and in despair of God, and of all things, that sad night destroyed himself! Hours passed—the dawn came:—you may be sure, not too soon to that dark garret, surrounded by close courts, amidst the London smoke, The sun rises in the clear blue summer's sky;—the noise and bustle of London begin once more, unconscious that one more unfortunate had closed his career in agony and despair! The familiar sights and sounds of London come on with the returning day, and the boy seems not to have been missed till the following afternoon, when the door was broken open, and the boy—beautiful, even in death,—was found lying, half-dressed, on his bed—various papers strewed on the floor—and the bottle of arsenic fallen from his hand! His face was distorted with pain, and pieces of the arsenic were found between his teeth!

On a paper was written:—"I leave my soul to my Maker—my body to my Mother and Sister, and my *curse to Bristol*; if Mr. C——,"—the rest of the paper is torn off, apparently upon second thoughts. Was there going to be a last message of love to the good Mr. Clayfield, who had befriended the poor youth on a previous occasion, and who, alas! was not present *this time*, to soothe the distracted, rash boy, once more, with kind words—from his resolve? Who can tell?

He was seventeen years and nine months old.

However poor and depressing may be your present prospects, remember that the Creator has all things to bestow ("The World is Mine, and the fulness thereof,

and the cattle upon a thousand hills!")—and that He urges you to put Him to the test, and to ask Him, your Heavenly Father, for all that you need. “The *darkest* day—live *till to-morrow*,—will have passed away!” Try this, and when you visit Bristol, go to the room still shown in St. Mary’s Church, where the boy first discovered the old deeds; and do not forget the lesson of pride, rashness, and despair, taught us by the life of that wonderful boy, Thomas Chatterton.



A Youth of Seventy years ago. (1820 Period.)

Youths of our day, 1891, must not think that there were not gifted, and studious Boys in former days. In spite of Frill Collar, and Quill Pens, the Pile of Books, for reference, on the floor, proves that this young gentleman evidently “means business!”



A lonely Pull.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“ POOR BOYS, AND HOW THEY BECAME FAMOUS.”

No. 4.—Another Tragedy and a Contrast.

THE BOY ACTORS:—EDMUND KEAN & MASTER BETTY.

THE TRAGEDY.

IN selecting anecdotes of the early life of youths who afterwards became great and famous, it would be foolish only to choose those whose after-life proved truly successful, and whose characters became all that could be desired. There is *another* side to life's pictures—a *deeper* lesson—God knows—to be learnt from the career of many a poor boy who began life with high hopes, great talents, and perseverance, only to make shipwreck of them all. And that lesson is *this*, that the greatest success, the most splendid talents, the most princely wealth, cannot supply the place of God's approval and blessing;—that a youth may succeed in all else, but without love to his God, all will prove, in the end, to be a mockery and a delusion!

Such an instance has been given in the life of that wonderful boy, Thomas Chatterton, and another is to be found in the life of the greatest tragedian this country, probably, has ever produced—Edmund Kean. The whole life of Edmund Kean, the Tragedian, was one great tragedy itself, and it ill becomes you who have been cared for by kind parents during the years of childhood—kept from great temptations (unless you wilfully sought after them)—with fair hopes in prospect before you of a respectable life—it ill becomes you, I say, to condemn too strongly the life of an unfortunate boy—a boy of desperate perseverance, of wonderful genius, but a tendency to dissipation, which rendered all his splendid success and greatness a sham and a delusion. It ill becomes us to condemn too strongly one who never knew a Mother's love or a Father's care. In short, the story of Edmund's boyhood is too terrible, too full of poverty and desperate struggles, with everything to depress him, and worst of all, in too close contact with all that is bad, base, and unfeeling, in human nature, to permit us to sit in judgment upon him. The illegitimate son of a gentleman, Edmund never knew his

father, whilst the wretched woman who, when it suited her interest, claimed to be his mother, was as worthless a specimen of her sex as ever lived to bring disgrace upon a son. To Edmund she was ever an unnatural parent; taking care to appropriate the boy's hard-earned savings for herself. Indeed the conduct of this wretched person—her treatment of Edmund—was so unnatural, that it is to be doubted whether the boy was really her son at all.

She deserted him one November night; and he was found by a poor man and his wife—a little child lying in a doorway in London, cold, starving, and forsaken, and taken home by them. He was a beautiful child, with graceful limbs and splendid black eyes; so much so, that he was chosen in a performance at Drury Lane Theatre, to lie as Cupid, at the feet of Sylvia, in a great performance before the King. His mother hearing of it soon came forward—now that there was anything to be *gained* by him, and demanded her property. She placed the boy in the hands of a posture master, to be tortured into acrobatic impossibilities for the Pantomimes; but the child was too young, and too delicate for the work; his limbs were distorted, so that they had to be placed in iron supports. Their symmetry was, by this means, restored; but his shortness of stature was caused by his wretched, avaricious, mother (?) persisting that the boy should continue his work at the theatre, while the iron supports were attached to his body. In those days of darkness there were few means of education for any but the upper classes. Sunday Schools and Schools for the Children of the Poor, were then almost unknown!

Thus the boy Kean would have been totally ignorant, had not some good, worthy people, attracted by his beauty and intelligence, subscribed together to send him to a little school in Chapel-street, Soho.

But the treatment of his so-called mother was such, that the little boy, now only eight years old, ran away from London, and, with a small bundle and a stick, set out to walk to Portsmouth, and—tiny little fellow though he was,—succeeded in shipping himself as cabin boy for Madeira. Even thus early were shown indications of his character. Who can think, without pity, of a lonely child, unused to pity, resolving to assume, with wonderful power of deception, deafness and lameness, during a voyage of two months, so perfectly as to deceive the captain and crew; and possessing the strength of will which enabled a child, nine years old,

so to control his fear, as to remain, to all appearance, deaf to the tremendous noise of a tempest in which their vessel was nearly lost? On returning to Portsmouth, the astonishment of the men who carried the little fellow from the ship may be imagined, on the boy suddenly executing with extraordinary vigour, a "College hornpipe," before he disappeared in the back streets of Portsmouth; leaving the sailors perfectly stupefied at the sudden transformation of the deaf and lame boy! The boy's varied powers acquired during the next few years are thus described by Charles Young—(then a boy two years older than Kean)—whom Edmund Kean's acting first inspired with a taste for the stage. Charles' father lived in London in rather high style, and Master Charles coming down stairs, fully dressed for dinner, saw one day, a slatternly woman sitting in their hall, with a boy (Edmund Kean) standing by her side fantastically dressed, with the most penetrating, and blackest eyes, he had ever seen. To Charles' surprise the butler was desired to show the boy in, and, instead of displeasure, he was received with smiles. The host took the boy's hand, and requested him to favour the company with a specimen of his powers. With wonderful self-possession, the young boy at once complied—stepped forward, knitted his brows, hunched up one shoulder, and, with inimitable voice, spouted forth Gloucester's opening soliloquy in *Richard the Third*. The wonderful boy then recited selections from our leading poets, sang several songs, amusing and pathetic, and, for fully an hour, displayed such versatility and talent, as to elicit vociferous applause, and a substantial evidence of the pleasure he had given the audience, by a shower of crown pieces, &c., which had to be collected in a napkin.

After he had retired, the host replied to the eager questions put to him, by assuring the guests that "he knew nothing more of the boy, than that his name was Edmund Kean, and that the woman who had charge of him was said to be his mother, but was understood to treat him very badly. It was not the first time the boy had entertained them." "She took all from me,"—was Edmund's cry, when speaking of his hard, youthful, times. But now came a brief vision of brighter days, for a worthy, good-natured old lady, of comfortable means (a Mrs. Clarke), became interested in the boy Kean. These were the boy's happy days—the only ones in boyhood he enjoyed—for this good lady treated him as her son. In her house for

the first time he enjoyed decent society; the neglected boy was cared for. Good Mrs. Clarke caused him to be instructed in various branches of literature; he taught himself to play on the piano, and to compose music and little plays. His manners became gentle—his better nature developed. At parties the boy gave recitations, and diligently studied the works of Shakespeare, and it was now that the boy began to conceive some notion of his own wonderful powers, together with the ambition to restore true nature and purity to the stage, which, at this time had sunk to a very low ebb. D'Egville—the celebrated dancer of that day taught the boy his art. Angelo, the fencer—(noted for having introduced the “down guard” in broad sword and single-stick play—whose successors are still in London, and instruct the boys at more than one of our great schools—taught the boy to fence, and Kean became noted for his skill and grace as a swordsman. Incledon, the exquisite singer, found an able pupil in the boy, nature having gifted him with ear, taste, and voice. Had this care and comfort but lasted, Edmund Kean's life might have proved as happy and successful as that of his contemporary; Master Betty—but Edmund's *pride* and temper were his enemies through life. The following, however, warns us as to the effect one unkind speech may have upon a sensitive and proud boy. A few visitors at Mrs. Clarke's had planned to be present at a certain performance, when, on Edmund's name being, as usual, included, a gentleman of a proud overbearing disposition present, whom the boy had, in some way, offended, said—“What! does *he* sit in the box with us?” without, however, it must in justice to him be said—being aware that the boy heard the remark. “Certainly!” replied the wealthy, good-natured hostess, Mrs. Clarke—“Edmund goes with us, of course,” at the same time kindly adding a few words as to the poor boy's early life and good qualities. Unfortunately, the boy overheard the gentleman's remark, and with his unhappy temper waited to hear no more. The sneer implied was too much for the proud, sensitive boy. Only fourteen years old, he could not be expected to have perfect control over his naturally irritable disposition; but this cannot excuse his conduct. He abruptly left the house of his kind benefactress; and it was not till three weeks after that the boy was discovered asleep on a dust heap near Mrs. Clarke's house, ragged and footsore. He had, it appeared, tramped all the way to Bristol to ship himself as cabin boy to America.

Failing to obtain a ship, he had, after enduring every kind of wretchedness on the way, reached London again exhausted. It is evident from this that Edmund Kean was a proud and unreasonable boy, as the good lady, Mrs. Clarke, had had nothing whatever to do with the affront he had received. We cannot—although the result was ruinous to the boy—blame her for losing interest in the boy actor, after such conduct. It now ceased, and he was reduced to his former condition—felt now all the more keenly from the glimpse of wealth and comfort he had seen.

The boy who was to become the greatest tragedian of our days—became a boy tumbler at Bartholomew Fair;—climbing a ladder balanced on a man's chin, and performing startling acrobatic feats in the ring of a circus.

Hearing that his reputed mother had been seen at Portsmouth—in spite of her cruelty, the boy seems to have loved the unworthy woman—he set off on foot to find her. His mother was not at Portsmouth. He had no money left for his subsistence; he would not beg, he was always too proud for that, so at fourteen years of age, with nothing but his handsome face to recommend him, the boy hired, on credit, a large room in one of the Portsmouth Inns, and gave an entertainment. The performance consisted of selections from *Hamlet*, *Richard, III.*, &c., interspersed with some remarkable acrobatic feats, and some exquisite singing, and the boy achieved such a success that he had to repeat the entertainment the following night, and after paying all expenses, found himself in possession of £3. From the first the boy set at nought the traditions of the great actors, Kemble and Cooke, by his entirely new and subtle conception of the character of "Shylock," the Jew, in the *Merchant of Venice*, and especially that of *King Richard III.*

Joining Richardson's company—who soon saw that he had secured an extraordinary genius—Edmund, by especial command, gave recitations before the King. Then follows a mysterious lapse in Edmund's life (which has never been explained) up to his eighteenth year. It is said that the boy was sent to Eton School, whether at His Majesty's expense, or some other patron's, is not known. At eighteen years old, however, the youth was found playing in Scotland, in Moss's company, and thus early married a Miss Chambers—a young lady of respectable family. Then for four or five years, followed a life of terrible privation and suffering; with constant disappointment. But Edmund Kean was *resolved to win*. His resolution,

courage, intense study and application never relaxed. It is said that he "mastered every subtlety of human expression—every intonation, and gesture, of human feeling." He never lost faith in the coming time when he should be looked upon as master of his art. An instance of his sound judgment may be given. When playing in Birmingham, at a guinea a week, he refused an engagement in London, offered by the great Kemble, on the ground that his powers were not yet come to full maturity, and therefore not yet prepared for the critical eye of a London audience. The privations of the young couple were now terrible; unable to leave his wife in Birmingham, they had to walk 200 miles to Swansea, to keep an engagement Kean had closed with. This journey took a fortnight; occasional recitations being given at gentlemen's houses on their way. It was at this time that their first child—Howard—was born. But everything seemed to go against them. Kean had acquired, even in his boyhood, the habit of drinking, at that time so general even amongst the upper classes. A series of terrible failures, and cruel attacks in the papers, followed; but worst of all, the death of his beloved little Howard took place.

Nothing engages one's sympathies for Edmund Kean more than the love and grief, shewn by the young father of one and twenty, for his child. Like his father, he was a beautiful and intelligent boy. Even at three years old he had showed a passionate fondness for his father, and, with the boy's little hand in his, while he was with them, Kean could forget the present misery and disappointment of his life, in planning a bright future for his boy, when his success came. And Kean's success, so wearily waited, and so nobly striven for, *did* come.

Just as things were at their worst, on the 22nd January, 1812, when the young man, driven wild by the loss of his boy, and continued disappointment, had gone out from their lodgings in Cecil Street with utter despair in his heart, and, as he afterwards confessed, with thoughts of ending his sorrows by suicide—a friend met him, with congratulations on the announcement he had just seen on the walls. Kean to his great surprise, found that he was announced to appear at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on the Wednesday following, as "Shylock," in the *Merchant of Venice*. Unknown to Kean, his friend, Dr. Drury, of the Drury Lane Committee, had, after a long contest, at length persuaded his coadjutors, who were greatly opposed to Kean, to give the young actor this trial.

To the last everything went against Edmund Kean. He had no one to herald his advent, no expectation awakened, (as in the case of William Henry Betty), the poor, struggling, actor had many enemies, and very few friends—when on the 26th of January, he realised the fixed object of his life, and took London by storm!

It was a miserable winter's night! The snow lay in wet sludge as Kean plodded through it to the theatre. The other actors received him with coldness; so did the manager. "What! perform Shylock the Jew, without wig or Jew's beard, it is absurd," all of them declared. But Kean knew better! With his wonderful powers *he* needed no disguise to enable him to move men's hearts, by displaying human feelings to the life.

The story of that wonderful achievement, of that magnificent success, is the best known incident of the stage history of this Country! As might have been expected, on such a night the Theatre was nearly empty. A gentleman present said that there were only about fifty persons in the Pit, but one of the best critics in London happened to be there, and wrote an article in the paper, next day, such as he had never done before!

Again, and again, one of the members of the Committee came to peep through the curtain, startled out of his self-possession, by the thunders of applause! "I never could have imagined," he said, "unless I had heard it, that so *few* people could have made so *much noise!*" He had been greatly opposed to allowing Kean a trial. The poor young actor left the Theatre that night, hardly heeding the obsequious congratulations. After the long years of disappointment, the reception overpowered him!

He knew, the *Committee* knew, that, after *that* night, a golden success, a princely fortune, would be realised! Almost frenzied with delight, Kean rushed through the wet and sludge, to their humble lodgings. His young wife ran to meet him! no words were needed, his looks told all! "Mary!" he exclaimed, "*It is come at last!* You will now ride in your carriage." The poor fellow's voice trembled, his joy passed away—"Oh! that little Howard had lived to see it; but he is better where he is!"

And, dear youths, who read this account, Edmund Kean was right! Little Howard *was* better where he was! Far happier than seeing what his father—whom this little fellow loved so well—became!

I will pass over Kean's remaining life—deplorable, heartrending, hopeless, as it was!

The wonderful success which followed, coming so suddenly after a life of every privation, might, without God's grace, have ruined a far better character than Edmund Kean's !

To attempt to describe the nights that followed at Drury Lane would be impossible ! Men are still living who remember them ! How for months followed the same fearful rushes ! The same whirlwinds of applause ! Dr. Doran, a celebrated writer describes them :—"Rushes so fearful ; audiences so packed ; applause so deafening ; acting so faultless, enjoyment so exquisite, I never remember !"

And you, dear readers, who totally disapprove of the Theatre, do not you think that the representation of the magnificent writings of our Shakespeare, is harmless—*intellectual*—compared to the wretched, shameless, performances of the Theatres, and Modern "Music Halls" of our day ? The indecent ballet dancers, imported from Paris, described in a recent trial, by the Lord Chancellor, as "designedly and purposely indecent ;"—the unutterably vulgar, senseless, so-called "Comic" songs, and low comedies, which have, the past ten years, been the rage in this country, (having vulgarity for their basis, and sin, and indecency, for their claim to interest)—must not, surely be considered an *advance* upon the days of John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, and Edmund Kean !

The poor, neglected boy, was now an actor of ever increasing popularity, wealth, and fame. Jewels of rare value were presented to him—note after note for £100 did the Drury Lane Committee add to his salary, as "some slight acknowledgement for his wonderful efforts and talent." No wonder ? The managers made a fortune out of it, and it is believed that, from first to last, Edmund Kean must have received before his death, at least £100,000. The great, the learned, the rich, considered him an honoured guest at their tables, while the ceaseless crowds, each night he acted, paid a sincere tribute to his wonderful genius.

And yet all this magnificent success proved a delusion and a sham ! Why ? Because it came to a young man destitute of religious feelings, who knew nothing of the wise restraints God puts on those who live in His fear. That besetting sin which Kean indulged in from his youth, became—as every besetting sin you do indulge in, *will* become—confirmed in the remaining life of Edmund Kean. He drank incessantly ! Before that vice of drunkenness—(I urge it as a writer addressing young men, with all the

earnestness of which I am capable)—before those vices, drunkenness, and lust, *everything* must go. Before them truth, honour, gratitude, the love of a mother, of a parent, every noble attribute given to us by Almighty God, must sink!

These vices, which a boy begins at first so timidly—but which soon become his *masters*—have no *mercy*! They strike at everything which is most precious to mankind! Our prospects of a successful life here—the love of God, our interest in Christ, our Heavenly home, a happy immortality,—all must be lost to please that insatiable tyrant Satan:—and what does sin give in exchange? To every youth whose mind is capable of nobler, better things, I appeal! Those habits which might by a vigorous effort of the will, and by earnest prayer to God, be, at first, easily given up, become like links of iron at last! As this book will find its way into our workshops, one word here to youths employed in them, upon bad companions. There are young men (you know them as well as I do) who seem unable to open their mouths without letting out some vile expression. In their *best* moods they give you a oath! Their highest idea of wit is indecency. Yet such always expect you to be amused at what they say! everybody must always smile at their vile and coarse allusions! This is the test for a Christian youth! He lets it be seen that no encouragement shall come from him! Let others deny their Saviour if they choose to do so, *he* will not! There is surely little to laugh at in the sight of one who has lost almost everything! Who has lost all capacity for simple, innocent, pleasures; whom pure pleasures, and honourable pursuits, can please no more! Whom *nothing*, now, can please which has not on it something of the *Serpent's Slime*! Yet these, dear reader, are the companions who sneer at your religion, and at all who do not imitate them in what they call a "gay" life—a life of pleasure! A *gay* life? Good God! if the life of some of the young men and women lead in our large towns is a life of *pleasure*, give us a life of pain! When a young man is said to be "gay," we all understand what is meant; but it must be in bitter mockery and derision. For when a youth has lost everything that made him lovely in the sight of God or man; when health, and innocence, and purity, have been sacrificed and have departed; when his mind is polluted; unfitted for this world, and far more unfitted for the next! what in the world is there to make him particularly "gay?" He only sneers at you who retain (as thank God many a

youth who will read this book does retain), your innocence and piety towards God, because he is conscious that he has lost irretrievably that innocence and purity himself. Such laugh and sneer at goodness in others, because they feel, (and feel it, at times, far more bitterly than any words can express)—that they cannot hope to attain to that goodness themselves! We, young men, naturally do not like to appear behind those of our own age in anything, and there is no reason why we should be, in every manly, honest, pursuit or amusement; but, dear youth, do not be laughed out of all that renders you pleasing in God's sight, merely to "keep in" with, and please, companions whose characters, in the sight of God and man, are utterly worthless! If you have already yielded to the bad examples of others—if bad habits have been begun—if days, and months, and years, have gone past without prayer, let me urge you, with all affection, not to add another sin to those that are past, thinking that one more can make but little difference: it may make all the difference in the world!

EACH SO LIKE THE LAST.

To many a one who thought so, with whom God's Holy Spirit has striven, and a Saviour pleaded, in early life—since that time *how many* a sin, how many a wave from the great ocean of sin and misery has come to land here? Each *so like the last*, and yet each a solemn evidence that an immortal soul is *passing away!* Passing away for ever from God, and Christ! I would urge you, with all affection, to bring those sins of yours to God to be forgiven, and blotted out, while life and strength are yours! But despise God and Religion—permit yourself—(as thousands of young men in our large towns do—to indulge those sins of which God says that they that do such things shall never enter into the Kingdom of Heaven—and the day will come when, like Edmund Kean, who died in hopeless disease, his splendid fortune and talents squandered, and every gift of nature and of God, abused—you will look around and ask, "What urged me to this madness, to induce me to sacrifice ALL things, and for *what* in exchange?"

The remaining life of Edmund Kean would only excite disgust; but my object is accomplished if it serves as one more example to show that a youth with every talent—dauntless resolution, genius, and wealth—but destitute of religion, is destitute of *all* things!

So sad a boyhood ! so bitter, and weary a struggle for a chance ! So splendid and bewildering a success—so sad a waste of genius and splendid fortune, and so sad a fate can hardly be found, as in the life of Edmund Kean, the actor !

THE CONTRAST.

WILLIAM HENRY WEST BETTY, OR, “ MASTER BETTY,”
OR, “ THE INFANT ROSCIUS.”

What a contrast to the life of the unfortunate boy, Kean, is the history of his contemporary “ Master Betty,” the boy actor, who, like Kean, created such a sensation in this country at the commencement of the present century.



From a Medal struck in 1805.

William Henry Betty—who, at the age of twelve, gained the name he is usually remembered by—“ The Infant Roscius ” was the only son of a gentleman who, with his young wife, had gone over to Ireland from Shrewsbury, at which town their boy had been born on the 13th of September, 1791. His mother was a lady well endowed in mind, tastes, and accomplishments ; she was fond of reading the best poets, of repeating them aloud, and reciting them from memory. The boy’s tastes were in sympathy with his mother’s, and he was never more delighted than when he sat listening to her reading, or reciting passages to her. One day, his father, whose intellectual tastes responded to his wife’s, repeated to them the speech of Cardinal Wolsey,

beginning "Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!" In doing this he suited "the action to the word." William Henry had never seen this before, and asked the meaning of it. "It is what is called *acting* the part of the person who is supposed to be speaking," explained his father. The boy appeared much struck with the idea—thought over it—tried it by himself—and spoke, and acted, the Cardinal's soliloquy before his mother, with such pathos and effect, that she was completely overcome with surprise and admiration. Not the faintest idea of the stage had yet entered the minds of the family. The eager young lad was happy learning passages, and reciting speeches, from "Douglas," "Zara," and "Thomson's Seasons. He seems at this time, not to have learnt anything further from Shakespeare. Perhaps his parents objected to it, for the boy's reputation spread beyond home to other branches of their family; these expressed the utmost disgust; worthy, pious, people themselves, inspired with the usual prejudice and horror for the stage—they warned the parents that "if they did not take care their boy would become a play-actor!" His parents were alarmed; the domestic recitals were suppressed; and William was packed off to school. But the boy's genius was irrepressible. At Belfast, Mrs. Siddons (the greatest tragic actress this country has probably produced, who, with her brother, John Kemble, had been acting to empty benches in London)—achieved a triumph.

And young Master Betty entered a Theatre, for the first time, to see Sheridan's *Pizarro*, with Sarah Siddons as "Elvira." No wonder the boy was completely overcome by her splendid acting! there are those still alive who remember Sarah Siddons—her majestic march, her awful brow, her incomparable delivery. He had seen the first actress of the age; he went home in a trance, he felt that he was born for the stage; and when he woke from his dream, it was to announce to his parents that "He should certainly die if he was not allowed to be an actor!" in a voice so pathetic, that those who heard him never forgot the expression. He was their only son; his parents did not want to lose him, and at length gave way, so far as to take him to the Belfast Manager (Mr. Atkins), before whom he recited several pieces. Mr. Atkins called into council the prompter, Mr. Hough (who afterwards became the boy's tutor, and to whose admirable training he owed much). Hough was warm in his approval, to the boy's great delight. "You are my guardian angel!" exclaimed the enthusiastic

lad. Mr. Atkins had great faith in Hough's verdict, and, when the boy had left, said, that, for his part, "He had never expected to see another Garrick, but he had seen another Garrick in Master Betty!"

He would not, however, go further than to engage the boy for four nights. They selected the tragedy of *Zara*, and on the 16th August, 1803, William Henry appeared for the first time in public as "Osman." Belfast was, as it still is, an intellectual town; the audience was the least likely to be carried away by a mere novelty; they listened, became interested, then deeply stirred, and at length enthusiastic at the boy's acting. There *must* have been genius to make anything of the stupid, dry, dull, long-winded plot, in Aaron Hill's adaptation, in the English "*Zara*," of the French "*Zaire*." No human being could live out five acts of such stuff, had not genius upheld the stuff itself! Mrs. Cibber in 1736, Spranger Barry in 1751, and Garrick in 1776, had made the dry bones in this play live; since then there had been no "Osman" of any note, until this twelve years old "Osman" enthralled the audience at Belfast. The boy had never before been on a stage—had only once before seen a play acted, had only received a few hints from the prompter Hough. He had had no experience of the passions he had to represent, and yet the boy seemed to be the very part he represented! Many were the doubters, in Belfast, but they went to the Theatre, and were convinced. The following day the whole town was talking of the almost absolute perfection with which the boy represented the character of "Osman." He played "Rolla," in "Douglas," and "Romeo," on the remaining three nights, and from that time forth his career was certain. Thus, while William Henry Betty, at twelve years of age, laid the foundation of a splendid fortune for all connected with him, the other poor boy actor (Edmund Kean) then fifteen years of age, had to sing in taverns, sleep beside haystacks, attend fairs, in a word, had to pass a life of wretchedness. Yet Edmund Kean seemed through all, to feel that his day of triumph would come. When urged by the Manager of a Theatre to act a part with "Master Betty" he refused, and with his usual wild temper, fled into the fields. "He plays to crowded houses, while I am unnoticed," he said, passionately. "I will not play with him; I know that I have more talent than he has!" And Edmund Kean spoke the truth; he no doubt had.

At Dublin, the Old Crow Street Theatre witnessed a

fearful crush to see Master Betty, as "Norval," in *Douglas*, on 29th November, 1803. The Dublin audience was by no means an easy one to please. *Douglas*, too, is a tragedy that must be attentively listened to, to be enjoyed. The University students in the gallery, who generally made it rattle with their wit—even *they* were silent that night. The graceful boy's splendid representation of the youth "Norval," excited the utmost enthusiasm. On another night he took the part which so admirably suited him in every respect, namely, that of the young "Prince Arthur," in *King John*;—in fact, he fairly "drowned the house in tears with it."

Douglas was written by the Rev. Mr. Home. The old gentleman was still alive. Forty-eight years before, Mr. Home had seen his play first acted in Edinburgh, and the Theatre was half full of ministers of the Kirk, who got into a sea of troubles, for going to see a play—however innocent a one—written by a clergyman.

William Henry Betty was at Edinburgh on the 21st May, 1804, and the friendly Manager urged old Mr. Home to witness his own play represented. He went, and the old gentleman was completely overcome; he had reserved for him his own place behind the partially opened stage door. The boy's conception of the part of the youth "Norval," was, the author declared, precisely as he had himself conceived it. He was so overcome, that when the hurricane of applause summoned the boy to appear before the audience, old Mr. Home tottered forward also, and embraced the young actor, to the delight of all present. Mr. Home always maintained that the boy far surpassed any of the actors who had attempted the play of which he was the author. It was here that Betty for the first time played "Selim," the slave youth, in *Barbarossa*, with great effect. Four days afterwards—covered with kisses from Scottish ladies, and laden with approval and counsel from "Lords of Session," Master Betty stood before a Birmingham audience.

At the death of Master Betty (in August, 1874), "an old actress" wrote to the papers an account of the boy's first appearance at Birmingham. Birmingham has long been noted amongst professionals as a difficult town to make an impression upon, and one which requires no slight talent to gain over, but one remarkable for its never deserting a favourite performer when once he has gained favour. The writer relates accompanying her mother to see the boy on his arrival:—"At Master Betty's first rehearsal there was a great assembly in the Green Room at the Birmingham

Theatre. As usual, his age had been understated ; he was then 13, and tall for his years. To my sight—the handsome boy was a complete vision of beauty, even in the broad daylight, without the night's appliances ; he had remarkably luxuriant hair, and brilliantly expressive, full, blue eyes. The boy bowed to us in an elegant manner—as Mr. Macready presented him—and went round the room shaking hands, separately, with us all, in a winning, easy manner, perfectly free from either bashfulness or boldness. Mr. Hough, the tutor, was a very clever man—the boy's constant guide. My mother saw one of his marked books, with lines to guide the proper inflection of the voice, and instruction as to action :—'Here raise your voice—bring the right foot out here,' &c., &c. We listened with delight to his speech at that rehearsal ; but it was four nights before he had grown upon the town ; then the same rage set in as at other places. He was a merry, light-hearted boy, fond of playing with Master William Macready, who had just come home for his holidays. They used to fly their kites, and whip their tops together. Sometimes Mr. Hough would put in his 'veto' 'Wait a moment, William, I shall have done directly, and we'll have a game at trap !' 'No sir ; you play 'Douglas' to-night ; no trap this afternoon, if you please ; no disputing, sir ! else I shall call your father ! To-morrow the game of trap, by all means. Good-day, Master Macready.' Exit Master Betty, disconsolately, with his tutor. He had a kind, generous, disposition. As an example, a scene shifter, named Henry, met with a fall, breaking his leg. Master Betty, though dressed as 'Osman,' immediately rushed to his assistance, and evinced the greatest sympathy. The poor fellow was taken to his lodgings in his chair, and so solicitous was the boy that he should be cared for, that, in his Turkish dress, he walked a considerable distance besides Henry's chair, through the streets of Sheffield, in broad sunlight of a summer's evening. His engagements were now very profitable ; on some occasions as much as £100 for each performance ; and he sometimes acted twice in the day. The Lord Chancellor became the legal guardian of the 'Infant,' allowing him to make a will, and his first act was to settle £4,000 on his mother. At fifteen he quitted the stage, and went, we heard, to Cambridge, where he studied for the church. He resumed his old profession ; but the result was not satisfactory. As he grew older Mr. Betty did not improve in appearance or acting. He had no fire,

or genius, as he grew older, like Edmund Kean; but his after life proved that he had more solid qualities than these; a heart full of good impulses."

During these provincial tours, London was becoming impatient to see the boy; overtures came from Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, and an engagement at both Theatres was made. Nothing could exceed the expectancy with which the boy was waited for—Saturday the 1st of December, 1804, being the day for his first appearance in London. He was now thirteen years and three months old. By ten o'clock in the morning the colonnades in Covent Garden were already filled! Before evening the line of people stretched in impenetrable columns beyond Bow Street into Drury Lane. As the hour for opening drew near, there were shrieks, and fainting, and, when opened, the house was entirely filled in a few moments. Notwithstanding, vast masses struggled to make their way in, until a force of soldiers, drawn up at the doors, saved the crowd within from being overwhelmed. Gentlemen who had paid box prices had to leap over into the pit, taking places which had been secured weeks before, and held their ground, by main force, against the police and doorkeepers!

It was like a surging sea! People overcome by the heat had to be dragged from the pit into the boxes, and thence into the lobbies. As some relief, the curtain had to be raised a foot, thus allowing a current of air to blow over the pit. At last Charles Kemble came on to speak the prologue, but the audience would not hear it; the first act of the old play, *Barbarossa*, was therefore got quickly through, and then came the expected moment.

Mr. Boarden, who was present, describes the scene. "At length, dressed as a young slave, in white linen pantaloons, a close short jacket, trimmed with sable, and a turban cap, at the command of the tyrant, on came the desire of all eyes, Master William Henry West Betty. I had secured an excellent position, had a good glass, never stirred till the end of the play, and saw him perfectly. The first thing which struck me was, that it was evidently a love for the profession that actuated the boy. He was, I could see, doing what he loved to do, and put his whole heart into it. It was amazing! Grace, energy, beauty, were the boy's own, but the *understanding* was that of a mature brain. This boy could convey passions which he had never felt, nor seen but on the stage, and yet seemed to think all he

said. Modest and self-possessed, he was not at all moved out of his assumed part, by the tempest of welcome which greeted him. His undertones could be heard at the very back of the galleries. From first to last he ‘electrified’ the audience. It was his genius which won applause, rather than his youth and grace. The pathos, joy, and exultation of the part (once so favourite a one with young actors) overcame the audience so much, that they could not lower their minds to listen to the farce, which was consequently withdrawn.”

A complete “furore” now set in. The pecuniary result was marvellous! At Drury Lane for 28 nights the prodigious sum of £17,000 was taken; William Henry receiving nearly the whole time £100 a night. At Covent Garden it is known he must have attracted more money. Thus was exhibited the extraordinary phenomenon of a boy of thirteen bringing some £40,000 to the treasuries of the two great London Theatres, within three months! The boy’s two benefits gave him alone £2,540. His most successful characters were young “Norval” and “Selim,” both of whom were youths. It really amounted to the character of a youth presented by a boy with singular intelligence, grace, and talent,—a very rare spectacle indeed. He played in London from December, 1804, to April, 1805, in a wide range of characters, supported by the first actors of the day. That the “madness” (short-lived though it was) which prevailed about him did not turn his brain, is much to the boy’s credit. Princes of the blood called upon him; Nobles had the boy to dinner; the Lord Chancellor invited him; and the King presented him to the Queen and Princesses, in a room behind the Royal Box. Ladies took him drives in the Park. When he fell ill, the City rushed to read the bulletins with tremulous eagerness. Count D’Artois (afterwards Charles the Fourth,) witnessed his performance, in French, of *Zaphna*, at Lady Percival’s. He was presented with silver cups from grateful managers, and with Garrick relics; Cambridge University gave “Roscius” as the subject for the prize that year; and the House of Commons adjourned at the request of Pitt, to witness the boy’s acting! But flattered and caressed, he was not to be spoiled! He studied new parts diligently; whilst his boyish spirits in the Green Room,—his kindly disposition, and the respect he paid to older artists, made him a general favourite amongst the professionals.

Lord Henley and Fox gave their opinion that his acting equalled that of Garrick. Samuel Rogers, (who heard Fox

say so) remarks:—"Fox would not have asserted it if he had not thought so. I was greatly surprised at the remark; Fox did not say as much to Master Betty,—but he sat with him, read to him,—and gave him some excellent counsel."

After the next season (1805) there was a sensible falling off in the attraction, and in the third year it was seen that a tall youth of 16 could no longer be considered a "juvenile phenomenon." In July, 1808, he retired from the stage, and entered Cambridge University. When theatrical matters were mentioned he preserved perfect silence, as though the subject was disagreeable to him. This was evidently due to the influence of his parents.

He was noted for his skill in fencing,—in the hunting field,—and in archery. At his father's death he returned to the stage, turning, no doubt, wistfully, to the splendid triumphs of his boyhood, and maintained his position as a clever and interesting actor, for twelve years, until August, 1824, when he finally retired. A few months after he had appeared for the last time in London, the other boy, (three years his senior) *Edmund Kean*,—took London by storm, with his wonderful "Shylock," and incomparable "Richard III." The genius of Mr. Betty left him in his youth; Edmund Kean drowned his in wine and rioting before his manhood was matured. Fifty-eight years have now elapsed since Kean,—dying in 1833,—was carried to his grave in Richmond Churchyard. In September, 1874, all that was mortal of the highly-gifted boy, his contemporary,—now a venerable and much-loved old man, "four-score years and upwards"—was borne to his last resting place in the Cemetery at Highgate. Fifty years had passed since he had last been seen in public; the world had forgotten the boy who created such a sensation amongst our forefathers. Most of the present generation have never heard of him, while the old men still surviving, who remember the days of his triumph, thought that he had long ago passed away. Putting a recent photograph by the side of his boyish portrait in 1805, the old soft, gentle, air can be recognised, and the outlines of the face of the boy who created such admiration ninety years ago.

CONCLUSION.

That the Stage may be the vehicle of untold injury to young, and innocent minds, if the plays acted are of a depraved, and vicious, character; and that the Theatre is about the *last* place a good, Christian man would care to see his son attend,—all will at once allow.

But every candid mind will admit that there is a broad

distinction between modern "sensational" Plays, and the representations of noble character to be found in those of Shakespeare. It was from such that the parts for Master Betty were selected, and that his acting of them softened, and elevated, the feelings of vast audiences cannot be denied. It drew them for the time out of themselves.

It is not, however, with a view to defend, in the slightest, play acting, that the lives of these two gifted boys have been brought together, but *their* careers teach the young reader a lesson at the commencement of his. Many a youth who reads this book has, in him, the germs of ambition. It is the marked feature of boys in our day, and country; thousands of English boys long to attract notice, to gain fortune and distinction. Both these boys succeeded in doing so. The sympathies of the reader will be chiefly with the boy Kean; he had no kind parents, no home, no start in life; and the heroic perseverance of this poor boy, beginning life with everything against him—poverty—neglect—unkindness—must command the respect and goodwill of every generous heart. He *deserved* to succeed, and it is to be observed that God's Providence was true to him, if only he had been true to God, and to *himself*. He *did* achieve a success, which, had he not ruined all by his vices, would have entirely eclipsed that of his contemporary; his genius was far greater and more lasting; he raised the tone of the English Stage, representing the splendid ideas of Shakespeare in a way they had never been presented before. He would have acquired a princely fortune; for even in the few years before his premature death, it is known that Edmund Kean must have received from first to last, upwards of £100,000; and, like Mr. Betty, he might have lived to an honoured, peaceful, and good old age. Why, then, did this boy of indomitable perseverance and wonderful powers, make shipwreck of all, and, in darkness and gloom, sink into a drunkard's grave in his early manhood, forty years before Mr. Betty's death? Fortune came to both boys alike, but found an entire contrast in their characters; it found in William Henry Betty, the light-hearted modest boy, with kindly, generous, disposition, and impulses, and, what was far better—as life went on—a heart far from indifferent to the claims of Religion. It found in Edmund Kean, not merely a passionate, envious, reckless, disposition, bent upon himself and his ambition alone—*that* all would willingly forgive, considering his terrible deprivations and sad boyhood—but, when success, in God's good providence, *had* come to him, his utter rejection

of Religion, and wilful neglect of all that leads to a noble and better life, was his ruin!

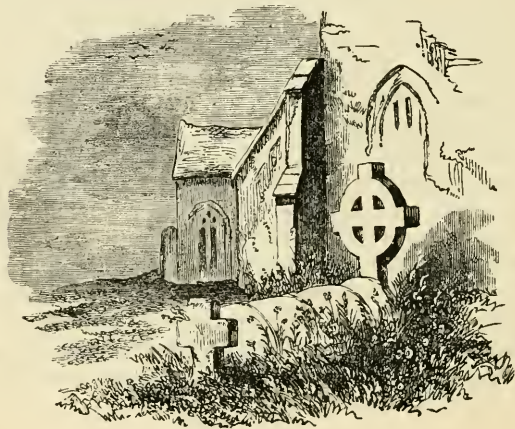
Both have now passed away! Out of the four millions now living in London, how few are left who remember the years 1804, 1805! Sir Moses Montefiore living to be 103 years old, till his death in 1887; and Monsieur Chevreul, the eminent Chemist of Paris, reaching a similar age—dying in 1889, (born 31st August, 1786) living to see the Centennial of the French Revolution,—would each be about 19 years old in 1804; but what exceptions are these! The Survivors out of how many Millions!

No boy this country has produced, ever had his ambition gratified to such an extent as William Henry Betty! Yet how empty and blank at this length of time, worldly triumph seems, when the actor, and the witnesses, have alike long passed away! Every boy who reads this book,—however poor and humble his position may seem to himself,—has now placed before him by his Creator, an ambition,—a future,—infinitely higher, and more lasting, than anything that these Boys achieved, or aspired to! What avails the applause of delighted audiences, when the Grass in the quiet Richmond Churchyard, and Highgate Cemetery, is now waving over their half-forgotten graves?

But not so with a Christian youth! When the lights of "Vanity Fair" are going out in silence and gloom, to the Worldly man, the Christian youth feels that their departure is but a prelude to the life of Eternal Happiness upon which he has, with God's aid, set *his* ambition, his heart, and aspirations.

"He aims too low, who aims beneath the skies!"

"One self-approving hour whole years outweighs,—
Of stupid starers,—and of loud huzzas!"



CHAPTER XIX.

MODERN INFIDELITY!

“HELL IS BUT A FABLE,—HEAVEN A POET'S DREAM.”

(*Theory.*)

“WHAT *have* I DONE! WHAT *have* I BEEN DOING?”

(*Reality.*)

“Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain.”—
Third Commandment.

HERE is, perhaps, no country in the World which has been more favoured by God, for a long course of years than Great Britain, and no country in which His Holy Name is more frequently “taken in vain,” and insulted by Profanity. There are men to be met with,—especially the younger men amongst the working classes,—whose every third word is an Oath! Even the commonest salutation,—the commonest remark on what is passing around them,—is an occasion for taking God's name in vain. “Christ!”—“Damn!”—“Blast!”—“God strike!”—“Bloody,”—&c., come from them in *one continuous stream*, with almost every sentence they utter! Almighty God is, however, a Being Whose wonderful long-suffering, I am certain, strikes a very wicked man frequently *with surprise*; he is at times, astonished at God's forbearance; at the time it takes to provoke Him to anger, and how God *can* bear with him so long as He does.

But with Eternity before us,—an Eternity which, after Millions of Ages have passed, will not *even have begun*,—we may see the reason for God's forbearance! God knows the lives that poor neglected boys are too often brought up to,—the example they have had placed before them from childhood, by their Parents and associates,—the language and habits they have been accustomed to from boyhood;—swearing, drinking, and vicious fellow workmen in the workshops; Godless, and prayerless, Parents; God's word never read to them;—with such Examples before them, what else can you reasonably expect hundreds of youths to be? If we had shared their experiences, who knows what we should have been? In youths, however, who know far better, and have had a proper education, it is a far more

solemn thing for them to indulge in oaths, or to take God's name in vain. What God may take, with great long-suffering, from an ignorant and neglected mind, He may not choose to suffer from an *intelligent* and *wilfully profane* person.

It is this wilful taking of His name in vain, by intelligent men, for the express purpose of ridiculing Religion, and causing others to despise it and God, which is, in the worst sense of all, what is meant by "taking His Name in vain."

You are probably aware that there is a Body (greatly increased of late years) calling themselves "Secularists,"—in plain English, Atheists,—who, in almost every large town in England, have now regular Meetings, often on a Sunday,—not for the purpose of *worshipping* God, but just the contrary,—of ridiculing the Old and New Testaments, lampooning religion, and opposing Almighty God in every possible way.

Before presuming to become a Teacher of Religion to others, the writer resolved to know the worst that any could advance against God and the Bible. Opinions may differ on this point, but a blind belief in anything told us from infancy, with no investigation or thought of our own, never *did* appear to him to present a very hopeful, or rational view of an intelligent Christian. In the mysterious operations of Divine grace and wisdom in the work of salvation, every Christian knows that there are two chief Stages. The first, and elementary stage, is to convince the Understanding,—the Intellect,—the second is to convince the Conscience, and the Heart. The first is to hear, and to *understand*,—the second, and all important one, is to *obey*! No intelligent reader of his Bible, and of God's dealings with man, can fail to see that, at *whatever cost*, God is resolved never to interfere with the *Free-will* of any created being. Intelligent love and service—an intelligent choice of Him for a Master, is what He desires, and what God may, if asked, incline our heart to give, but He never can, and never will, *force* any to render it to Him against their own free-will. Although for a youthful,—necessarily unsettled,—mind to read works of an Infidel character, or to listen, unprepared by study and investigation, to an Infidel Lecture, would be simple madness—it is, nevertheless, certain, that an intelligent, and thoughtful, Christian, of a more advanced age, may, with God's aid, not only read carefully the works of the leading opposers of Christianity, but may see clearly their fallacy and unfairness, and how easily they

may be met by an intelligent and painstaking Believer. Amongst the principal Works which have been probably most successful in spreading the *deadly Nightshade* of unbelief in the world during the past century, may be mentioned those of Voltaire the Frenchman, Thomas Paine, Renan, the late Dr. Strauss the German, Spinoza, Dr. Colenso, Francis Newman (one chapter of whose book called "Phases of Faith," upon our Saviour, being probably the most deliberate insult ever offered to Christ)—and last but, not least, the Leader of modern infidelity in this country, Mr. Bradlaugh of London. In all these gifted men there are three things ever observable; the first is either a deadly enmity to, or a calm contempt for God's Word, the Bible, accompanied by an intense aversion to the plan of salvation opened to us by our Saviour;—the second is, their invariable practice of first dethroning God, and then placing themselves and their ideas upon the platform of Infinitude, for the benefit of those who can believe in them, rather than in God;—and the third is the very remarkable fact, that, while each has endeavoured to take religion away from us, not one of them has ever given the world anything in its place! They attempt to destroy, but never to construct. What there is in the assertions of these men to damp, in any way, our love, reverence, and veneration for God, for our Saviour, and for that most wonderful and Holy Book, the Bible, it is difficult to imagine, more especially to those who have read carefully their writings, and heard on one or two occasions their so-called "Free discussions."

There must, it is thought, be a *predisposition*—a wilful inclining to unbelief in God, in those who prefer *their* assertions to those of Divine Wisdom. Thousands of the Working Classes will not read the Bible quietly, and patiently, for themselves; it is difficult to induce them to listen to it, or to attend the Sabbath School, or Chapel, where they might do so; they will not study this most wonderful and priceless book—the Bible—for themselves, yet they will go and even *pay* to hear men like Bradlaugh lecture by the hour against a Book which they have never read, and never will study carefully for themselves! This country owes its supremacy over others mainly to its Religion, and its reverence for the Bible. There are not wanting signs to show that this reverence is becoming sapped,—that the working classes of this country are becoming divorced from their allegiance to what they have for years held in reverence.

You, dear youths, who read this book will not pass through life without encountering such men as those alluded to—you may be tempted to go to their lectures, and to read their books. An intelligent youth, to whom drunkenness, vile habits, and company, offer no attractions, and cannot ruin, may yet fall before the *deadly poison*, of Infidelity! I would, therefore, ask you to remember that we now see these men in good health and strength, while God supports them. This is God's World; everything they eat and drink is God's; they could not create a morsel of the food they live upon, to save their lives! God supports us by His creatures, every day we live. "The earth is Mine, and the fulness thereof, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." While, then, His anger slumbers, it is easy to insult God! All I ask is, how is it to end? I see no escape from God; you may go all round this world, as I have done, but there is no getting out of it. As David says: "Whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into Heaven, behold, Thou art There!" If I make my bed in Hell, behold, Thou art *There!*"

You, I, and all we see around us, will only leave this World to appear before our God! This, instead of appearing dreadful to a Christian, is a thought which affords him the greatest joy and thankfulness! He has ever found in God an indulgent, loving, Creator; he has found in Christ an elder Brother, a Saviour able to present him with acceptance even before the all-seeing eye of God. But once let a man who is not, and will not be, a Christian, go *too far*, and exhaust God's patience and long-suffering, and then *He* shuts, of Whom we read in the Bible, when "He shutteth, no man openeth!" In that *other phase* of God's character, God tells us that He is "not a man that He should repent." "I will laugh when their fear cometh." He is slow, *very* slow, to anger; God seldom strikes in *anger*, but when He *does thus* strike, it is *for ever!* One instance of this, and I have done.

There was a gentleman, well-known at one time in London, who was in many respects much like the men of whom I have been speaking. He was, however, a gentleman of considerable attainments, and of good address, fond of company, good-humoured, and possessed of ample means; he enjoyed excellent health, and a constant fund of lively spirits—in fact he was a very humorous man. But he was a most profane person! Treating every serious subject with lightness, he seemed never tired of lampooning Religion and

the Bible ! He especially liked doing this in the company of young men, with whom he was a great favourite ; and he would do it with such lively wit, and in such a way, as to make a person who opposed him look very ridiculous. Like all such habits, it grew upon him, till it was evident that he was desperately opposed to Religion. He would go out of his way, and take no little trouble and pains to do it, and when once excited and warmed by the subject, his sarcasms, words, and blasphemies, aimed at the Bible and Religion, were such, that though *far* from being particular themselves, even his friends, when inviting him to an evening or dinner party, would stipulate with him that Religion might not be brought up during the evening ; and when this gentleman had once promised, he never broke his word. He went on thus for several years, enjoying excellent health, and all the pleasures that ample means can afford, when, one day, while walking in the street, he was seized with a sudden illness and rapidly became worse. *Knowing his character*, not one of his friends could be found who dared to tell him the truth : namely, that the physicians began to be anxious, and to despair of his life ! His friends, for days, encouraged him to hope that, with care, the inflammation and disease would be soon overcome ; and the gentleman expressed the same hope himself. But on the appearance of certain symptoms, which they knew to be fatal, one of the doctors thought it right that he should be made aware of the truth. After his death, a gentleman who knew him gave an account of what followed. No sooner did the gentleman *clearly understand* that he was given up by two of the leading physicians then in London—and that he must be prepared *in a few hours* to appear *before God*—than he seemed all of a sudden, for the *first time*, to realise his *awful state* ! No sooner had the physician left the room than he broke out into the most dreadful cries ! He never again took the *slightest notice* of anyone in the room, he *would not listen* to a single *word* ! He seemed *quite unconscious* of all around him, but, for several hours, until he died, almost without a pause, he kept crying out—It was the cry of a *lost soul* ! “What *have I been doing* ? My soul is lost ! What *have I done* !” And similar expressions until he died !

To you, dear reader, and, I pray God to me also, God is our Heavenly Father—Jesus our loving Saviour. During our life,—ten, thirty, or sixty years,—God knows how long it will be,—knowing what the Eternity is which lies before

each of us,—everything to soften our hearts, and induce us to become His, God will try. Depend upon it, it will be so, whether you like it or whether you do not. But it is wrong in any Teacher presuming to speak of Religion, to neglect the fact that Almighty God is not a Being who can be mocked. He created you, me, and all we see around us, for purposes of *His own* glory,—(Associated it is true, with *our* best happiness,)—and if any put Him on one side as a Being Who may be safely treated, for years, with aversion and contempt, it will be found, often too late, that God is not thus to be treated in vain!

When we consider the infinite malice, the almost incomprehensible heinousness of mortal sin, which was only to be cancelled by the last drop of the blood of the Son of God, what can we think of the unparalleled insult offered to His dear Son Jesus, and that before the whole of the Angels and saints in Heaven—when a sinner puts God *on one side* with contempt, *for the Devil*, in order that he may, at *whatever* cost, enjoy his witticisms,—his profaneness,—his drunkenness,—his lusts,—his sins? Such a one renounces the plan of salvation with a notorious contempt for the Divine Majesty of God, in thus banishing Him, and Christ's Holy Spirit from his soul, and in thus *introducing Satan* in his place! When we consider that it is in God “we live, and breathe, and have our being,” we can understand that it *must* indeed be, to such men as I have spoken of, a “*fearful* thing to fall into the hands of the living God!”

“Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain!”

“The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?”—*Isaiah xxxiii.*, 14.

“In thy filthiness is lewdness: because I have purged thee, and thou wast not purged, thou shalt not be purged from thy filthiness any more, till I have caused my fury to rest upon thee.”—*Ezekiel xxiv.*, 13.

“For the time is at hand. He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he who is filthy, let him be filthy still.”—(*Rev.* xxii., 11)



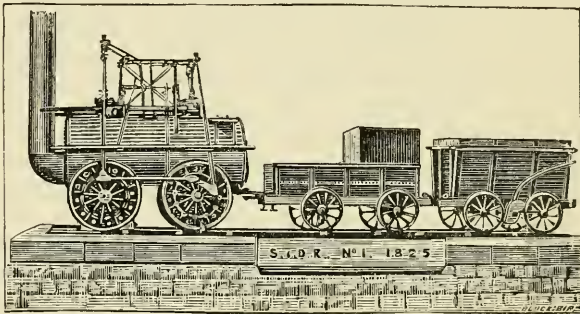
CHAPTER XX.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY; OR THE
YOUNG GALLEY SLAVE.

IN ancient times, and till recently, in some parts of the world, criminals were made to work vessels called "Galleys," propelled by long oars; in double tiers, or rows. Several galley slaves were chained to each huge oar, and overseers walked to and fro along a platform down the centre of the vessel, and, if any flagged in their exertions, used their heavy whips most unmercifully. Criminals sentenced to the galleys were called "Galley Slaves," and were often "condemned to the galleys for life." One day the Viceroy of Naples—a sagacious man—when passing through Barcelona—went on board one of the Government Convict Galleys, where malefactors condemned for life were, as usual, chained to the heavy oars. In passing, he inquired of several what their offences had been. Hoping that there was a chance of being set at liberty, they all protested their innocence; one "would not have been there but for the malice of a witness"—another said "it was owing, in his case, to the Judge being bribed"—all of them were honest, innocent men, all had been treated unjustly; but they certainly looked a most *ferocious* set for honest and innocent men! At length the Duke came to a youth whose countenance pleased him; he had evidently incurred the dislike of the overseers, for his back bore the marks of many cruel blows from the whips. He asked, as before, what his crime had been. "My Lord!" said the young man, "I cannot deny that I was justly condemned. For the fact is I stole a purse of money. To be sure we were very poor, and our family almost starving at the time; nevertheless I did steal the purse near Tarragan." The Duke, hearing this, pretended to fly into a violent passion, and striking the youth two or three light blows on the back with his stick, called to the overseers to unchain him, saying, "What! *stole a purse!* Oh! *you rogue! you rogue!* This will *never* do! What

are you doing here in the company of these honest and *innocent* men? They must not have a rogue with them! Here are your papers; get you out of their company as soon as possible!" Weeping with delight, and kissing the good Duke's hands, the youth was immediately liberated, whilst the "honest and honourable men" were left to toil at the oars! Thus we see that in this case *honest confession*, and *telling the truth*, once more proved to be "the best policy."

"Puffing Billy."



The *first Locomotive*. Stockton and Darlington Railway, Sept. 27, 1825.



The first, *very* primitive, train which ran in America,—Albany to Shenectady, N.Y. (16 miles)—1831. The Engineer was John Hampson, an Englishman. Fifteen Passengers made the first trip, and their names are recorded. The original Picture (exact to above) is in the Connecticut Historical Society Collection, at Hartford.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MIMIC.

“ Although a poor youth, *he had still the feelings of a man.*”

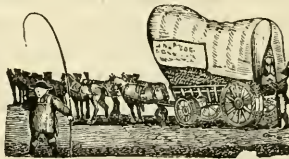
A YOUNG actor, celebrated, however, for his wonderful talent in imitating to perfection the peculiarity of any person he had a few minutes' opportunity of observing, was engaged by a comic author to take off the person, manner, and peculiar delivery, of that great and good man Dr.——. The Doctor, when a boy, had been remarkable for his beauty, but his face had been injured, while a youth, in nobly saving the life of a little girl during a great fire in London. His side had been partly paralysed at the same time. He was to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character. The Mimic accordingly dressed himself as a country youth, and with an inimitable look of vacancy and clownishness,—which would have deceived a far keener observer than the worthy Doctor, waited upon him for his advice for certain pretended ailments. While waiting for his turn in the waiting room, the conversation of some poor people in the room naturally turned upon the Doctor. The comedian remarked that he “ Had never seen him, but understood that he was a singularly plain-looking man.” “ It would be a happy thing,” said one of the company, “ if every good-looking person possessed half the goodness of Dr.——.” First one, and then another, chimed in with tales of kindness done, and sickness restored by his attention and care. One poor old man present, with white hair, told how, when his wife and children lay dangerously ill of fever, the doctor was stepping into his carriage to attend them, when Lord——'s carriage drove furiously up, and one of the footmen gave a message that his Lordship desired to see Dr.——, instantly. “ The good Doctor knew,” said the poor old man, with tears in his eyes,—“ that I could not give him a fee of any kind, while his lordship is one of the wealthiest men in London, but he instantly said,—“ Tell his Lordship that I shall be engaged for some time, but will call upon him afterwards.” “ I tell you, gentlemen,” the poor man continued, “ that my wife's life was saved by it.”

What was passing in his mind could only be guessed, for the comedian's face, trained to perfect control, never altered; but the fact was that the young man would now gladly have left with his task uncompleted. But his turn came next, and the Mimic, as a country youth, was ushered into the Doctor's presence. He described certain ailments, in admirable keeping with the character he had assumed, naturally taking long to explain them, so as to be able the more to observe the doctor's features, and manner. The Doctor heard with concern, his descriptions of the commencing symptoms of very painful diseases, and gave him advice. "No! No! my poor boy," said the worthy Doctor, with a look of sympathy in his plain, and distorted countenance, as the actor offered him half-a-sovereign, "Put it up again! You will need all your money and all your patience, too, with such diseases beginning at your age!"

The young actor could not forbear kissing the hand held out to him, and left hastily. "Good heavens!" he thought, "is this the noble man I am to hold up night after night to the derision of others? *I will not do it!* Am I to hold up the noblest man I ever met with, to the senseless mockery of crowds in a Theatre?"

His employer joined the comedian with eager expectation, and begged the Mimic to attempt to depict the doctor's expression. He did so. In a moment the delighted author had before him a very fac-simile of Dr.——,—his manner, his poor deformed face!

The author was *convulsed* with laughter; but his raptures were soon checked when the young man told him "that though he was only a poor youth, without other means of support than his engagement at the Theatre,—*he had still the feelings of a man!*" "That he would far rather leave his situation at the Theatre!" "Nay!" he vehemently exclaimed,—"he should consider that God would be justified in striking him dead upon the spot,—if he employed his talents, night after night, in holding up one of the noblest of His creatures, to the derision and mockery of others!"



The old "Stage Wagon." 2½ Miles an hour!

CHAPTER XXII.

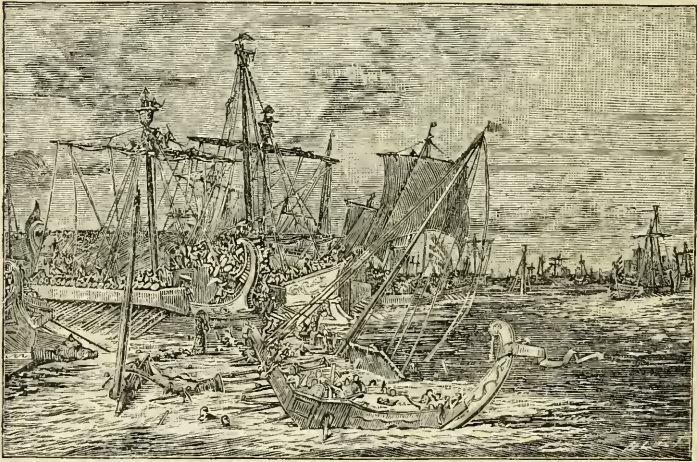
"HENRY."—A SKATING PARTY.—A NOBLE
YOUTH, OF HOLLAND.

A SOMEWHAT similar act of heroism to that of the boy Volney Beckner was performed a few years ago in Holland, by a youth named Henry. A party of gentlemen set out from Rotterdam one winter's day to skate down the Canals and Meres, to Amsterdam. In Holland the whole country is intersected with streams, canals, &c., in every direction, so that in winter, the whole population go about on skates. Everybody skates. The market women skate to market with their baskets, and skate back again. The very smallest children skate. There is one danger to be guarded against, and that is in avoiding what, on American lakes, are called "breathing holes"—holes in the ice only just skimmed over with freshly frozen and insecure ice.

The party had proceeded some miles, and were passing over the ice, with their hands linked in the Dutch fashion, with great velocity, some distance from shore, when a bad piece of ice suddenly gave way, and all but one of the party were precipitated into the water! Two of these went under the ice, and were never seen again; the remaining two were father and son; a merchant, of Rotterdam, and his son, a fine youth of sixteen. They were both excellent swimmers as well as skaters, the father, especially, being a noted and powerful swimmer. This enabled him to support himself and his son (to whom he was greatly attached) for a considerable time, during which he was so collected that he gave directions to the remaining one of the party, who had not fallen in, how to assist them. They did their best, but the ice kept breaking around them at the edge; it appeared that though it might bear the weight of one, no sooner did it feel that of both, than it gave way once more. The boy, seeing this, and feeling that his dear father—from his repeated sighs, was becoming completely exhausted in his efforts to support him (he himself having become completely numbed and helpless with the cold)

resolved not to be the cause of his father's death. He therefore raised himself for a moment—kissed his father with a familiar and endearing expression—reminded him of the far greater loss he would be to his mother and the dear ones at home—asked his father to forgive anything he had seen undutiful to him, and saying that "as it was God's will he was prepared to die"—suddenly relaxed his hold, and deliberately sank beneath the ice! His father was saved; and some years ago was said to be still living;—and the name of his noble son "Henry," ought to live also!

Ancient Sea Fight.



Nothing new,—dear Reader!—Here we have the Ancient "Galleys, with oars," of the Greeks "ramming" each other, in the style of our modern Ironclads.



CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BOY KING.

EDWARD THE SIXTH OF ENGLAND.

It is very seldom, whilst studying History—its scenes of war, outrage, and wrong—that amidst the groans, the sins, the imprecations which have marked, too generally, the History of Mankind for thousands of years, one comes to a Royal Life so delightful to contemplate, as the engaging character of the Boy King, Edward

the Sixth, of England. His short reign of six years—coming as it did, after that of King Henry the Eighth, and before that of the bigoted and bloody Mary—must have seemed, in that dark age, a gleam of sunshine amidst the prevailing darkness and sin. What that boy performed during his few years of life,—he died when a youth of sixteen,—must be looked for in the noble endowments which, ever since his time, have spread a blessing over our country! In the Chapter “Incentives to Piety in Youth,” it was remarked how Almighty God chooses to peculiarly honour and bless the work of a young disciple; certainly this was the case with the young King Edward. The noble Institutions of King Edward Schools (the means of educating thousands),—the noble foundation of Christ’s Church Schools,—the Prayer-book of our English Church,—our form of worship in the Church of England as opposed to the blighting mummeries of the Church of Rome in those dark days,—all bear witness to the amazing influence for good this young boy’s short life has had upon this Country.

A handsome delicate boy, tall for his years, graceful and winning in his deportment—Edward was placed on the throne of England at the age of nine years. So extraordinary were the boy’s talents and precocity—his intelligence and goodness—that, amidst the cares and splendours of the Court, surrounded by intriguing courtiers, “the excellent graces and singular goodness wrought in the boy by the grace of God, enabled him (says a contemporary historian) to maintain over the Court, even then, the conduct of a youthful Christian, and to set an example to all around him in a way, which at times, moved even Godless men to tears.”

The ardent youth, from his earliest days, bent his whole mind to study. In those days of intense darkness and ignorance, the young King’s acquirements were considered to be little short of marvellous, for he acquired an accurate knowledge of French and Latin, to which he added the Greek, Spanish, and Italian languages; to form some idea of Edward’s gifts in acquiring knowledge, we must remember the disadvantages he laboured under; we must remember that *books*, in those early times, were practically unknown. Enormously expensive manuscripts, copied by hand, were alone to be found in the great families. Even the nobles of the land seldom knew anything—could not write—could not read—whilst the lower classes were

plunged in the grossest ignorance. Thus Foxe—the Historian—informs us as a marvellous fact, that the boy—Edward the Sixth—actually knew the names of the Ports, Havens, and Towns of England, Scotland, and France—together with the time of the ebb and flow of the sea upon their shores! Edward's attainments seem the more extraordinary when we consider how much of his time was occupied in affairs of the Court, the Government of the country, public business, and reception of Ambassadors from other countries, all of which duties the Boy performed with remarkable grace and dignity.

As a another proof of the tender, christian, conscience of this wonderful boy, so greatly in advance of those dark times, may be mentioned his extreme reluctance to sign a death warrant.

In those days no criminal could be publicly executed without the King signing the "death warrant."

Soon after his accession, Edward had to perform this duty. He earnestly implored Bishop Cranmer to spare the prisoner's life—a woman—saying "Will you have me send her to Satan in her sins?" But the wise and Christian youth could not prevail. Young as he was, he saw the responsibility of sending a hardened sinner into Eternity.

NOTE.—A friendly critic reminds the Writer that this anecdote has long been challenged as not an historical fact. It is therefore merely given as formerly stated. The Writer himself is strongly adverse to abolishing Capital Punishment. It ever has, and ever will be, a safeguard to Society. Few brutal Murderers like being hung *themselves!*

"For Rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. But if thou do that which is evil, *be afraid*; for he *beareth not the Sword in vain*; for he is a *Minister of God*, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil."—*Romans xiii., 2-4.*

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God made He man."

"They that take the Sword, shall perish with the Sword."—*Matthew xxvi., 52.*

To the Writer, the *only thing* to lament is, that so many convicted Murderers, in this day, are allowed to escape hanging, especially when their means and station enable them to be "ably defended,"—a "Sensational Trial" secured, the Public worked upon by the Press,—Petitions got up,—letters written, &c.,—all with a view of getting the "interesting" Murderer or *Murderess* off,—whereas the *poor*, obscure, criminal is tried, convicted, and hung, at times undefended,—no interest, of any kind, shown by the Public, and only a paragraph of six lines in the Paper to tell us that the Execution took place! Abolish hanging, by all means, *if you can do it safely*, but until you *do* do so, at least do not let there be one law for the rich, well-connected, but sly, cruel murderers, and another law for the "uninteresting," unknown, Poor!

We have only to turn to America to see the deplorable effects of the Public

exasperation at the miscarriage of justice. They rise in Tumults, and valuable Citizens' lives,—(worth dozens of brutal, and cunning, Murderers)—are sacrificed in the effort to carry out the proper execution of the Law by those who were responsible, and whose duty to the Public it was to see that the Law was duly, and impartially, carried out!

The Anecdote of Edward is pleasing,—exhibiting the tenderness of a young Christian Ruler in that dark, cruel, age,—but *as a King*, when the equivalent for the “Judge and Jury” of *our* day had found no cause for mercy, *it was his duty* to have signed the Warrant without demur. Opinions will, of course, differ, but all will allow that there should not be one law for the wealthy,—ably “defended,”—criminal,—with money and notoriety, and another for the Poor. The former will get a ten days' Trial,—Petitions sent up, &c., &c.,—the latter is hung, without a word!

The boy used to tell Cranmer, when the latter urged him thus to carry out the law of the Country, that the blame must rest upon him, But the excellent young Protestant King set a still more important example—(an example to the half-hearted, temporising Protestants of our own time, in these days of Ritualistic mummeries)—in the firmness with which he resisted all attempts to induce him to allow the Mass to be performed, even in the chapel of his sister Mary the Catholic.

Edward knew that the Mass was idolatrous, and he resolved, at whatever cost, not to be guilty before God by consenting to the commission of such acts. So that when the powerful nobles, and the great Councillors of the Court represented the displeasure of the Emperor of Germany (a relative of the Lady Mary) at his refusal, and, being all against him, did all they could to overpower his judgment, the poor boy burst into tears, but exclaimed that “He would suffer the loss of all he had; nay! the Crown of England itself, rather than allow such a sin to be committed against God!”

Affected by the firmness and piety of their youthful Monarch, some of the Council could not restrain their tears, and forbore to urge him further; and Bishop Cranmer, turning to Edward's preceptor, under whom he studied, said, in a whisper, “You may rejoice, indeed, to have such a scholar, for he has more divinity in his little finger than some of us Bishops have in our whole bodies!” In 1548 Edward issued an edict that the burning of candles, and other superstitious rites of Popery should be given up. Unremitting in his studies, Edward excelled in music, logic, and philosophy: but his constitution had always been weakly; he was seized with a fever, and it was evident that his death was approaching.

Surrounded by scheming, grasping, Nobles, seeking their own aims, and the ruin of their rivals; constantly harrassed

by Bonner, and the Roman Catholic party,—the poor young King's health sank before he had completed his sixteenth year. There were some *dark rumours* of *poison* being administered to the boy King; but of those dark, cruel times, little is now known. If the Duke of Northumberland was guilty of such an atrocity, a speedy retribution soon came upon him.

"He was taken from us,"—says an old chronicler,—"no doubt as a judgment for our sins,—whom, had it pleased the goodwill of the Lord to spare to us, this Realm of England had become such that, as it was said of Cæsar, 'he found the Empire of brick, and he left it of fine marble.'"

But the hour was come when the spirit of the gentle and pious boy was to be released from a World of strife; and, as the Royal youth lay with closed eyes,—not knowing that any heard him,—he breathed forth a sweet and simple petition,—"that his Father might now take him Home, if it was His will, and that He would be pleased to bless the Kingdom, and defend the English Realm from Papacy, and maintain the true religion"—and, in a few minutes after saying, "I am faint—Lord have mercy, and receive my Spirit,"—Edward the Sixth quietly and peacefully passed away.

It might be said, with truth, in the words of the old Chronicler, "He pleased God, and was beloved of Him, so that from living amongst sinners, the Lord hastened to take him from amongst the wicked!"

Every youth who reads this account should remember, however poor and obscure his position may appear to himself, that the same grace which God bestowed upon this pious youth is to be obtained equally by him;—our Creator, (unlike ourselves) being *no respecter of persons*. His love to a peasant's son, who remembers and honours his God, is the same as it is to the Prince. The Lord of Heaven and Earth, when in this World, worked as a youth in a Carpenter's shop;—washed the feet of the poor fishermen, His disciples; and spent most of his short life amongst the Poor. How can the Creator, and only *real* Possessor, of *all things*, make any distinction between a poor boy and a Prince, when He knows that all the wealth—in which so many pride themselves, is His alone?

"The world is *Mine*, and the fulness thereof, and the cattle upon a thousand hills!"

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

How different to Edward's death was that of the Tyrant, *William the Conqueror*,—who, upon one occasion, merely to secure a convenient hunting ground for himself, laid waste an entire district in Hampshire, (the New Forest) driving the wretched people out of their houses, and seizing the lands upon which they depended for their subsistence!

It was, doubtless, in God's judgment upon this sin, that his son, William Rufus, was afterwards slain in this Forest.

William the Conqueror, on his death bed, became *exceedingly alarmed*; and entreated *the clergy to intercede* for him; exclaiming—“Being laden with very many, and most grievous sins, oh! Christ! I tremble! And being now shortly to be taken into the terrible examination of God, I know not what to do! I have been brought up in feats of arms even from my childhood, and I am greatly polluted by shedding of much blood! I can by no means number the evils which I have done for the 64 years wherein I have lived in this troublous world, for all which, I fear I shall be now constrained to render an account before a Just Judge.”

The Lion's Den.



Her Husband bringing in Supplies.



“ Well, then, you shall have your reward ! ”—roared the inhuman tyrant.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BOY MARTYR.

ILLUSTRATED BY A FLOGGING AT SEA.

“ What can Jesus Christ,—they talk so much of,—do for you *now* ? ”

AS probably the reader has never witnessed a flogging,—before he can appreciate the story of the Young Martyr in the West Indies,—the following description by the late Captain Hannay, of the Royal Navy, of

an ordinary "couple of dozen," administered with the "cat," may serve to illustrate a mode of punishment once very common both in the Army and Navy.

We must imagine Singleton Fontenoy, a young Midshipman, witnessing "punishment," for the first time. "Seven bells" striking, all hands were tumbled up to witness punishment. The ship's company were gathered together in the gangways;—the officers, with swords on, were on the Quarter deck. A grating was lashed to the bulwarks. Near this stood the Master-at-Arms, with a cup of water for the victim, and two burly Boatswain's Mates were in attendance, with canvas bags, containing the two implements of punishment, called the "cat o' nine-tails."

Take away God's blue sky, and the free blue sea around, and you might have felt yourself in the Inquisition of the Catholics in their palmiest days!

"All ready, sir!"—reported the Master-at-Arms, touching his hat to First-Lieutenant Modell. The First-Lieutenant, looking very gloomy and pensive, moved aft to the Captain's cabin; the Marines on duty fixed bayonets, and out came Captain Pannikin, with cocked hat and sword on, moving, in awkward pomp, to the scene. Captain Pannikin was, in his way, a kind and well-meaning man; but he had no talent for governing the ship without flogging. He did not *like* it, but he found it established as a System, and availed himself of it.

The prisoner was a fine young sailor—Williams—a fore-castle-man—one of those stolid, thoroughly valuable,—but, at the same time untameable sailors, who will do any work—care for no danger—but can with difficulty be subjected to any discipline. Men who are constantly exposing themselves to be flogged, but whom it is no use flogging. On this occasion he had been drunk, and when a similar temptation came in his way he would get drunk again.

Love for a Captain like Nelson might have kept him dutiful; flogging he despised.

Captain Pannikin looked very red and uncomfortable; he felt it necessary to make some sort of speech. He never could say six words well in his life. It was pitiable to hear the attempt; he stuttered, turned red, and grew confused. "Sorry to have to do it—necessity—your third offence—drunk—*strip!*" The last word alone saved Captain Pannikin's poor, paltry, address from seeming contemptible. Strip!

The young man stripped as coolly as a man going to bathe! His bust was a model for a Hercules! He was secured to the grating in the usual way. The Senior Midshipman handed Captain Pannikin the warrant, and the Articles of War; the Captain having read them, motioned to the first Boatswain's Mate, saying "four-and-twenty." The latter stepped forward, and drew from the canvas bag his "cat;"—he was really proud of it; and had fancifully covered the handle with green baize;—the tails were brilliantly white! Poor Singleton, the young Midshipman, grew very pale; the young sailor in question had once been got out of a scrape through him, and had given the boy a silk handkerchief brought from India, which, from its gorgeous appearance, when placed round Singleton's waist, had excited the envy of the Midshipmen's Mess. The boy had not expected to see this sort of thing when he went to Sea; he fumbled nervously with his Midshipman's dirk, and drew his breath as if the blow was about to fall on himself!

There was a moment's silence, only disturbed by the low sound of the ship's wheel, turned by the helmsman.

The Boatswain's Mate took a step forward;—planted himself firmly; and moistened the palm of his hand. A whistle! Down came the lash!—"One!" cried the Master-at-Arms. On the young man's white flesh appeared a row of crimson lines.

Singleton gasped, but the sailor, who received the blow, betrayed no more emotion than if he had been made of granite! "Two! three! four!" were called, up to "One dozen, sir." It had become first flushed, then bloody, but the young man uttered no word,—gave no symptom of feeling; in fact the man was rather losing his temper at the tardiness of the punishment; and stoicism began to give way to anger. "Come! go on! go on!" he called out,—Oh! you're a *poor* old fool; your wife told me you was!" "Who are you speaking to?" cried Captain Pannikin, getting very red in the face. "Any one who likes to take it up!" said the young man.

There was an uneasy movement amongst the officers, and Captain Pannikin said no more. It is always difficult to know how to deal with words spoken by a man undergoing punishment; it is not usual to notice them.

The Second Boatswain's Mate had now brought out the fresh "cat," for the tails of the first had become clotted with blood. The new "cat" was adorned with red baize; a suggestive contrast to the first! The Sailor seemed on

the point of roaring out some fresh insolence, when there was a sudden confusion among the officers,—a rush, a crowd, and long whispers! “What’s the matter?” said the Captain, turning round eagerly. “One of the Midshipmen,—young Mr. Fontenoy,—has fainted sir,” said the First-Lieutenant. On hearing the name, the young sailor under punishment, gave a sharp, sudden, look round, and became suddenly silent! He received the last few strokes quietly, and even respectfully. Why? Because someone, it seemed, cared for him;—felt for him; it created a sudden revulsion of feeling; he went off to air his wounded back in the sick ward; and Singleton was carried down to the First-Lieutenant’s own cabin.

Singleton never had occasion to regret the incident, for though some of the “Mids” made some good-natured fun of “Fon, showing the white feather,” it made Singleton very popular amongst the men; they talked it over afterwards. “You see, sir,”—they would say—“The young gentleman was brave enough, when we had that sharp brush with the Pirates in the boats, but you see he could not bear to see one of us flogged!” And when Fontenoy went ashore in charge of a ship’s boat—Williams, the forecastle man, always managed to be one of the crew; and what he could do to serve and please the bright-eyed young Middy, that Williams never failed to do!

THE BOY MARTYR.

Having given an illustration of an ordinary flogging of a “couple of dozen,” with the “cat,” the reader will be able to appreciate better the following account of the young Martyr, in the West Indies.

Although, through God’s providence, slavery has received its death-blow in the United States—after, however, one of the most desperate struggles history can furnish—it is still carried on openly in some of the West Indian Islands, and in parts of Africa. Our English Consul at Mozambique—Mr. Mc’Leod, speaks of a slave nearly beaten to death by order of his cruel mistress, merely because the young man had refused to flog his own mother. And when a Portuguese lady had a slave boy of 16 actually *beaten to death*, the jury merely returned a verdict of cruelty; but, as Mr. Mc’Leod says—“Nothing more was done.”

A sad illustration of the power a Slave owner possesses,

and how they sometimes exercise it, will be found in the following anecdote.

A Slave boy, about 17 years old, went to hear the preaching of a noted missionary amongst the slaves, and became a convert to the Christian religion. His master—a brutal, godless man—had the greatest dislike to religion, or to any of his slaves attending these meetings. He would say indignantly, that it *actually* put notions of *freedom* into the slaves' heads,—made them *discontented*;—in a word, he swore that if he caught one of them going to a “Camp Meeting,” as these Religious gatherings are called in America, he “would have him *well flogged*; and those who knew the man's desperate character, knew that he was *the man to keep his word!* The poor boy knew it too, but he could not keep away! The hopes that had dawned upon him from what he had heard the good Missionary say, had opened to him a new life! It was not *always* to be toils, and blows, and slavery! He heard of *another world*, where sorrow and sin would be no more, of an Almighty God, of a loving Saviour, who cared for him! He must hear more, and accordingly attended another meeting. His brutal master heard of it, and on his return he was summoned into his presence! He was an intelligent boy, but, unhappily for him, intelligence in a slave was the very last thing an owner like his master cared for; a strong, healthy, stupid, field hand, who could work well in the cotton fields, was what *he* wanted in a slave. The boy was, besides a weakly one, never likely to prove of much value on the Estate, so the wicked man resolved to make an example of him, to keep the other hands on the Estate from ever attending a Camp Meeting again: the example, the wretch thought, would be well worth the dollars the boy was worth. He therefore ordered him to receive fifty lashes;—a dreadful punishment for a mere boy, as those can testify who have seen the effect of two dozen on a man, however strong he may be.

Then, in a tone of blasphemous ridicule—(secretly hoping to get some excuse for continuing the punishment)—he exclaimed, “So much for attending Camp Meeting! I should like to know what Jesus Christ—they talk so much of—can do for you now?” “He enables me to bear it patiently!” said the poor boy “Oh! He *does*, does He?”—roared the wretch, “Then perhaps He will enable you to bear a little *more!* I suppose you'll be for going again! You shall not set an example to *my* slaves for nothing! Give

him fifty more!" He was obeyed. "Well! Let's hear what Christ can do for you now," said the monster—(after they were finished, and the blood ran down the young slave's back like water)—"He doesn't seem to do *much* for you!" "He enables me to look forward to a future reward!"—gasped the sufferer. "Oh! does He? *Well, then!* you shall have your reward!" roared the inhuman tyrant, in a paroxysm of rage,—“Give him a hundred *more!*” And as he listened with savage delight to the groans of his dying victim, he once more demanded “What can Jesus Christ do for you *now?*” There was a long pause; the boy was evidently trying to say something: at last the youthful martyr managed to say, with a last effort,—“He bids me *pray* for you, Master!” and a few minutes after breathed his last.

Who that has any faith in the life to come, or has any belief in the existence of a now merciful, but one day inexorable, and unchangeable, *Lord God*,—would not far rather be this poor boy, expiring in agony, than be the wretched man who caused his death? The boy's sufferings were but for an hour; but when a brutal sinner has swaggered, and sworn his last in this World, and Eternity—that awful word which God alone can understand—approaches, and the man has to go out *alone* to meet his God—what imagination can conceive the result that must follow? “If the righteous”—(covered by Christ's garment of righteousness—sheltered by His atonement—forgiven for Christ's sake)—“If the *righteous* scarcely be saved, *where* shall the *sinner* and the *ungodly* appear?”

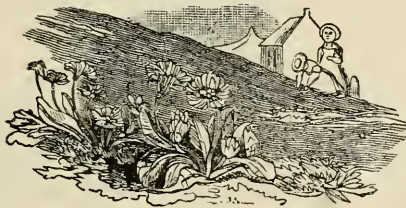
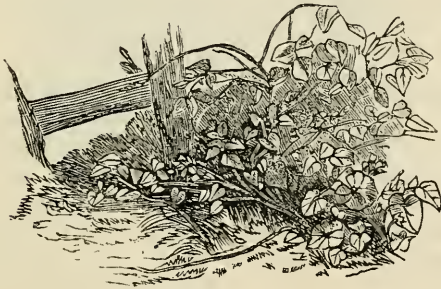
In that *other* phase of God's character, God tells us plainly that “He is not a *man* that He will repent!” Endless ages will pass—worlds like ours may come out of chaos, and then pass away in endless time and endless space, but *Eternity* will not even have begun!

One of the Roman Emperors—noted for having invented the most exquisite tortures for the early Christians—shortly before his death was heard by the attendants of the Palace,—*getting up in the silence of the night*. They heard the Emperor striding about from room to room, saying, in a fearful voice—“Why, it was not *I* that did it!—Why, it was not *I* that did it!”

What was this but the miserable, shuffling, excuse of a guilty sinner—that “certain looking forward to a fiery indignation,” which the great Apostle speaks of, who knew something of “the terror of the Lord”—for Paul was

himself a persecutor. So that when you listen to the bluster and the swagger of a godless man, remember that you hear him now while God's anger slumbers, while God supports him in health and being; but after a Saviour's love has been rejected, and a long life has been spent in opposition to Him, and to His cause, there appears to be *another phase* in God's character, which the Bible merely hints at—"Fear Him"—a loving Saviour three times warns us, "who hath power to cast into Hell." "I will *laugh* when their *fear* cometh." Now, He is an indulgent, long-suffering, Heavenly Father, but He is not a Being who can be mocked! Let us then remember the words with which the Great Apostle concludes his last letter to the early Christians—"Let us serve God with reverence and Godly fear, for our God is a consuming fire!"

"Vengeance is Mine : I will repay ! saith the Lord !"





CHAPTER XXV.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, AND HIS PAGE.

“Honour thy Father, and thy Mother.”

FREDERICK, King of Prussia, one day rang his bell for his Page in waiting, and, nobody answering, he opened his door and found his Page asleep in a chair. It was late at night, the King had been writing despatches, and the boy, overcome with fatigue, had fallen asleep. Knowing he had good reason to be sleepy, instead of being angry, the King was going to awake him gently, when he saw a letter on the ground, which the boy had let fall. The King took it up, to see what it was, and found that it was a letter from the good youth's Mother, in which she thanked him for having sent her so much of his wages, to relieve her poverty, since his father died, and finished by telling him, that “God would surely reward him for his dutiful affection.”

The King, after reading it went softly back to his chamber—took a bag full of ducats, and slipped it into the boy's pocket. Returning to his chamber he rang the bell, this time so loudly, that it awakened the Page, who instantly made his appearance. “You have had a sound sleep!” said the King. The Page confessed that he had,

but begged the King to excuse him this once, as he had been up very early that morning. Putting his hand,—in his confusion—accidentally into his pocket, the boy, to his astonishment, felt the heavy purse of ducats! The boy took it out, and turned very pale. “What’s the matter now!” said the King, “and where did you get that purse from? Why it looks like one of mine!”

The poor boy burst into tears, saying “Oh Sire! some one seeks to ruin me, I never took the purse! and the boy threw himself at the King’s feet. “My boy!” replied the King, “God often does great things for us even whilst we are sleeping! Send that to your poor Mother, salute her on my part, and assure her, that while you continue the good youth you have hitherto been, I shall take good care both of her and you.”



Summer time.



Transformation.—Scene in the life of a Gnat.

TWO BROTHERS:—A CONTRAST;
WHICH WILL YOU BE?



“Willie the Conqueror.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

WILLIE THE CONQUEROR,
OR

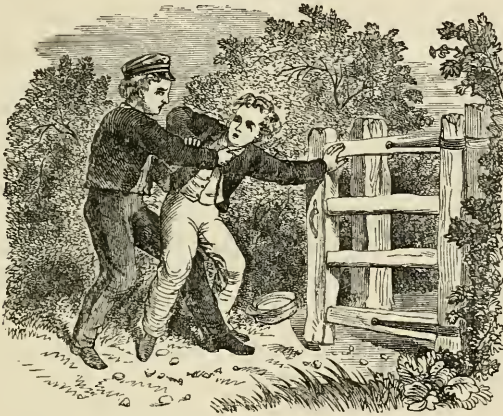
KITE FLYING WITH A KIND BROTHER HAROLD.
THE MURDER IN BLACKWOOD, BY ROGER.

HERE are two boys, Frank, and Willie. I have frequently been a guest in their father's house; and have often talked to them about revenge and forgiving injuries, for Willie was once under my care at the Sabbath School, and they had not been taught to consider it wrong to fight.

They are active boys, quick and clever at sport. Willie, the younger, is the more gentle and kindly; and Frank is generous, clever and intelligent, but like many more of this class, is proud and vindictive, and very easily provoked.

I was passing along the street one day, and saw the two boys at a little distance before me, coming out of their house; and, nodding to each other, I saw them run towards a gate leading to a field by the house, trying which could reach it the soonest. Willie came first to the gate, and in pure fun and frolic, he shut the gate and placed himself against it to stop Frank opening it. Frank laughed, and tried to force it open; they were both merry, and in play,

and joked and laughed about it. Soon however, Frank began to get excited and angry, and being older and stronger he succeeded in half-opening the gate, but in doing so he hurt his hand against a nail, and the gate flying back he stumbled and fell! Willie saw now that his brother was angry, and gave up the struggle. But Frank was in a passion; his proud and vindictive nature could not bear that his brother should appear to have got the victory, and only wished to give up in consideration of his hasty temper; besides he was angry at his fall! The minute the gate was opened he flew at Willie, and being older and stronger, after a short struggle they fell—Frank on the top, and Willie on his back, in the mud and stones, while his brother held down both his arms, and pounded violently on his chest with his knees!



As I hurried up, Frank rose, but poor Willie was so bruised and stunned, that he could not rise without my aid; and had to support himself with one arm round Frank's neck; his lip was badly cut, but he did not show any signs of resentment.

"Why Willie," said I, "I thought you two loved each other!"

"I love Frank!" said Willie, as he stood panting with his arm round Frank.

"Does Frank love you?" said I.

"Well! Frank gives me his good things!" said Willie.

"But did he not, just now, strike and beat you?" said I.

"Yes," said Willie, looking at his brother, "but then he was angry with me!"

Frank looked wretched and sullen. "Willie vexed me!" he said.

"Did he do so on purpose?" said I.

Frank was too noble to tell a lie, and was silent. Willie seemed to share his brother's shame, and to be grieved at it, and said, "I am sorry I held the gate, Frank; I did not mean to vex you; I only held the gate in fun."

Frank had hardly got over his resentment; it was a hard struggle with his pride to feel himself in the wrong. If Willie had struck him again he would not have felt ashamed; he would have been pleased to have proved the stronger. But he felt pained because Willie had not attempted to strike him in return, though he had evidently been much hurt. Frank's resentment was gone, and love to his brother returned to his heart; he could not bear the thought of having hurt him who was always so gentle towards himself! For these brothers loved each other very much! Willie loves Frank, and thinks that whatever Frank says and does, is right; and when anything happens to Willie, Frank feels it as much as he does, and always goes to share his punishment, and comfort him.

Willie saw that his brother was ashamed and sorry, and wished to hide his disgrace, for he tried to smile—though it was enough to touch any one to see him try to smile with his cut lip,—and said with sweet and generous affection, "Don't mind, Frank; I know you love me, and you did not hurt me much!"

Frank was a very proud boy! He would have laughed to scorn the idea of being made to shed a tear under any punishment, but he was wholly unprepared for such a kind return for his blows. No man can stand it, much less a boy like Frank. I wished I had not been by, for he looked uneasily at me, but it was more than he could bear, and he sobbed on his brother's neck, as if his *heart would break!* I saw I was in the way, indeed I was glad to go! I knew Frank had been taught a lesson deeper than any words could ever give! I knew he would now take every care of his Willie. It was no small thing that had softened that proud and passionate nature. Who can deny that Willie had not proved the "conqueror."

What an example of the power of that patient forgiveness, and generous love, our Saviour taught from the Mount! That law of forgiveness He taught, which all find it so *hard* to learn—some even say *impossible*.

No doubt, "with man it is impossible,"—unless assisted

by Him to Whom "all things are possible," for it was not merely by natural sweetness and gentleness that Willie gained this victory. His father,—who, although he had never thought much about the subject, nor taught his sons the duty of forgiveness, and returning good for evil, was an earnest Christian man,—had told me he had great hopes of Willie, for he seemed to show the same pleasure and heartiness in the duties of the Sabbath, and the Sunday-school and was as earnest in family prayer, as he was in his sports and pursuits. Who can doubt that he obtained that moral courage and strength from a higher source, than mere natural sweetness of disposition ?

The good, excellent, Henry Martyn, in his youth, often gave way to a most violent temper : on one occasion, he threw a knife, at a friend at College, in a fit of passion ; it narrowly missed his forehead. "Henry !" exclaimed his friend, "if you do not conquer that temper you will commit murder some day !" He *did* conquer it ; and where can there be a more striking example than in his after life ; the self-denying, meek, but noble Missionary, wearing out his life among the heathen Hindoos, and the cavilling, bigoted priests of India ?

When boys are, however, never taught to bear injury ; when they learn, from early years, to "stand up for their rights," never to submit to insult or injury, without showing a "proper, and manly, resentment,"—"manly resentment" becomes the habit of a life. They become quick to resent an injury, and are selfish, unforgiving, and revengeful ! "From their earliest days,"—I remarked to a gentleman who took great interest in all literary and religious progress, and in Public Institutions, and Education,—"our boys learn to avenge themselves, to recompense evil for evil, and to hate their enemies, rather than to love and forgive them !"

"Well," said he, "we are pretty much apt to do the same thing,—how teach them differently ?"

"I would teach them," said I, "to return good for evil ; to try to love, forgive, and even to pray for those who dislike and injure them !"

"But would you not," said he, "in doing so, teach boys to submit too tamely and meanly to insult and injuries from any worthless fellow who might take advantage of them ?"

"It must ever need two to make a quarrel," I replied : "no one would stand by to see another injured, who was known never to return evil for evil ; they would be exposed,

as a rule, to no danger on that ground ; and I have not seen that such are at all less firm and courageous in danger ; they are generally the most brave and determined. To say one does not approve of fighting, in order to escape pain, is indeed cowardly ; but to resolve to return good for evil, to overcome evil by good, because we hope in doing so to please God, Who commands it, is the highest moral courage. I would have all boys early imbued with this generous spirit of Christian love and forgiveness, rather than with the mean, treacherous spirit of vindictiveness and revenge ; the spirit which leads men to kill their enemies is the very depth of meanness, selfishness, and savagery."

"Still, war is needful," said he ; "and the Soldier's profession is an honourable and glorious calling."

"To *kill* your fellow men an honourable calling?" I exclaimed ; "to make widows and orphans, by destroying their only support ; to deprive thousands of parents of their joy and pride—he who was to have soothed their passage, that rugged, downward, path to the grave—to fill the world with sorrow, and groans, and imprecations, for at best a few shillings a day—seems to me not a *very* honourable, nor a *very* glorious calling!"

"But what sort of Citizens would they make if they would not fight?" said he.

"They would be generous boys and men, daring to receive an injury without returning it ; what would you have them to be?"

He was silent,—after some time he said, "I do not know how we should do without Soldiers, but as a Christian man you are probably right. I have a son," he continued, "a dear, good lad he is. The other day, however, he came home from school, with his face bruised and bleeding from a blow. 'Who did that?' I asked. 'One of the boys, sir!' 'Did you thrash him?' 'No, sir ; I could have beaten him!' 'Did you try?' 'No,' said he ; 'I thought it was wrong to return evil. I did not strike him again, as we had been friends. I did not care for the blow, only the other boys thought I should have returned it!'"

"That was a noble answer," said I.

"Do you think so?" said the gentleman. "*Well, I am sorry I said it*, for my boy is a fine fellow, and I knew it hurt him more than all, to think I took him for a coward, but I did not like my son to be thought so at school, so I said, 'I should not have thought, Harry, you were the lad

to let any one strike you like that, without making him repent it; if you do so you will be taken for a coward.' He seemed so sad, that I remember adding, 'Mind, I know you are not one, but others would not understand it.' *I may have been wrong*, but I could not bear his being laughed at as cowardly; besides, we must have some spirit to go through this world with; your plan is too tame and submissive for me,"—but I saw he was sorry for *the lesson* he had *taught* his boy.

"We must have spirit, it is true," I said, "but I would it were the spirit of the true Christian! Tame and submissive! Was our Saviour tame and cowardly when He took upon Him our sins, and died under their load? Would He, who was all that was noble and brave, have warned us to do anything that was otherwise? I think your boy's answer was a noble one; it showed a generous, daring disposition, and, let me add, one which Christ loves to see! The boy could not have known why he would not fight, else he would not have injured him! The words of Him who "spake as never man spake," are—"For if you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses."

We parted, and my friend, I think, felt the truth of what had been said.

Thus, boys are even censured for obeying the dictates of God's Holy Spirit, Who strives to lead us to forgive our enemies! It was probably enough for Harry to do, to restrain his *own* desire to retaliate, but too much to think that even *his Father* thought him in the wrong!

How much more generous was his conduct, and Willie's, to those who are ever ready to resent an injury! How dear was Willie to Frank when his own evil passion had subsided! How many a time, when tempted to give way to angry feelings, would he picture Willie to himself, as he said to him, "Don't mind, Frank, I know you love me!" What is the pleasure felt when your enemy is beaten and injured, or killed, in comparison to that felt by one who has conquered him by love? Heaven bless such dear, noble fellows! and God will bless them, for He tells us,—*"Blessed are the peacemakers."*

One word more on temper: showing how ill-humour should be borne with; and returned, not with provoking, teasing words, but with kindly forbearance. [An extract from Mrs. Hall.]

KITE FLYING, WITH A KIND BROTHER
HAROLD.

“Here comes the breeze! There they go! Higher and higher! Steady, Harold, and don't let yours spoil sport! and don't run so *very* fast, old fellow. Your legs are a great deal longer than mine. Take care the lines don't cross! This *is* something like a rise,” continued Ernest, panting with exertion, flying his new brilliant kite, pausing for a moment to take breath, close by his elder and more orderly brother.

“They go on the wind steadily,” said Harold; “I wish Charlotte and Annie could see them, and Mamma; they would be pleased!”

“And Papa, too!” said Ernest, pausing beside his brother; for a lull in the wind permitted the kites to float instead of rushing along with the wind. “I do not think Annie and Charlotte care for kites,” said Ernest; “Girls are so stupid, they don't understand things like us.”

“Why no, not quite,” said Harold; and yet Annie helped to make my kite's tail, and it certainly does look very pretty; it's a very long tail, and balances well!”

“I made mine myself, and fastened it on myself. Lotty and Annie both asked me if they could help me, but I would not let them! It's longer than yours, Harold, and I think it's much handsomer!” replied Ernest, with a little self-conceit.

“But it *wobbles about* a good deal,” said Harold; and before Ernest had time to vindicate the dignity of his kite's tail, the breeze freshened, and both were up and off again! Never was there a better neighbourhood for kite flying, or cricket, or ball playing, or pony riding, than the Chase where the brothers resided with their Parents! Once the wind tossed off Harold's cap, and his dark hair waved in the air; but he had a strap to it, so it only dangled at his back. Then it made an attempt upon Ernest's. He had not taken the precaution to strap it on, and off it went, to the astonishment of a black ram and a score of ewes and lambs—a family-party browsing on a green spot. They scampered off; but the cap followed them, and the sheep dog set off to see what was the matter, and to capture it: he seldom barked, but he snarled a good deal, and sometimes bit; he was a stern, taciturn Dog, but faithful to his trust; the lambs looked upon him as a deputy Parent!

Ernest was sadly preplexed by anxiety to regain his cap

and desire to follow the fortunes of his kite, which, mounting higher than his brother's, became more unsteady than it had been before. It did not rest on the wind, and seemed uneasy in its exalted station.

"It's going to part company with its tail, I fear!" said Harold.

Ernest grew angry, and in broken accents accused Harold of envy, saying that from the first he was jealous of his tail!

Harold mastered an inclination to laugh at this; but in a very little time his prediction was verified, for away went the tail, twisting and twirling, as if in joy at being released!

The brilliant frame, being no longer able to keep its balance, after some awkward jerks and ungainly tumbles, came down edgeways, and at length stuck in a group of stunted oaks!

With a little patience, it might still have been preserved, the tail regained, and all set right; but Ernest, almost weeping with mortification, pulled at the string, and, in his impatience, shattered his beautiful kite! As it must ever happen when violent temper is given way to, ruin is sure to follow! It was evident that the kite, which had been the admiration of the household, was doomed to rise no more!

Harold, who had passed on with his kite, looked back occasionally, and saw the catastrophe.

He called to Ernest not to pull, and took in reef after reef of his own string, until with considerable difficulty—for the wind was high—he brought the kite to the ground, and came, with his usual good-nature, to the aid of his brother. "Dear Ernest, how provoking!" he exclaimed; for he knew the disappointment must be a great one.

"No; not at all provoking to you," answered Ernest, angrily. "Not at all provoking to you! Laugh on; don't be a hypocrite!"

"Ernest!" exclaimed Harold, in a reproachful tone.

"Why, you *are* glad! You made ugly remarks on its tail, and said it 'wobbled.' You are always speaking to me about being independent, and yet you let Annie help in making your tail, and laugh at mine for not having proved so good."

"Ernest, you do not give yourself time to think—to understand," expostulated his elder brother, kindly and patiently; for he remembered his brother's disappointment, and that tempers are not, like iron, to be struck when hot. "Papa says we should not refuse all assistance, but yet learn to do without it when we can help ourselves. I am sorry I

smiled at all ;” and his kindly eye sought to make amends.

“ Oh, it’s all very fine,” said Ernest, sulkily ; “ please let the string of my kite alone. I can get it down myself.”

“ You had better go and look after your cap,” said Harold, “ and let me manage this for you ;” and he gently took the string from his brother.

Ernest put his hand to his head, for he had forgotten his cap ; shading his eyes with his hand, he looked back, and saw the sheep dog stretched at full length, apparently scrutinizing the cap more closely than its young owner liked ; and it was not until it had been sadly torn that he regained possession of it. Ernest walked slowly homewards, carrying the tattered remnants of his cap and kite. Harold vainly tried to make friends with him, and to console him with the thought of how they would make him a kite to surpass all he had seen yet. But Ernest was sulky ; and what a disagreeable companion had the poor boy to commune with, instead of his cheerful, generous, affectionate brother ! The day was lovely, and the birds were singing in the sunshine ; but Ernest walked along silently. Every now and then Harold glanced at Ernest, feeling none the worse, none the less brave, because of the forbearance he had exercised towards his young brother—for there was some years’ difference in age between them. At last a good-natured sunbeam showed a tear standing on Ernest’s cheek.

Harold hailed it as a good omen, and drew a little—*leetle*—bit closer to Ernest, who wiped it away hastily ; but there came another larger and more bright. “ He’ll soon come round,” thought Harold ; “ poor fellow, he should learn to overcome vexation, for he can enjoy nothing while giving way to his tempers.”

Ernest sidled a little more towards Harold—Harold came closer ; they had a long way to return, and without speaking, Harold relieved his brother of the kite. When they got on the smooth downs again, Ernest stole his soft hand into his brother’s.

Harold pressed it kindly.

“ You are a good fellow, Harold !” said Ernest, “ and we are not ‘ out ’ now.”

Harold answered him with a bright smile, and so warm a squeeze that Ernest trembled, and held up his face for a kiss, which Harold was not too old to give, nor Ernest to receive, in token of reconciliation.

“ Mamma will be vexed about the cap,” said Ernest ; “ it was the one uncle bought me with the tassel.”

"Oh, tell her the truth about it at once," said Harold.

"Well, that is the best way. Will you tell her, Harold? and you are not at all out with me now—are you?"

"Not I, Ernest! Only do not be sulky, there's a dear boy; we ought not to quarrel."

"You never quarrel with me," said Ernest sadly, "but I have forfeited the new watch papa promised me. Do you think he will bring it?"

"He never breaks his word, you know," said Harold.

"Well," said Ernest, "I must in honour tell of losing my temper, and it will hinder my having it three months longer. Harold, I *wish* I could keep from getting angry three months longer. Would you tell of my temper?"

"Papa would not ask me; but, whether I did or not does not signify: *you would*," replied the truthful Harold, confirming his brother in the right. "But at all events, you gained the new bat, Ernest, and when one victory is gained, there is every hope of another."

Oh! that boys would exercise this kindly forbearance towards their brothers and friends, instead of vexing, exasperating, teasing words; how many a poor lad, with a naturally quick temper, requiring the gentle care of such a brother as Harold, has been confirmed in ill-temper for life by the conduct he has experienced from his companions when a boy?

THE MURDER IN BLACKWOOD, BY ROGER.

As a contrast showing what *sullen hatred* and *evil temper* lead to when encouraged, let us take an anecdote of that gentle, pleasing writer, Mrs. Sherwood.

A father takes the opportunity of a quarrel to teach his children, while young, to dread the effects of giving way to anger.

"I will take the children this evening to Blackwood, and show them something there which I think they will remember all their lives. I hope they will take warning from it, that they may love each other."

"If you go to Blackwood," said Mrs. Fairchild, "I cannot go with you, my dear, though I approve of you taking the children."

"What is there at Blackwood, papa?" asked the children.

"*Something very shocking*," said Mr. Fairchild. "There is one there," said Mr. Fairchild, looking very grave, "who hated his brother."

When they were ready, Mr. Fairchild set out. They

went down the lane nearly as far as the village, and then, turning off, crossed a very long field, and through a shady lane, they came in front of a very thick wood.

"This is Blackwood," said Mr. Fairchild, getting over a stile; "the pathway is almost grown up, for no one cares to come here now."

"What is there here?" asked the children; "we are afraid it is something very shocking."

"There is nothing here that can hurt you, my dears," said Mr. Fairchild. "I am with you, and you do not suppose I would lead my children into danger?"

"No papa," said the children, "only Mamma has always said there was something very dreadful in this wood." The children drew behind Mr. Fairchild, and walked close together.

The wood was very thick and dark, and they walked on for half-a-mile, going down hill all the way. At last they saw from a light through the trees that they were come nearly to the end of the wood. As they went further on they saw an old garden wall, one part of which being broken down, they could see, beyond, a large brick house, which, from the fashion of it, seemed as if it might have stood there for many years, but had been let fall to ruin.

The garden was covered with grass and weeds; the fruit trees ran wild; and it could hardly be seen now where the walks had been. One of the chimneys had fallen down, breaking through the house in one or two places; and the glass windows were broken. Near the place where the garden wall had fallen, just between the garden wall and the wood, stood a gibbet, on which a body hung in chains; the skeleton had not yet fallen to pieces, though it had hung there for some years.

It had on a blue coat, a silk handkerchief round the neck, with shoes and stockings, and every other part of the dress complete; but the face was so shocking that you could not look at it!

[When Mrs. Sherwood wrote her book, this plan of hanging a murderer in chains on a gibbet had not been abandoned. In the memory of many living, these dreadful exhibitions were to be seen.]

"That is a gibbet," said Mr. Fairchild, "and the man who hangs upon it is a murderer—one who first hated, and afterwards killed his brother! When people are found guilty of murder, they are hanged upon a gallows, and taken down as soon as they are dead, and buried; but

in some particularly wicked cases, when a man has committed a murder, he is hanged, and then hung in chains from a gibbet, till his body falls to pieces, that all who pass by may take warning by the example."

As late as 1830 this spectacle might be seen, in the case of pirates, on the banks of the Thames, and in most parts of the country they were still to be traced—sometimes standing for twenty years or more after the deed had been committed.

Whilst Mr. Fairchild was speaking, the evening breeze shook the body upon the gibbet, rattling the chains by which it hung. "Let us go away!" said the children. "In a minute or two," said Mr. Fairchild; "but let me tell you the history of that wretched man before we go from this place."

So saying, he sat down on the stump of an old tree, and the children gathered round him.

"When I first came into this part of the country, before any of you my children, were born," said Mr. Fairchild, "there lived in that old house which you see before us, a widow lady, who had two sons. The place, though old-fashioned, was neat and flourishing, the garden being full of fine old fruit trees, and the flower beds in beautiful order. The old lady was hospitable, kept an excellent table, and was always glad to see any of her neighbours who called upon her. Your mamma and I used sometimes to go and see her, and should probably have gone oftener, for we did not like to seem unneighbourly, only we could not bear to see the manner in which she brought up her sons, nor to witness the constant quarrels of the boys. She never sent them to school, lest the master should correct them, but hired a person to teach them at home; this man, however, was forbidden to punish them, and only tried to keep himself in favour with the foolish, indulgent mother. They were allowed to be with the servants in the stable and kitchen. Rivalry between them, on every occasion, the servants were accustomed to, and used to apply it to their own purposes. But the servants were ordered, by the unwise mother, not to deny them anything; so that they could call the servants names, swear at them, and even strike them; and the servants did not dare to answer them, lest they should lose a good and liberal place. The consequence was, that no really good servants would stay to be abused by such wicked, self-willed children. They were constantly quarrelling! As they grew older,

James, the elder, despised Roger, because he, as the elder, was to have the house and land; and Roger, who was the stronger, in his turn despised and hated his brother James. As they grew up, they became more and more wicked, proud, and stubborn, sullen and undutiful. Their mother still loved them, in her way, so foolishly, that she did not see their faults; hoped they would improve, and would not suffer them to be checked, and they had early learnt to despise her. At length, when they became young men, their quarrels and hatred of each other rose to such a height, that they often would not speak to one another for days together; and sometimes they would have dreadful quarrels, and almost come to blows before their mother's face. One evening, in Autumn, after one of these quarrels, James, it is supposed, met Roger returning from shooting, just in the place where the gibbet now stands; they were alone, and it must have been nearly dark. Nobody knows what words passed between them, for the murderer never told; but the wicked Roger stabbed his brother with a case knife, and hid the body in a ditch in the garden, full of stagnant water and weeds. A year or more passed before it was discovered, and it was traced by the knife, with Roger's name on it, being found. He had gone to live for a time at a distance; but the servants remembered, when his brother was missing, and supposed to have gone off to sea, or left the country, that Roger used to be frequently looking about for something near where we stand, and these things came up when the body was accidentally found. Roger was condemned, and hanged upon that gibbet; and the poor old lady, thus deprived of both her sons, became deranged, and is shut up still in a place where such people are confined. The property is hers, and since that time the place has been left to decay: no one likes even to come round this way!"

"O, what a shocking story!" said the children; "and that man who hangs there is Roger, who murdered his brother? Pray, let us go, papa."

"Willingly, my dears," said Mr. Fairchild; "but I thought it well you should see for yourselves the end of anger, envy, and hatred. I wish to point out to you that when you quarrel, as you did this morning, you may not like these two brothers, think that death, and even hell, may be the end of such quarrels!"

"Our hearts, by nature, my dear children," continued Mr. Fairchild, "are full of hatred. People who have not yet

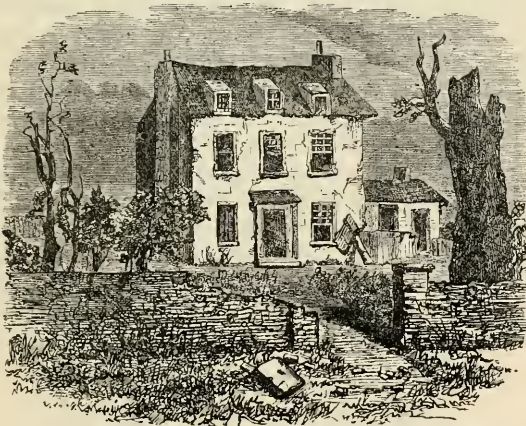
received new hearts, from God's Holy Spirit changing their natural dispositions, do not really love anybody but themselves: they naturally hate those who have offended them, and also those whom they think in any way better off than themselves. By nature I should hate Sir Charles Noble, because he is a richer man than myself; and you might hate his children, because they have more things than you. And could we take our natural hearts into Heaven, we should hate every Angel above ourselves; and even the glory of the Almighty God would be hateful to us! But when, through faith in the Saviour, we receive a new heart and nature, our hatred and selfishness towards God and our fellow-creatures is turned into kindness and love; we are then able to "love our enemies, bless them that curse us, do good to them that hate us, and pray for them that despitefully use us."

"Papa," said the children, "shall we kneel down in this place, and pray for new hearts?"

"Willingly, my dear ones!" said Mr. Fairchild.

So he knelt down on the grass, and his children round him; and they afterwards all went home.

It was a *very different* scene to what had once happened by that deserted wall! And the breeze of the summer evening still shook the chains of the murderer, as the place was left, once more, to *solitude* and to *decay*!



Do you, my dear young reader, feel still inclined to think that what I have said on forgiveness is too tame, too submissive for you? Only try the experiment; make constant efforts to subdue that temper—so proud, so irritable; learn

to forgive, like Willie. You may not meet with entire success. There are natures less noble than such as Frank's, but I would ask you to do your part towards your brother or acquaintance. Only do so, and you will find in them something more kindly, more loving, more noble than you have supposed possible.

There is a coldness, a distance, and pride, too often felt by English boys, which, if not striven against, will shut you out from much happiness. There is something shy and reserved in the English character, which foreigners, accustomed to warmer social intercourse between relatives, remark with surprise. Yet, is there anything you can condemn as unmanly in a kindly, affectionate manner between brothers, such as Harold and Ernest? Pity those perpendicular, frigid, accurate people, who never betray an emotion, never express an affection! Dry as a diagram, cold as a stone, entirely passionless in manner, yet never wittingly holding a wrong principle or doing a wrong thing! It was not always thus with some of them! They were once full of gentle feeling, *but they stifled it*, and it was chilled through being too shy, or too proud, to give it expression! By this reserve they *inflicted upon themselves a fatal injury*,—they put their *own hearts to death*! Though this may not be your case, we have all need to guard against that false shame and that hateful pride which seal your lips against the expression of duty and affection towards your brothers and friends, which make you affect being more cold towards them than you are in reality, and sometimes, I fear, have tempted you to repulse by indifference those kind and loving friends, whom God, in His providence, has made to pass your path in youth.

If you keep your social affections secret, if you hide them under a cold reserve, they will wither and die, like flowers in the dark. Give them free, light-hearted speech; bring them out into the fresh air and sunshine, that they may send forth a sweetness acceptable and well-pleasing to God and to man; for you must ever remember that “He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love.”

“He prayeth best,—who loveth best,
All things, both great and small;
For the dear Lord who made us,
He made and loves them all.”—



CHAPTER XXVII.

WAR

“GLORY,”—AND “DUTY.”—NAPOLEON.—A YOUNG
CONSCRIPT.—THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.—
A BATTLE.—BADAJOZ, &c.

“The troops covered themselves with *“glory.”*—*Bulletin of the First Napoleon.*
“Our men of all ranks *did their duty.*”—*Duke of Wellington’s despatches.*
“England expects every man to *do his duty.*”—*Nelson’s Signal at Trafalgar.*

“Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then flew the steed to battle driven ;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery !

“Few, few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every clod beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier’s sepulchre !”
Campbell’s “Hohenlinden.”

“The bursting shell,—the gateway wrenched asunder,—
The rattling musketry,—The flashing blade !
While ever and anon in tones of thunder
Is heard the roaring of the cannonade !

“The tumult of each sacked and burning village,
The shout that every cry for mercy drowns,
The soldier’s revels in the midst of pillage,
The shrieks of famine in beleaguered towns.

“Down the dark future, through long generations,
The sounds of War grow fainter, and then cease,
And, like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear the voice of *Christ* once more say ‘*Peace !*’”
Longfellow’s “Arsenal at Springfield.”

“A Clergyman who seems to have been to the Gold Coast, writes to the *Times* to explain his “short and easy method” with the Ashantees. “Writing,” he says, “in the cause of humanity, I would venture to ask if our authorities are fully alive to the utility of a thoroughly efficient rocket corps on the Gold Coast? The tubes can be carried where artillery cannot penetrate, and ‘assegais of fire,’ well-delivered, must strike savages with panic.” It is a sweet idea for a minister of peace to suggest “in the cause of humanity,” the use of weapons “calculated to do their work with swiftness, and certainty.” But the reverend gentleman excels himself in the next sentence. “Any suggestion (he writes) tending towards Peace with the heathen, whom we would fain Christianize, or any effort calculated to hasten the return of our troops from such a climate, is worth consideration.” This is really a little too strong. We desire “Peace with the heathen?” We “fain would Christianize” them? Let us therefore begin by “organizing a thoroughly efficient rocket corps.” Really it would not be a bad notion to send out this member of the Church as a Missionary when the war is over. He might address the Ashantees in a manner which could not fail to produce a striking effect—“My dear brethren, the Heathen,—(we fancy him saying)—you remember that ‘thoroughly organized rocket corps,’ which killed so many of you,—and burnt your villages? Well, it was I who suggested it,—and, having sent you this message of Peace, I am now come in person to offer you another! I fain would Christianize you; let me complete the teaching I have begun.” The reply of the Ashantees, we suspect, would be *conclusive*: that Missionary (unless he were accompanied by a “thoroughly organized rocket corps”) would never come back to his comfortable parsonage in Kent. There would probably be *less* Missionary, but several fatter Ashantees!”—*See London Daily Paper, 1874.* [Public opinion is evidently advancing upon the subject of War.]

IN the preceding chapter I have endeavoured to present the subject of Peace, on the principles of Forgiveness and Forbearance, as fairly as I could, and having at the close of the volume, mentioned the name of Hedley Vicars, it is needful, to prevent misunderstanding, to say a few words upon War.

No true Englishman can fail to recognise the noble actions, and noble lives, of many of our English Soldiers, and Sailors,—both Officers and men. No one can deny that, at this moment, thousands of Boys are receiving an admirable training in our great Naval and Military Schools and Training Ships,—which will be useful to them all their lives, whatever Career they may ultimately choose to pursue. And it must be acknowledged to be a difficult task for an Englishman, to avoid feeling a glow of pride at the past History, and Triumphs, of our British Arms. Still, when we come to the actual horrors of War, and the Battle-field, every reasonable person is compelled to admit that War,—if it can be avoided,—is in itself a Curse; and the greatest curse that can well fall upon any Nation! No reasonable person can maintain that the Creator can look with pleasure and approval, upon thousands of the noblest creatures He has created,—engaged in destroying each

other. Those who have never seen a Battle-field, would do well to glance at the scenes taken by the photographer, on the Battle-fields, during the Civil War in America,—in one of which, a young soldier,—a mere boy,—is lying on a heap of corpses, and round his neck one may observe a locket,—probably of his Mother, or Sister,—whilst a shell has torn open his stomach,—presenting a fearful sight!

If such scenes—if the horrors of War,—can be avoided,—every reasonable person will acknowledge that to rush needlessly into War is the greatest crime that can be perpetrated against our Race!

There is, no doubt, a distinction to be made between a War of aggrandizement, and a War of defence. There is, no doubt, a vast difference between the two.

The Wars the First Napoleon conducted, were carried on avowedly for aggrandizement—pillage,—(for they robbed everything that could be taken to Paris,—pictures, statues, and treasures,)—and in the pursuit of “Glory!” Such a War, carried on with the avowed object of conquering, or else ruining, all Europe, must be regarded as a totally different thing to the heroic defence of our Indian Empire,—for instance,—during the mutiny of 1857.

It is a striking circumstance, that in all the bulletins Napoleon issued to the Nation, he never once used the word “Duty,”—it was always “Glory;”—“The troops covered themselves with Glory, &c.,”—and that in all the despatches of our great Duke of Wellington, he never uses the word “Glory,” but always the word “Duty;”—“Our men of all ranks, did their duty, &c.” And when the brave Nelson was calmly taking the British Fleet into action at Trafalgar, he was about to signal to the Fleet, “Nelson expects every man to do his duty!” “Would it not be better to say “*England* expects?” observed one of his officers,—(Collingwood). “Certainly!”—replied Nelson,—“*that* shall be the signal!” And, in another moment, to every ship passed that watchword, which struck a chord in every Englishman’s heart,—and does so still,—“England expects every man to do his duty!” These two words, “Glory,” and “Duty,” seem to exhibit the distinction above alluded to, as to the intention and object a war has in view.

After fifty years, what has “Glory” done for France? Who can doubt that the dreadful War she recently engaged in, was but the conclusion of those feelings towards each other, maintained by the Germans and French, first engendered by the tyranny, ambition, and War of spoliation,

carried on by the First Napoleon? It is well also to remark—as it looks like retributive judgment—that when conquered, and under the iron rule of that despot, the Prussians were the very people that Napoleon organized, drilled, and compelled to fight for him in his Campaigns against other countries. The Military organization he thus commenced was eventually turned against France, and terminated in Sedan.

That the teaching of the New Testament, and that the whole spirit of the Gospel, stand eternally opposed to War, will be allowed by every candid reader of our Saviour's life and teaching. That the principle of forgiveness and peace commends itself to every thoughtful Christian mind, as conducing to the happiness, welfare, and best interests of our race, no reasonable man will deny. Still it may justly be argued that, though good in themselves, such principles cannot be carried on by any Nation, in the present state of Society and of the World at large, and that an enormous standing army—eighty-ton Armstrong guns, Martini-Henrys, and torpedoes—are the best peace-preservers to a Nation in the present state of civilization.

I am aware that in discussing the subject of War—especially a War of Defence—on the ground of *expediency*, there must ever be, in an imperfect state of Society, many difficulties; but in discussing it on the ground of Piety and Religion, there are none.

And yet, strange to say, the only argument in favour of War, as a trade or profession voluntarily chosen, I have ever met with,—drawn from the life and teachings of Christ Himself,—is by a clergyman, and the mode of conducting it, by the Rev. Broadman, is as follows:—

“The first Gentile to whom the Gospel was preached was a Roman military officer, and the pen of inspiration commends him as devout, liberal, prayerful, even before the apostle Peter was sent to preach Christ to him. We are also informed that the Holy Spirit rested upon him, and his household, as it did upon the Apostles at Pentecost; and not one word is said to him, or of him, as if the profession of arms was contrary to the Gospel. And the man, above all others, most highly commended by our Saviour Himself for his faith, was also a Roman military officer, who came to Jesus in the streets of Capernaum—‘I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof,’ &c. His appeal based its illustration upon his own military power over his soldiers, yet our Saviour listened to him, and did not condemn him for being a centurion.”

The mode of argument thus adopted, ignoring altogether the direct teaching of the Saviour, and the whole spirit of the Gospel commended by Him to our practice,—and basing its truth upon characters who happened,—when light came into the world,—to occupy the situation of officers, in an age and a condition of society we can form no idea of,—is so similar to the argument of the Presbytery of South Carolina in defence of a different (though not more terrible) institution, that I cannot forbear placing them together.

“Resolved—that slavery is a judicial visitation—that it is supported by the Bible;—that it has existed in all ages, from the days of those good patriarchs and slaveholders, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob (who are now in the kingdom of Heaven), to the time when the apostle Paul sent a runaway back to his master Philemon, and wrote a Christian and fraternal letter to this slaveholder, which we find still in the canon of Scripture,—that slavery has existed since the days of the apostles, and does now exist,” &c.—‘It is not, then, a moral evil,’—adds a clergyman of South Carolina;—“the fact that slavery is of Divine appointment should be proof enough that it cannot be a moral evil. So far from being a moral evil, it is a merciful visitation; ‘it is the Lord’s doing, and marvellous in our eyes.’”

Marvellous, indeed! Who does not see the fallacy of all such modes of argument—the determined resolve to close the mind to the spirit and the teachings of the Gospel;—the pleading the manners and customs of an age and times confessedly under a different dispensation, and of a rude and but little enlightened state of Society, in order to support institutions—for reasons of self-interest and gain—which are altogether opposed to the commands of Christ?

The light of the Gospel dawned but gradually upon a world sunk in ignorance and sin;—religion, and even common morality, had almost died under the Roman empire, when Christ and light came into the world!

Since then, with many an ebb and flow, the Gospel and the *spirit which it breathes* have been steadily *gaining ground*; every year the old barbarous war spirit is looked upon with more and more disgust and hatred *by the body at large*; its miseries, its ruinous, dreadful effects are felt more and more, as truth and enlightenment *amongst the masses* gain ground! What appeared to our ancestors humane and *proper*, now excites our *astonishment* and

abhorrence; and so, in like manner, could we trace back century by century the general tone, and feeling of society, in the days when Christianity dawned upon our world, we should see that what was tolerated then offers no parallel to the enlightened understanding of the present day! There is no doubt a distinction between what is called a war of necessity—of defence—and deliberately choosing and following war as a trade or profession. But to ask God's blessing and aid upon such a calling—a calling whose every action is opposed to His law, and whose every object is to ruin and destroy the creatures He has formed—cannot but be hateful to every thoughtful mind. What young man, possessing a well informed unprejudiced mind—instead of asking what Colonel Gardiner thought right—General Burns allowed, and Captain Vicars did not appear to see was wrong—can read the Gospel for himself, and assert that he believes it to be the call of God to him to serve Him by destroying his fellow creatures—without doing outrage to his common sense?

But when once the profession has been voluntarily chosen, (and the same thing is seen in those who make their livelihood by the vile liquor trade)—habit—self-interest—the example of those around them, render the mind deaf and blind to all argument and reason!

So far from feeling compunction at causing the sudden death of another—the skilful marksman actually *feels a pride* in making a clever shot!

Forgetting that, in this country at least, his choice of the profession was a perfect voluntary one—he throws the responsibility of the deed upon others, and seizing the opportunity of a momentary heedlessness of an enemy, he makes—let us suppose—a successful shot from the trenches. "Oh! it's only a Russian, who knows or cares?" And, for the distance, it was an excellent shot, it struck the soldier full on the breast—he was not looking—"a very clever shot!" And so it was, but in the lonely hour of death, is it such deeds as these that will bring a glow of satisfaction over the mind as memory recalls them? With that "clever shot" fell the hopes of a family! Many and many a long, dreary day, will some poor peasant girl look in vain for the young soldier's return—who, though "only a Russian" was all the world to her! The little ones must now find another Protector—or none; for the Father who once loved and cared for them, will return no more? *You* know why! Will God's approbation be present at your

own death bed, at talents and capacities thus prostituted?

During the Austrian War, the papers mentioned that a splendid marksman—(an Englishman, one blushes to have to say it!)—used coolly to set up a large umbrella, to keep off the sun, while he picked off his victims at an immense distance, in comfort, with a rifle of extraordinary range!

The same pride is felt by the skilful swordsman. The noted swordsman and boxer of former days—Shaw, the Life Guardsman—a native of Birmingham—confessed that he never could rest till he was “at it again.” Before he was killed at Waterloo, he had, it is said, cut down no less than 15 Cuirassers! The work of butchery becomes a second nature. When once the soldier’s “blood is up,” who, unprejudiced by self-interest or habit, fails to see that the “Christian,” must be dropped to be resumed—by those who can—when the bloody work is over?

And who is it that our soldiers have been required by their profession to destroy for the last fifty years. Are they young men, who, like yourself, have entered the army of their own free-will and desire? Who, thirsting for our destruction, long to devastate and ruin our country, and take away our rights and religion? Nothing of the kind!

Unlike the voluntary system of England, the cruel Military “Conscription,” supplies, by law, the giant armies on the Continent. The young men *must* go; it is seven years at the hulks, or even death, to refuse!

Let the inimitable story by Erckman Chatrian—“The Conscript”—taken from actual fact—(published by Ward, Lock, and Tyler, 1s.)—serve to show you the sorrows of a poor French boy, drawn by the “Conscription,” during the great war which ended in Waterloo.

When the insatiable selfishness and ambition of the first Napoleon deluged all Europe in blood, the Conscription was—(and will be again when needed)—fixed so low, that the nation was drained, not only of the young men, but even of youths and boys:—he took them all! The “Young Guard,” of Napoleon, consisted entirely of boys from thirteen to sixteen years of age, all of whom had lost a parent on the Battle-field. Two years after the “Young Guard,” was formed, they were led against the Allies (viz.: Russia, Prussia, Austria, and England) by Ney. In those two dreadful days at the Battle of Leipsic, when they were becoming gradually overpowered, and Napoleon’s star was setting, their bodies—for the youths fought desperately—lay all over the Battle-fields. The oldest could not have been

above eighteen years old, and there, amongst the "Old Guards"—veterans from Spain, grim old soldiers who had been with Napoleon in all his campaigns, lay forms not yet merged in early manhood, slaughtered to satisfy the insatiable ambition of a monster!

There were, in France, at the census of 1872, 4,800,739 young men between 20 and 30 years of age. The Army of 400,000 thus requires one in seven of them to be serving in it, and in war this is doubled.

For many years past the male population of Germany has been reduced annually, a drain of emigration carrying off large numbers of healthy young men, who have fled from the compulsory military service, especially from the tedium of barrack duty in time of peace. This chronic evil has been cruelly augmented by the wars of 1864, 1866, and 1870-1, as well as by the military burdens imposed upon the nation.

In the year 1855, the surplus of female over male population in the territories of the Customs Union amounted to 348,637 persons. Those were times of peace, and the difference had diminished nine years later (1864) to 313,383. The Schleswig-Holstein and Austro-German wars were fought, and in the Autumn of 1866, two years after the last-quoted figures had been ascertained, the surplus had attained the amount of 471,155, an *increase* in twenty-four months of 158,472, as against the previous *decrease*, in nine years, of 35,254. The French War, despite all its glory and milliards, inflicted a still more frightful wound upon Germany's manhood; in December, 1871, the female surplus was no less than 755,875 in number—that is, 284,020 more than in 1866, and 442,492 more than in 1864; in other words, an increase of more than 141 per cent. in seven years! These wounds will not be healed for more than one generation, even supposing the peace of Europe to be preserved for years to come!

The system of modern armies on the Continent is a tremendous and permanent drain on the population, as these hateful military laws carry off a seventh of the youthful male population from their homes—that is, from productive industry and happy domestic life—exactly at the period of life when they are most useful to the nation. While the English, during long years of peace, have been of late increasing at the rate of 360,000 a-year, the French census of 1872 showed an actual decrease in population of 491,905 since the census of 1866. Half-a-million decrease

in six years! Add to this the increase there *ought* to have been, at the lowest rate, gives a loss of 1,300,000 lives!—the effect of draining the young men of the population to supply the immense armies of the Continent by the hateful system of the Conscription!

THE CONSCRIPT.

From "The Conscript," let us take a few scenes in the life of a boy Conscript—an apprentice to a jeweller and watchmaker, during the dreadful wars of the First Napoleon. "Often when regiments of young soldiers marched through our town, their greatcoats fastened to their hips, their long gaiters buttoned up to their knees, carrying their heavy guns, my master, Mons. Goulden, after watching them pass, would say to me, in an absent manner, "Tell me, Henri, how many do you think we have seen pass this way alone, since 1804?" "Oh, I don't know master," I would reply, "at least four or five hundred thousand." Yes, at least that," he repeated; "and how many have we seen come back?"

Then I *understood* him! "But perhaps they came back by way of Mayence," I said.

But he shook his head, saying, "Those you have not seen come back are dead, as hundreds of thousands of others will die, unless the good God have pity on us, for the Emperor cares for nothing but war! He has already shed more blood to give crowns to his brothers, and to make Dukes and Princes of his officers, than our great Revolution did!

We would then go back to our work. I was a weakly boy, and limped a little from a defect in one of my legs; but so many youths who had defects had received orders to march that I feared the next Conscription terribly! I was eighteen, and was engaged to marry my cousin Marie. She was nearly eighteen, and you could not find a more amiable girl; everyone loved her! She had beautiful blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and splendid white teeth. We had long been in love with each other. Marie refused to dance with any of the other lads of the village, and it was I who took her to high mass and to vespers. This made me tremble at the thought of the next Conscription! You must know that for many months I wanted to make my dear Marie a present on her birthday, on the 18th of December. Amongst the watches that hung from my master's window, there was a perfect little gem. I had long said to myself, "That must be for Marie, if I have to work till twelve o'clock at night to earn it!" For after seven o'clock my master let me

work on my own account, and paid me for it. But you cannot imagine how many hours I had to work to get enough for the watch! But while I worked I thought how pleased Marie would be; it made me very happy!

Then came that fearful winter of 1812; it came on quickly; the road cut in the snow remained till April, 1813. My master would say, "Our poor soldiers! our poor soldiers! what a winter we are going to have, and what is this cold to Russia? God grant that they have retreated from Moscow early enough! Good heavens! what a responsibility rests on those who make these wars!"

I had earned the watch, and my master soon guessed my secret. "Yes, yes! I understand now; it's Marie's birthday to-morrow! that's why you have been working day and night. Look Henri! you are a good youth, and shall have the watch; I do not want your money." But I would have him take it; I should not else have been happy. But it made me love him; he was a good man.

That night the water was frozen in the cisterns of Phalsbourg, and the wine in the cellars—a thing which had not happened for 60 years.

But the cold did not keep me from my usual Sunday visit to dear Marie the following day. "Look, dear Marie, I have here something for your birthday; but first you must kiss me before you open the box!" Marie was dressed in her Sunday clothes. I put my arm round her slender waist; I was quite pale with joy. She looked at me with her sweet eyes, and offered me her bonny red cheek; then she and my aunt drew near the table, and opened the box. They were delighted, and my aunt said, "You must have worked very long and hard, dear Henri, —although you are, they say, a good workman,—to buy the watch." I embraced her. Marie came and put her arms also round my neck. I thought to myself, "This is the happiest day of my life!" I could not let her go; and from that time till noon I did not let go Marie's hand; it made us happy only to look at each other. After dinner, Marie sang us the song, "Der liebe Gott;" she had a sweet voice.

Then came the awful news of the retreat from Russia. Napoleon, constantly expecting, after taking Moscow, that the Emperor of Russia would surrender, was delayed by his wily foe from beginning the retreat till the first snow, and the terrible Russian winter began. The "Grand Army"

of a million men melted away! That dreadful retreat from Moscow has no parallel in history. The bridge across the Beresina, blocked by the flying troops, had to be swept by their own cannon to clear the road for the army! The nights of fearful cold; days without provisions; the Cossacks ever on their track; in tattered clothes, the miserable remnants of the immense army reached Poland. When the snows melted in the spring, all through Russia, as far as the eye could reach, could be seen skeletons lying in groups round the remains of the camp fires, as the wretched men had been frozen to death. And all for what? "Glory!"



The Retreat from Russia.

Napoleon left the army to perish, escaping in a sledge; and, it is said, rubbed his hands over a fire, saying, "This is better than Moscow, gentlemen!" and then proceeded to order a fresh conscription, also a levy of youths to be made.

The young Conscript continues his history thus: "Soon after my visit to Marie, all at once a great Notice was posted up at the Mayor's, in which the Emperor, by a "*senatus consultum*," as it was called, called a conscription, first of 150,000 conscripts of 1813, then 100 cohorts of the first ban of 1812—who thought themselves now free—then 100,000 conscripts of 1809 to 1812, and so on to the end! All gaps were to be filled up. I almost fainted as I read. "Now they're going to take everyone—they take even men who have been fathers of families since 1809. I

am lost!" "No, no," my master said kindly; don't be afraid, Henri; it is known you have a defect in walking, poor boy; they won't take you." But I trembled nevertheless, for I feared to lose my dear Marie! I was not the only youth who did so. Several that year broke their teeth, so as to be unable to bite the cartridges, and so be exempted; others blew off their finger, so as not to be able to hold a musket!

My turn came at length; I drew a number! My only hope now was my lameness. Two surgeons stripped and examined me, "The left leg's defective," observed one of them, "a little short!" "Yes," said the other, "but it's sound, the boy's healthy enough!" They consulted with the Major, and called out, "Fit for service! Call in the next!"

I put on my clothes in horrible despair, I felt that I should soon see my Marie for the last time! The other conscripts tried to brave it out; the wine shops were full all day! The "veterans"—terrible men—mixed with the young men, and drank with them! It was a sad scene, these young men, sons of honest and hard-working people, to be taught such a life, and to have to leave all they loved!

Then followed drills—marches—then an order to the front! Napoleon did not leave the new conscripts long in their despair, he put them at once to work! A month or two after, we heard a report that a great battle was to be fought, and that the skirmishes we had had, were only the beginning! At night, for hours and hours, other regiments arrived with cannon and ammunition! After our dreadful marches, we were too tired even to eat—the young conscripts would sink down by the fires to sleep instead, and how it rained! There was bad news too! Marshal Ney had been beaten. It was a dreadful time; for, in these retreats, the young conscripts died off of exhaustion, disease, and misery of every kind. The old soldiers of Spain, the veterans of former campaigns, the old weather-beaten troops, were the only ones fit for such tremendous fatigues. In fact, everything was against us, the continual rains, the people were tired of and hated us;—our Generals, weary of being always in the mud, wanted to be made Marshals, by some striking exploit, and we poor young men—we, the sons of workmen, were made to fight for them, against fearful odds.

Every hour I awoke, I heard a great noise, all through the night, a rolling of cannon and tumbrils, rising and falling in the silence, going in the direction of Leipsic.

Dragoons, cuirassiers, hussars, artillery, waggons, on and on, like a river running without end.

The next day Sergeant Pinto said to us, "You're in luck, conscripts—if any of you come out of it, he will be able to say he has seen something! While our army is defiling upon Leipsic, those rascals of Prussians and Russians are about to fall upon our flank, with their whole army, to cut us in two. They have sent staff officers to Leipsic to tell the Emperor! It is not a bad move on their part! We are teaching them tricks of war every day! They are more cunning than they were! Just look at those blue lines on the hills! Each of those lines is a regiment! There are about 30, that makes 60,000 Prussians. Then there are the horse, of which there seem many squadrons. Those masses to the left, are the Russian Imperial Guard. I saw them at Austerlitz, where we cut them up finely! There must be 20,000 there! In the rear, those lancers are Cossacks! So that, till the Emperor hears of the affair and comes with the cannon, we shall have to hold as fast as nails, one to six, or seven against us! In two hours we shall have 100,000 of their best troops against us! To tell the truth, it's a battle in which one can win the Cross of the Legion of Honour!"

But I was not thinking of gaining the Cross, like Sergeant Pinto! I was thinking of dear Marie, and my kind aunt, and master, and friends; and all the day, and during that night, I prayed to God to preserve my life on the morrow, and that I might keep the use of my limbs, which are essential to a poor youth who has to earn his bread.

Then the Battle began! For hours we were in squares, with their cannon balls passing through us—there was no end to it. Our cannon replied, and our officers never ceased shouting, "Close the ranks, close the ranks there!" At length a charge took place! Oh! how we fought! We thrust at them as they pushed forwards, our cannon swept off multitudes with grape shot—still they came on! Then their dragoons advanced in order, before starting off at the charge to break our squares. Our square was broken in! Never, all my life after, did I forget that terrible time!—the fierce hussars, their long moustaches, their sweeping sabres, and how old Sergeant Pinto kept crying out, "Steady, boys, steady!" We looked like butchers! As I re-loaded, I saw hair and blood all over my bayonet, which showed me that, in my fury, though only a boy, I had dealt some terrible thrusts! Why did they want to take my life? These Prussians are the proudest of men!

We were obliged to give way because of their great numbers, and what shouts they raised then! one would have thought they were going to devour us! They're a nasty race, with their wild-beast look, furious eyes, and their wide mouths. At length I fell, the blood was running down my chest like hot water. I had a shot in the shoulder, the blood ran down on my legs. My head swam, I still heard the firing, but as in a dream. I thought, "It's all over now!" and the tears ran down my cheeks when I thought of never seeing Marie again.

Just then a voice close by said, "He's coming! Napoleon's coming! I feel it! It goes well!" I opened my eyes; close to me, by the door of the garden, I saw an old "veteran" with a long hooked nose over his moustache; there was a fierce, proud look about him. His head was cut, and his ribs were smashed in by a cannon ball. He could not stand, but rested his hands on the ground like crutches. His yellow eyes looked out at the Prussians retreating, with a squinting leer. Then he looked across at me, and seeing me weeping, and how young-looking I was, he said, "What's your wound, conscript?" "I am shot in the shoulder, sergeant!" "Boy," he said "one can get over that, the cold to-night will stop your bleeding, it's better than the ribs, you'll see home again!" Then he ground his teeth, and at last slid on to his shoulder, muttering,—"Well, my business is done, but I paid the big beggar for it, at any rate!" He glanced at the hedge opposite, and there I saw a huge Prussian grenadier, stretched on his back, dead, with a bayonet sticking in his body. "I wish he'd come though!" continued the old sergeant. Just then a terrific roar shook the barn, it was Napoleon coming up with 80 cannon, and columns of the "Young Guard!" These 80 pieces made a horrible turmoil! In twenty minutes the troops before us were flying past, then horrible shrieks arose, and a heavy rolling was heard, mingled with oaths, and the cracking of whips;—it was the artillerymen, with six horses to each gun, lashing with all their might, and the wheels ploughed their way through the heaps of dead and wounded, as through so much straw! That was the meaning of the shrieks we heard. One could hear the bones crack under the heavy cannons,—it made my hair stand on end! All at once the sergeant, now pale as death, cried out, He's coming, conscript! He's behind the guns. There he is!" And leaning forwards on his knees, he shouted, "Vive

l'Empéreur!" and then fell on his face, dead! And I, bending forward to look, saw columns of the "Young Guard" passing at the run, and Napoleon, in his great overcoat, his hat pressed down on his head—a large head, with a pale, fat face, calm and cold—his large, firm chin deep set between his shoulders. Every poor creature still alive cried "Vive l'Empéreur!" But he heard nothing; he noticed us no more than the rain! He was looking—what a look!—with bent brows at the Prussian army defiling to join the Austrians, to surround us at Leipsic. Just as I saw him on that day, his image remained with me all my life. But our army, after having fought three battles in one day, and being reduced to 130,000, was to be opposed to 300,000, to say nothing of 50,000 cavalry and 1,200 cannon.

For the last month, our conscripts, who could march no further, had been sitting on the ground, calling upon their mothers and fathers to help them! It was heart-rending. Hunger, forced marches; the constant rains, and knowing that they should never see their homes again—how could mere boys, not one in fifty old enough to have a moustache, and so emaciated that you could (so to speak) see their ribs, support so much misery? Fortunately, their parents could not see their children dying on the highway; if they had, it would have been dreadful, for they would have thought there was no more mercy on earth or in Heaven! They perished by thousands; the terrible fever—typhus—followed us everywhere. Out of a hundred who fell ill, ten or a dozen at the most recovered; we carried it into the towns and villages all through Alsace and Lorraine.

I had fainted again, and when I came to myself it was night; the moon shone on the ruined, shattered village, the overturned cannons, the heaps of dead. The moon shone on them; they looked as white as snow. Some had their eyes open, and staring upwards—it looked horrible! I moved, and caused my wound to re-open, for I felt the blood running again. I shut my eyes and resigned myself to die. I thought of my childhood—things that had happened in my childhood—how my poor mother used to hold me in her arms and sing me to sleep—the little room, and our dog "Pommer," who used to play with me and roll me over—my father coming home in the evening so cheerful, with his axe on his shoulder, taking me up in his great arms to kiss me. All these things seemed to come back as in a dream.

When I again came to myself it was day, and I found myself in a huge building, used by the brewers of that country to store their tubs in. All round, on trusses of hay, were ranged wounded men, and in the middle, on a great kitchen table, the Surgeon-Major and his two helpers, with their shirt sleeves, rolled up, were cutting off a shattered leg; the man was uttering cries. Behind them was quite a heap of arms and legs already taken off. "How many wounded?" asked some one. "Between seventeen and eighteen thousand, it is said," replied the Surgeon. As fast as they had performed the operations, the wounded were packed in waggons, in straw, which were waiting outside. A few Hussars on horseback rode beside us; they smoked and laughed, talked about the battle, and took no notice of us. As we passed we saw poor people, children and old men, gazing in despair at their ruined village. One white-haired old man, quite blind, was sitting at the door of his ruined dwelling, holding a little child between his knees; he rocked his head to and fro silently with the grief of age. How many years of labour—how much self-denial must it have cost him to provide for himself a quiet old age? And now everything was destroyed! We passed, too, the great trenches, at which the country people were at work in hot haste to prevent pestilence—immense trenches, in which they threw Russians, French, Prussians, all together—old men and boys—whom the good God had created to love each other, before the invention of uniforms and armies, which divide them into enemies, for the profit and glory of those who govern them. And thus our long train of waggons carried off the wounded, maimed for life, thousands of whom died afterwards in the hospitals—(only mentioned in the bulletins to understate their numbers)—far from all those who loved them, while the cannons are fired, hymns of rejoicing are sung in the churches, and God is thanked because a victory has been gained, and thousands of men have been killed!

The young Conscript recovered, and on Napoleon's abdication and confinement at Elba, he returned home; his master gave him a share in the business, and he married Marie happily. But a gentleman of Rotterdam said that he had 14 relatives taken by the Conscriptations at this time, and in only *one single instance* did they ever hear what became of them! And a well-known Courier on the Continent used to relate his being taken when 18 years old, together with 6,000 other young men from his department in

Switzerland—ordered to march through Poland to Russia—and only 500 ever returned !

A BOY SENTINEL.

In a work by S. Hedley, the "velites," or youths drawn by the Conscription, are thus described. It affords a glimpse of Napoleon's wonderful art in securing the devotion—almost worship—of these gallant but foolish boys. It was Napoleon's custom in a campaign to halt in the open country to take his meals. On these occasions he always had a dozen or so of the "Velites," or chasseurs, in a circle round him, at some distance, to prevent anyone from approaching. One day, during a halt, as his faithful Mameluke, Roustan (who always attended upon Napoleon), was preparing his coffee, the Emperor observed a boyish-looking "velite" posted near him. Struck with his beauty and aristocratic air, he called the boy to him, and abruptly asked, "Who put you in my Guard?" (referring to the "Young Guard" previously alluded to). "Your Majesty," replied the youth. "I do not understand you," said Napoleon; "explain yourself." "Sire, after the decree of your Majesty that young men of family should serve in your Guard, I was drawn by the Conscription," replied the boy. "Thou art a little fellow," said the Emperor, patting him on the cheek. "Sire, I perform the duties the same as the veterans of the regiment." "That is true," replied Napoleon. "Have you ever been under fire?" "Yes, Sire, at the passage of Berg." "Ah! that was warm work! Were you not a little afraid? Oh! you blush—I have hit the truth!" "Yes, Sire, I own it; but then I am young, and it only lasted a moment," said the boy, blushing. "Never mind; many others have, like thee, been afraid, and it lasted a much longer time!" Then, after a short silence, the Emperor resumed, "Thou art a good youth, and shalt dine with me; will that please thee?" "Certainly, Sire," cried the handsome young "velite," while his eyes sparkled at the honour shown him; and, placing his carbine near him, he was soon seated opposite the Emperor.

Roustan waited upon him with all the deference he would have shown to a General Officer. Half-starved, the boy took the slice of bacon which was handed to him on a silver plate, and began to eat with the appetite his short allowance and hard duties had given him. As the Mameluke turned the wine into a silver goblet, Napoleon said, smiling, "Ah! ah! boy—thou likest well to be served in a

goblet, so that no one can see how much thou drinkest ; I wager that thou wilt have it refilled !” “Certainly, Sire ; even to the brim, so that I may the better drink to the health of your Majesty,” said the youth, smiling. Napoleon joked him incessantly during the repast, but the young “velite’s” replies were full of spirit and point. After it was over, Napoleon asked him his name. “Guiyot Desherbiers, Sire,” he replied. Repeating the name over after him, the Emperor asked him if he was a relative of a Councillor of that name in Paris, who had recently died. Being answered in the negative, he added, “Very well ; conduct yourself properly, and remember that I shall not forget you ! I shall see to your advancement when the proper time comes.” The young “velite” made his military salute, took up his carbine, and was again at his post. How many a time—brought up with tenderness, fair and delicate—would this youth cheerfully brave the fatigue of the march and the fire of the enemy by remembering this conversation and this promise ! The promise was *not* forgotten. Napoleon never forgot ! His confidence in the Emperor—as a man—was not misplaced. Amidst all the terrible scenes through which he passed—the world of care that lay upon his shoulders—plunged as he was in the vortex of European politics, and engaged with designs vast as a hemisphere, this extraordinary man never forgot the young “velite” who had dined with him in Poland. Yet the promise was never fulfilled ! Why ? Because, like thousands more, in his hero worship, young Desherbiers placed his hopes—not upon God,—but upon one, who, with all his wonderful powers, was, after all, but a man. A man ? Say rather a selfish monster ! For, wonderful as were Napoleon’s powers, how can we sufficiently execrate the ruthless ambition which spared *nothing*—the best and noblest things which God has created—in order to secure his *own aggrandizement* and glory ? A ruthless ambition, which led him to spare no pains to pamper and flatter the boyish pride of such as Desherbiers, in order to secure their devotion, and, even worship, to himself, though knowing that he should consign thousands of them to cruel deaths, alone, unfriended, and in agony, far from their homes, and friends, cut off in early youth—They whose capacities were capable of noble, worthy devotion to their Creator, instead of bestowing it upon one like him—they, who but for the miserable bubble of so-called “Glory” which consisted in wresting from others the lands they had inherited from their

fathers, and massacring them if they resisted, might have lived a worthy and successful life, useful to their fellow men, and might have died with children's faces round their beds! For, one day, after his return from Versailles, Napoleon went one morning to see the young "velites." As he approached the squadron, he requested the Commander to order young Desherbiers from the ranks. He dearly loved a "scene," and conducted it with great heart, knowing the effect it had upon the troops. The officer replied that he had been passed into a regiment of Hussars, and was now in Spain, where, for years, a frightful war had been carried on by the French—a war almost of extermination; for the Spaniards, rendered mad with hatred of the French, and at the atrocities of Napoleon's "veterans," fought from house to house, and spared no Frenchman who fell into their hands.

"Why was he sent there?" asked Napoleon; "he was but a boy." "On account of his gallant conduct at Friedland, Sire. He slew two Russian Grenadiers with his own hand, in sight of the whole squadron!" "That makes a difference," said Napoleon; "it is all well!" Was it? Alas! the young "velite" never returned. He was taken by the Spanish "Guerillas," who put him to death with the most dreadful tortures. He bore all with heroic courage, and with his last breath, pronounced the names of Napoleon and a fair cousin whom he loved in Paris. Poor Desherbiers! If his hopes and ambition had been fixed with equal devotion on *another* Master, he would not have been left to die alone. How was it that he, and thousands like him, did not see the miserable object for which they were content to lay down their lives—this so-called "Glory?"

How was it they did not perceive in *these arts*, which Napoleon made use of to obtain their devotion, that it was no regard *for them*—no real love—no sincere wish for their best interests—(for through life he habitually neglected their religion and his own)—which actuated him? He was looking to himself—his self-interest alone. He saw, at a glance—for he knew his countrymen and their weaknesses well—in the spirit and courage of this young boy—his vivacity, his boyish ambition, *fostered* by his *military education*—a future Officer, who, devoted to his service, would advance his interest and power, and, like Ney, Davoust, Lannes, Massena, and others, would one day carry his victorious eagles over the Continent of Europe!

Having thus shown that the enemies we were formerly taught, as Englishmen, to hate, are not soldiers thirsting for our blood, but poor young fellows, compelled by the cruel conscription and the military laws of the country to serve in the Army, sorely against their will, let us see what our men are when led against them. Here is a description of the "glorious" cavalry charge at Balaklava. What there is to glory at in a confessedly gross blunder, which cost the lives of 400 fine young men quite needlessly, it is difficult to determine! The mad rage and excitement of troops when in action, and the men's "blood is up," is well described. How delightfully it harmonises with Christ's law, given for our guidance, as Christians, the young reader must judge for himself.

"We were just in motion," says a young hussar, who was in the charge at Balaklava, "when the trumpet sounded 'Walk!' then a pause; 'Trot!' another pause; 'Gallop!' then came the 'Charge!' and off we swept!"

Every soldier of experience knew, as Tennyson has it, that "some one had blundered," that the charge was absurd; but "theirs not to make reply; theirs but to do and die." Exactly the principle the First Napoleon went upon (as he led the Old Guard in their last charge against our troops at Waterloo). He led them under cover of the hill, then turned aside himself, and let them pass on—to be mown down by our cannon, and to be followed all that moonlight night, in their terrible retreat, by the cruel sabres of Blucher's cavalry! The Generals command! it is the poor soldiers who have to be sacrificed!

"Down the slope and into the plain we went like a hurricane! I had just time to see poor Captain Nolan, who was near me, lift up his outstretched hands as he reeled in his saddle, and the blood spouting out from the rifle-shot in his breast. There was no time for more. My horse was tearing away like mad, and I, standing up almost in the stirrups, gripping my sabre; I had twisted a handkerchief round the handle, to get a firmer grasp. How did I feel? Well, I didn't feel either fear or pity; *the only thought was to reach the guns and have our revenge!* We passed the nearest redoubt and crossed the Woronzoff Road, going it like a Derby day! The next minute we were upon the enormous battery—amongst the guns—and, *at last*, the *thirsty* sabres were coming down upon the gunners. They were in for it, and no mistake! They were cut down to a man! The first good cut I got was at a young Russian

gunner, who tried to knock me off my horse with his sponge rammer. He was quite young—a fine-looking fellow, too, I remember. I cut his hand clean off at one blow. He fell between the guns, glaring at me ; much I cared for that ! It was my duty, you know. A hussar next made a desperate chop at my head, which I parried, and, with cut number two, gave him a slash across the neck and throat, as almost *sickened me to look at !* A Polish lancer next had a charge at me ; the butt of his lance was firmly set against his thigh, and he was giving it that particular quiver (in order to frighten the enemy's horse with the streamer at the end), which showed me, as he came up full charge, that he was used to it. I was not, however. A nasty thing is a lance ! I stooped in the saddle as he came up, lifted his lance—cleverly, too—with the back of my sabre, and let him have the point about the stomach. The mere force of our horses sent my sword so through his body, that I had, as he sickened and fell, to wrench it out by force !”

In this “glorious” charge—confessedly an entire blunder (some order misunderstood by the officer in command)—we lost, in fifteen minutes, 400 fine men in the prime of life. The soldier who gives this account had his sword arm shattered by a shell.

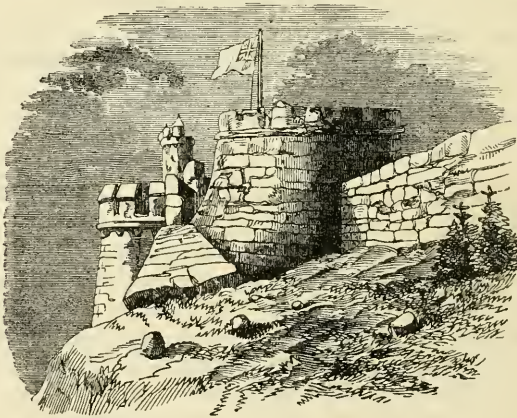
Some years after the Crimean War, the *Times* confessed that the Russian War had proved an entire mistake, and had led to no permanent result of any kind.

The capital punishment of a brutal murderer is looked upon with horror by many ; what a fuss is made about it ! Clergymen attend to him, &c. ; while the sacrifice of *thousands* of the noblest and best of our race by an entirely useless War, which led to nothing permanent, is taken with a calmness perfectly marvellous ! Here are fine young men, of various countries, set against each other, to destroy as many lives as they can—not through any particular animosity or personal object, but merely because they are told to do it !

Who does not perceive what is the natural spirit and intention of the savage monster, War ? Even clemency and mercy appear to be inconsistent with it, and to be ill-judged. You must either kill, or be killed ! A conscript, such as we have described, was wounded in the arm. The English hussars came sweeping past at a furious gallop. One of them aims a blow like lightning at him ! At this instant he catches the poor boy's imploring look, and his arm hanging useless—and his sabre drops ! There is but time for

a look of gratitude on the one side, and a kindly nod on the other, and they pass. The next minute the brave hussar was shot dead by a Frenchman's musket! How honest was the prayer of the old leader, who, though fighting, as he thought, for the sake of religion, felt the horrors of the approaching scene. "Lord! Thou knowest how busy we must be this day! If we forget Thee, do not Thou forget us! March on, boys!"

Those days when Christianity took up the sword are happily past. What scenes has the monster, War, witnessed? It has filled the world with curses, and blood, and imprecations for thousands of years! Read what are termed "glorious victories" in history—the Siege of Tyre, of Jerusalem, of Samaria, &c.; and, in our times, of the siege of Londonderry, Saragossa, Ciudad Rodrigo, Seringapatam, and Badajoz.



Our Duke of Wellington—always very careful of the lives of our soldiers—actually wept, it said, at the frightful carnage in the breach and ditch at Badajoz. Our soldiers, on mounting the breach, fell upon slanting planks, in which sword blades were fixed! Once taken, "three days' pillage" followed. So many of our officers had fallen, it was impossible to quell the excesses of the maddened soldiers. How many thousands of our countrymen have left their bones scattered on the battle-fields of Europe! When victory was won, mark the brutal intemperance, the savage lust, the cruelty, the murder, which so often followed carrying a town by assault. Bishops—well paid

for doing so—may “consecrate” the flag and preach the sermons; each side may, as usual, pray for success to their arms, and “glory” in a victory which destroys thousands of their enemies, but let others do as they will, act and think *for yourself*. Read God’s Holy Word for yourself. He has given you faculties to do so. What *can* God think of such scenes? In a moment of sudden peril, our Lord speaks with no uncertainty when asked if they should use the sword. “Then Jesus said unto him, put up thy sword into its place. My kingdom is not of this world, else would My servants fight. They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.” Matt. xxvi., 52.

And Peter, impetuous and faithful as he was—who once drew the sword to defend his Master—soon learnt that God calls a Christian to a different kind of resistance—a far nobler warfare—for he says: “For even hereunto are ye called, because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow in His steps. Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously.” 1 Peter, ii. 23.

“Thou shalt not kill!”



An English “Conscript.”

SUMMARY OF LIVES LOST IN WAR IN 17 YEARS (1853-70).

	Killed in Battle, or Died of Wounds, &c.	Dr. Engel says—
Crimean War, 1854-5	784,991	750,000
Italian War (1859)	45,000	52,000
War—Schleswig-Holstein	3,500	3,000
American Civil War (North)	335,000	303,000
" " " (South)	300,000	500,000
War (1866)—Austria and Prussia	45,000	40,000
Mexican Expedition, Cochin China, Morocco, Paraguay, &c.	65,000	
War (1870)—French, 139,000	183,000	215,000
" " German, 44,000		
Total men, in prime of life, destroyed by War } in 16 years, in the most "civilized" and } "Christian" period the World has yet seen }		1,761,491

Imagine every man, woman, and child (taking the Census of 1861) in the following six towns killed—not a living creature left in them—and you have an illustration of the immense sacrifice of human life involved in these figures.

Manchester	575,636
Liverpool	443,938
Birmingham	334,418
Leeds	207,165
Bristol	154,093
Oxford	27,560
	<u>1,742,810</u>

A number exceeding the whole population of these six towns—of men in the prime of life and vigour—have thus been destroyed in 17 years!

COST OF RECENT WARS.

Crimean War	£340,000,000
Italian War (1859)	60,000,000
American Civil War (North)	940,000,000
" " " (South)	460,000,000
War—Schleswig-Holstein	7,000,000
War (1866) Austria and Prussia	66,000,000
Mexico, &c., Expeditions (say only)	40,000,000
War—Germans (Expenses repaid by Indemnity)	
French—Indemnity paid Germans	200,000,000
" Their own expenses	150,000,000
	<u>£2,263,000,000</u>

In consequence of this last, utterly useless, uncalled for, and wicked war—the result of French vanity and love of "glory"—the French Nation, in *six months* from their cries "à Berlin!" had surrendered Paris, had lost the above £350,000,000 and two of the most prosperous Provinces (producing about one-twentieth of the entire revenue of France, and 1½ million subjects); interest on debt for the past five years, 100 millions; and yearly debt of 40 millions, to be paid for ever, out of the earnings of the industrial portion of the population!

The above £2,263,000,000 would give £63 to every living person in England, Scotland, and Ireland—man, woman, and child. It would put a railway entirely round the Globe—23,000 miles—at £80,000 per mile! It would have established 2,000 Hospitals in various parts of the World, at £100,000 each; or 382,000 Schools, at £6,000 each!

The annual "Peace" Budgets of Europe, to sustain the immense modern armies and naval preparations, now reach—

Annual Expenditure	£119,392,655
Loss of Labour by withdrawal of the men from productive trades	132,174,892
Annual Interest on Capital invested in Ships, Cannon, and Military Establishments	30,440,000
			<hr/>
			£282,007,557
			<hr/>

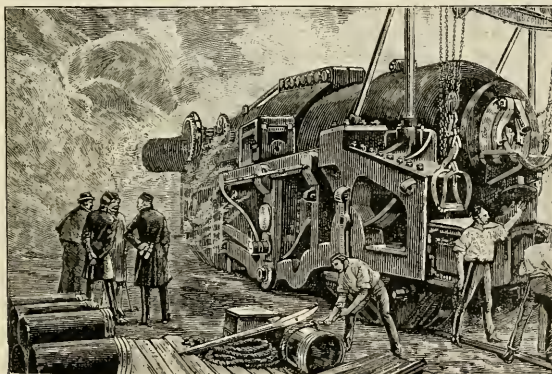
To be paid every year by the industrial population. Our English National Debt (1870) stands at £800,681,421. During the last 70 years—during the lifetime of many living men—the British people have paid the following sums for War:—

1801 to 1810	£381,156,800
1811 — 1820	400,640,786
1821 — 1830	151,854,685
1831 — 1840	142,368,790
1841 — 1850	179,503,725
1851 — 1860	251,835,818
1861 — 1870	267,361,835
			<hr/>	£1,774,722,439
			<hr/>	

No wonder our industrial classes have had to work pretty hard the past 50 years to pay these enormous sums! Add to this the interest of the War debt (commonly called the National Debt) for the same 70 years £1,950,310,006, giving the total cost to our Nation of War in 70 years—one lifetime—of £3,725,033,345!!

It takes a week (rapid counting) to count one million aloud, counting twelve hours a day. It would take a man 75 years, ceaselessly counting, to count this number of pounds!

The cost of War in our day (1890) should it come,—will be frightful! Seventy years ago, the heaviest cannon cost £150, and each shot about 30/-. Now, our largest cannon costs £17,000, some say, £20,000, and each shot, £150. Major-General Maitland puts it at £20,000, and £200 per round fired!



110 ton Gun.

These Immense Cannon can only be fired a certain number of times,—their lives are short. Hence you must estimate their cost, by the rounds that can be fired before they become useless!

An actually fired projectile from a 110 ton Gun shown in the Naval Exhibition, 1891, passed,—in succession,—through a 20-inch steel solid plate, then an 8-inch iron plate, 20 feet (!) of oak, 5 feet of granite (!), 11 feet of rough concrete, and finally buried itself 3 feet into a mass of Brick Masonry!

A "Man of War" in Nelson's time cost about £1,000. The 74 Iron-clads at Spithead, August, 1889, cost about £21,000,000. Taking our expenditure this year (1890) at £18,000,000 Military, £13,000,000 Navy, it gives £3,200, going out *per hour--ceaselessly*—day and night—Sundays and Week-days alike! And this while England is at Peace, and things are on a "Peace footing!"

What then will the next general European War be? And what *conceivable* lasting good can such a War confer upon any of the Nations now on the face of the Earth.

If a page of the present book was covered with dots, the size of a pin's head, it would take two books of 300 pages of pins' heads (each dot representing a man) to give the number killed in War from 1853 to 1870 alone! It would need 3,725 books, of 300 pages, covered with similar dots (each dot representing a sovereign) to give the sum England has paid for War the last 70 years!

List of 1,340 men—(actual names),—alive in 1871, when the following list was prepared.

A Regiment of 1,340 men. *Eight times the following List have been killed in a Single Battle, on one Side alone!*

Abbott	Austin	Beard	Blakeway	Brown	Carden
Abell	Backhouse	Beddington	Blakeway	Brown	Carey
Adam	Bagust	Bedford	Bland	Brown	Carey
Adams	Bainbridge	Beet	Bland	Browne	Carey
Adams	Baker	Bell	Blyth	Browne	Carr
Addison	Baker	Bell	Bone	Browne	Carr
Agars	Balcombe	Bell	Borthwick	Browne	Carrick
Aitken	Ballantine	Bellairs	Boscovitz	Browne	Carter
Akroyd	Balme	Bencraft	Bourke	Browne	Carter
Alexander	Banbury	Bennet	Bovet	Brunton	Castello
Alexander	Bankart	Bennett	Bowditch	Buckler	Cathcart
Allcard	Banning	Bennett	Bower	Buckley	Catling
Allen	Barber	Bennett	Bowes	Bull	Cavell
Allen	Barber	Bennett	Bowyer	Bull	Cawthorne
Allen	Barber	Bennett	Bowyer	Burge	Cazenove
Allender	Barber	Benporath	Boyle	Burge	Cazenove
Allender	Barber	Benporath	Boyle	Burnand	Chalmer
Allkins	Barber	Bentham	Brachi	Burnand	Chalmers
Allsop	Barber	Bentley	Bradock	Burnett	Chambers
Anderson	Barclay	Benton	Braggiotti	Burnett	Chambers
Anderson	Baring	Benyon	Brain	Burnett	Chancellor
Anderson	Barker	Bergel	Braithwaite	Burstall	Chaplin
Anderson	Barker	Bevan	Braithwaite	Burt	Chapman
Andrew	Barnard	Bidden	Bramble	Burton	Chappell
Andrew	Barnes	Bidden	Branch	Butcher	Chard
Andrews	Barnett	Biedermann	Bremner	Butler	Charles
Andrews	Barry	Bigg	Bremner	Caffin	Charrington
Anning	Barry	Billett	Bretneron	Caldecott	Cheshire
Ansted	Bartleet	Binckes	Brett	Cameron	Child
Ansted	Barton	Bingham	Brewin	Cancellor	Chittenden
Arbuthnot	Bartram	Binney	Brize	Cancellor	Christie
Arnold	Bartram	Binnie	Broadhurst	Capel	Christ'phersn
Ashton	Bateman	Bird	Brookes	Capel	Churchill
Asser	Bawden	Bishop	Brooks	Capel	Churchill
Aston	Bawtrey	Bishop	Brown	Capel	Clagett
Aston	Beach	Bishop	Brown	Capper	Clapham

Clapham	Crews	Drake	Fletcher	Gowan	Harris
Clapham	Crickmer	Draper	Flindt	Graham	Harris
Clark	Crockett	Dreyfus	Flockton	Grant	Harris
Clark	Crofton	Duncan	Follit	Grant	Harris
Clark	Crosley	Duncan	Foot	Grant	Harris
Clark	Crosley	Dunn	Foot	Graves	Harris
Clark	Cross	Dunn	Forbes	Gray	Harrison
Clark	Crosthwaite	Durant	Fowler	Gray	Harrison
Clark	Crowley	Durant	Fox	Gray	Harrison
Clark	Crozier	Durant	Foy	Gray	Harrison
Clark	Cuerton	Duthy	Francis	Gray	Hartmann
Clarke	Cullen	Dutton	Francklyn	Gray	Hartridge
Clarke	Cumming	Dutton	Franks	Greatorex	Harvey
Clarke	Curwen	Duttson	Franks	Greaves	Harvey
Clayton	Cuthbert	Dyer	Fraser	Green	Harvey
Clayton	Cuvelje	Dyer	Fraser	Green	Haslehurst
Clement	Czarnikow	Eaton	Freeman	Green	Hatchett
Clement	Dale	Edenboro'gh	French	Green	Hawes
Clement	Daller	Edwards	Frisby	Greenfield	Hawkins
Coates	Dalley	Edwards	Frisby	Greenhorne	Hayn
Cobb	Dalton	Edwards	Frith	Greenhough	Haynes
Cocke	Dalton	Edwards	Froom	Greenwell	Hazard
Cohen	Dalton	Edwards	Froom	Greenwood	Heap
Cohen	Daniell	Edwards	Frost	Grievesson	Heath
Cohen	Daughlish	Ellis	Fulcher	Griffin	Hedderwick
Cohen	Davidson	Ellis	Furlonger	Grigson	Helps
Cohen	Davis	Ellis	Galloway	Groom	Henry
Colchester	Davis	Ellis	Game	Guedella	Henry
Cole	Davis	Ellis	Gardner	Guillemard	Henry
Coles	Davis	Elwyn	Gardner	Guy	Herapath
Coles	Davis	Emanuel	Garrad	Haden	Herbert
Coles	Davis	Emley	Garrett	Hadland	Herring
Coles	Davis	Escombe	Geach	Hadow	Hertz
Collyer	Davis	Evans	Geere	Haes	Herzog
Colman	Davison	Everingham	Geiger	Haes	Heseltine
Constable	Daw	Ewings	Gellatly	Haggard	Heseltine
Cook	Dawes	Eykyn	Gibbes	Haigh	Hett
Cooke	Debenham	Eyton	Gibbon	Hale	Hewett
Coombs	De Castro	Eyton	Gibbons	Hale	Hewitt
Cooper	D'Eichthal	Fairer	Gibbs	Hale	Hewkley
Cooper	De la Mare	Faith	Giles	Hale	Hichens
Cooper	Delmar	Farnan	Goad	Hall	Hichens
Cooper	De Quettevi	Faulconer	Goddard	Hall	Hickman
Cope	Derham	Fawcett	Goddard	Hall	Higham
Cork	Detmar	Felgate	Goddard	Hall	Hill
Cornell	Detteibach	Fenn	Godefroi	Hall	Hill
Cornwell	Deuchars	Fergusson	Godfrey	Hallam	Hill
Coronio	Devitt	Ferne	Godsell	Halls	Hill
Corrie	Devot	Ferry	Goetze	Hamilton	Hill
Corrie	Dezoete	Field	Golding	Hammond	Hill
Corthorn	Dickinson	Field	Golding	Hancock	Hillier
Cortissos	Dinnall	Field	Goldschmidt	Hancock	Hilton
Cosens	Dinnall	Fielding	Goldsmid	Hankey	Hoar
Cottom	Dobree	Fielding	Goldsmid	Hardy	Hoare
Cotton	Dodd	Figgis	Goodban	Hardy	Hodgson
Couta	Dodgson	Filler	Goodhart	Harker	Hodgson
Crabb	Dodson	Finlay	Goodhart	Harker	Hodgson
Cracroft	Douglas	Firth	Gordon	Harker	Hodgson
Crafter	Downer	Firth	Gorton	Harman	Hoghton
Craven	Downing	Flack	Goss	Harman	Holderness
Cresswell	Drake	Fletcher	Govett	Harris	Holdsworth

Holland	Johnson	Levitt	Marsh	Morris	Partridge
Hollebone	Johnson	Levy	Marshall	Mortimer	Pasteur
Holmes	Jones	Lewis	Marshall	Mortimer	Pater
Holmes	Jones	Lindo	Marshall	Mortimer	Patry
Holt	Jones	Lindo	Marten	Mortimer	Patry
Honychurch	Jopson	Lindow	Martin	Mortleman	Patterson
Hope	Joseph	Lindsay	Martindale	Moser	Pawle
Hope	Jourdan	Littlejohn	Mason	Moul	Payne
Hope	Jourdan	Livens	Mason	Moul	Payne
Horner	Judge	Lloyd	Massey	Mouncey	Payne
Hovil	Julian	Lloyd	Matheson	Mounsey	Peake
Howes	Keeling	Lloyd	Mathew	Moxon	Pearce
Howden	Keen	Lloyd	Matson	Moxon	Pearce
Hoyer	Kelham	Lloyd	Matthews	Muirhead	Peat
Huggins	Kemble	Lloyd	Matthey	Mullens	Peavey
Huggins	Kemp	Lloyd	Maud	Mullins	Peevor
Hughes	Kemper	Loew	Maude	Mundy	Pelly
Hughes	Kershaw	Lohmann	Mayer	Murton	Pember
Hughes	Kerwin	Long	Mayor	Murton	Pember
Hughes	Key	Longden	Mayor	Murton	Pemberton
Hughes	Kilburn	Longden	McKenna	Nathan	Pennington
Hulbert	Kilby	Lord	McKenna	Neale	Peppercome
Hunt	Kilby	Lough	Meadows	Neck	Percival
Hunt	Kimpton	Lowe	Medley	Neithercott	Percy
Hunter	King	Lowndes	Medwin	Nell	Perry
Hunter	King	Lucas	Meller	Nesbitt	Perry
Huson	King	Lucas	Mello	Nesbitt	Petre
Hutchinson	King	Lucock	Merridew	Newbery	Pett
Hutchinson	Kimnear	Lugg	Meugens	Newman	Phare
Ibach	Kirkman	Lumsden	Meyer	Newton	Phillip
Idle	Kitchin	Luning	Meyer	Newton	Phillips
Inchbald	Kitching	Luning	Miéville	Newton	Phillips
Inglis	Knapp	Lymbery	Miéville	Nicholas	Phillips
Inman	Knight	Lyon	Milbank	Nicholl	Phillips
Ionides	Knight	McAnally	Mildred	Niemann	Phillips
Ionides	Knight	MacCaughey	Miller	Noad	Phillips
Ironmonger	Knight	Macgregor	Miller	Noble	Pickering
Ironmonger	Knowles	Mackee	Millington	Noble	Pickering
Irving	Kynaston	Mackenzie	Milne	Noel	Pidgeon
Irving	Labouchere	Mackie	Milne	Norbury	Pierrard
Jackman	Laing	Mackintosh	Miskin	Norbury	Pim
Jacobs	Langley	Macnicoll	Mocatta	North	Pinchin
Jacomb	Laurence	Mackreth	Mocatta	Northcott	Pink
Jacomb	Laurie	McNair	Mocatta	Northen	Pittman
Jacomb	Lavers	McNiel	Moffatt	Nott	Pixley
Jacks	Lavington	MacRosty	Mollett	Noyes	Pixley
Jacks	Lawford	Mahony	Monk	Nunes	Plater
Jackson	Lawford	Maidlow	Montefiore	Nutter	Poole
Jackson	Lawford	Maitland	Montgomerie	Nutter	Poole
James	Lawson	Majolier	Montgomerie	Oakley	Porter
James	Layton	Major	Moon	Ogden	Porter
James	Layton	Makins	Moore	Oppenheim	Poston
James	Lea	Malcolm	Moore	O'Ryan	Pott
Jeffery	Leary	Malin	Moore	Oswin	Potter
Jerdein	Leask	Malin	Moore	Overbury	Powell
Jeune	Leckie	Man	Moore	Overbury	Powell
Jewesbury	Leese	Man	Mordaunt	Page	Power
Joachim	Lehmikühl	Mann	Mordaunt	Page	Pratt
Jobson	Lennard	Manning	Morgan	Paine	Prescott
Johnson	Lenon	Marsh	Morice	Paine	Price
Johnson	Levien	Marsh	Morice	Parker	Price

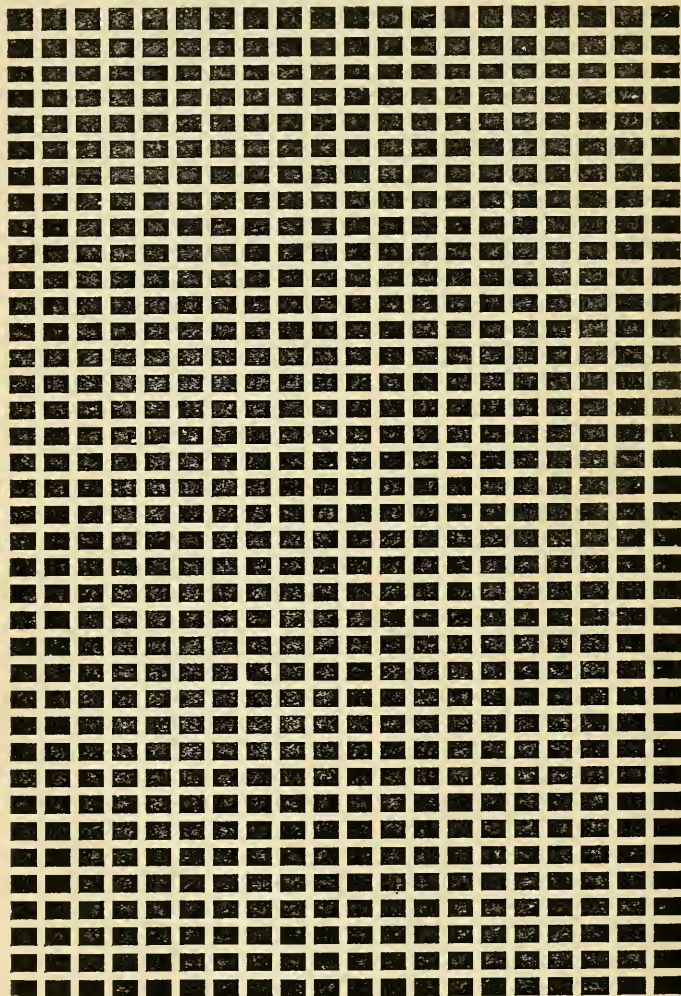
Price	Rommel	Severs	Southall	Thompson	Walker
Price	Ronaldson	Seward	Southard	Thompson	Walker
Price	Roper	Sewell	Spackman	Thompson	Wallis
Prior	Roper	Seymour	Sparrow	Thompson	Walter
Pritchett	Roper	Shadbolt	Spence	Thompson	Ward
Pritchett	Rose	Shakspeare	Spurling	Thompson	Ward
Prust	Rose	Sharwood	Spurling	Thompson	Warin
Puckle	Rothwell	Shattock	St. Alphonse	Thomson	Wark
Pugh	Rouse	Shaw	Stahlschmidt	Thomson	Warren
Puzey	Routh	Sheldrick	Standing	Thorburn	Washington
Puzey	Row	Shepherd	Stanley	Thorp	Waterall
Pyemont	Rowlinson	Sheppard	Stansbury	Thursfield	Watson
Quilter	Rowsell	Shirreff	Staples	Thurston	Watson
Rams	Rozea	Shirreff	Starling	Tibbs	Watson
Ramel	Rubens	Shorter	Steel	Till	Watson
Ramsden	Rucker	Shout	Steer	Till	Watt
Randegger	Rucker	Sillar	Stephenson	Tod	Webb
Ravenhill	Rucker	Sillar	Stevens	Tomlin	Webb
Rawlings	Rucker	Silverston	Stevens	Topham	Webb
Ray	Ruffle	Silvester	Stewart	Topping	Webster
Rayden	Salisbury	Sim	Stiff	Towers	Wesché
Rayner	Sampson	Sim	Stockdale	Towgood	Westaway
Rea	Samuda	Simes	Stocken	Townend	Westgarth
Read	Samuel	Simpson	Stoltenhoff	Townend	Weston
Read	Samuel	Simpson	Stovell	Townend	Weston
Rehden	Sandeman	Simpson	Stovell	Tozer	Wetenhall
Reid	Sanders	Sims	Strachan	Tracy	Whalley
Reidpath	Sargant	Simson	Strachan	Tracy	Whalley
Renny	Sargant	Simson	Straith	Trotter	Whealler
Restell	Satterthwaite	Sjordet	Stratten	Trower	Wheeler
Restell	Savill	Skinner	Strawbridge	Trower	Whistler
Keynell	Scaramanga	Skinner	Stringer	Tudor	White
Reynolds	Schiff	Slade	Stuckey	Tudor	White
Reynolds	Schlotel	Slater	Sturgis	Turner	White
Rhodes	Schofield	Smith	Styan	Turrill	White
Ricardo	Scholey	Smith	Suckling	Twycross	White
Richards	Schroeder	Smith	Surgey	Tyers	Whitehead
Rickard	Schwartzé	Smith	Surgey	Unsworth	Whitehead
Rickards	Scott	Smith	Surr	Upward	Whiting
Riddelsdell	Scott	Smith	Sutton	Urie	Whiting
Rigg	Scott	Smith	Sutton	Valentine	Wilkins
Riley	Scott	Smith	Symons	Vandervell	Wilkins
Rimmor	Scott	Smith	Symons	Vanhouse	Wilkinson
Ring	Scott	Smith	Tapson	Van Houten	Wilkinson
Ripley	Scott	Smith	Tarver	Vaughan	Wilkinson
Ripley	Scott	Smith	Tatham	Vaughan	Willans
Ripley	Scott	Smith	Taylor	Verner	Williams
Rippin	Scott	Smith	Taylor	Vertue	Williams
Risley	Scott	Smith	Telford	Vigne	Williams
Ritchie	Scott	Smith	Terry	Vigne	Williams
Rivaz	Scott	Smith	Tetley	Vile	Williams
Roberts	Scott	Smith	Tetley	Vivian	Williams
Roberts	Scrimgeour	Smithers	Theodor	Von Dadelsen	Williams
Robertson	Scrimgeour	Smithett	Thomas	Wade	Wilson
Robertson	Scrimgeour	Snellgrove	Thomas	Wadeson	Wilson
Robins	Scrutton	Snow	Thomas	Wagg	Wilson
Robinson	Scrutton	Soanes	Thomas	Waite	Wilson
Robinson	Searle	Soanes	Thompson	Waithman	Wilson
Roche	Seaton	Soilleux	Thompson	Waley	Wilson
Rolfes	Sebag	Solomon	Thompson	Walker	Wilson
Rolls	Sentance	Soule	Thompson	Walker	Wimble

Windler	Wollaston	Wood	Woodhouse	Woolley	Yapp
Wise	Wollaston	Wood	Woodhouse	Woolston	Yearsley
Witherby	Wood	Woodall	Woods	Wrenn	Young
Witherby	Wood	Woodhouse	Woods	Wykes	Young
					Young

Dear Reader, you have here the actual surnames of 1,340 men alive in 1871, when the above list was published; Christian names being omitted.

The above List is *only one Regiment*. Yet *eight times* these men, have been killed, on *one side alone*, in a single Battle. Now fancy 760 Regiments!

Table of 760 Regiments, *each* of 1,340 men,—a Million Men! (1,018,400).



The *whole* of this immense mass of Men were *killed in War*, in the 16 years between 1854-70! And *almost twice* as many! Namely,—1,761,491; Dr. Engel, the German Statistician, makes it *considerably* more!

Let these small squares represent 760 Regiments *each* of 1,340 men, giving 1,018,400.

Now, dear Reader, imagine our Regiment of 1,340 men to be *one* of these small oblongs. We see before us, now, 760 similar Regiments, marching twenty regiments in a row,—a Million men in motion on a vast Plain! Each with Rifle, &c., and plenty of ammunition, of the modern deadly type, capable of killing at an immense distance, (very different to the old "Brown Bess" musket of 80 years ago), and inflicting frightful wounds! Add, in imagination, 500 Cannons, Gatling, and other "Machine Guns,"—and vast columns of Cavalry, and then you have a *Modern Battle!* Conceive the *prodigious carnage*,—the *immense cost* it presents, treasure *utterly wasted*.

Now conceive the expense of feeding, *day by day*, this vast body of men, clothing them, providing them with sleeping, &c., accommodation, and expensive Rifles, &c. The honest labours, and productive power of these men, *absolutely lost!* Imagine also the number of Relatives, Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, &c., who love, and are deeply concerned in these men! What a mass of misery, and sorrow, would be involved if every one of these men were killed! Especially if the majority of them were married men with Wife, and little ones dependent upon them! The whole *were* killed in 16 years!

It is estimated that in time of peace the Continental Nations have now under arms:—

	Under arms.	Reserve ready at any time.
France	500,000	1,500,000
Germany	450,000	2,000,000
England	150,000	450,000

It is difficult to define the strength of modern Continental armies, as *all able-bodied* men are liable now to be called upon, in case of War! The "War strength" is, however, given thus for 1891:—

Austria	1,140,000
France	4,100,000
Germany	3,200,000
Italy	2,119,250
Russia	2,490,000
Turkey	1,160,600
	<hr/> <hr/> 14,210,850

While Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Portugal, Servia, &c., have (comparatively to their size) enormous armies.

Fancy the masses of men, liable, in case of a general European War, to be brought into collision! A modern Battle with the frightful instruments of destruction now employed is an awful scene!

In the two days of the Battle of Leipzig *2,000 cannon were constantly at work*, twice the number of the names on this list! 120,000 men are believed to have fallen! 120 times our List of Names, and this was *one* Battle, out of a hundred, fought between 1790 and 1815! Countries overrun with desperate, demoralised, soldiers, pillaging the inhabitants *of their all!* Spreading Typhus and horrible diseases, through entire districts, and *not one thing gained* to any Country when *all was over!*

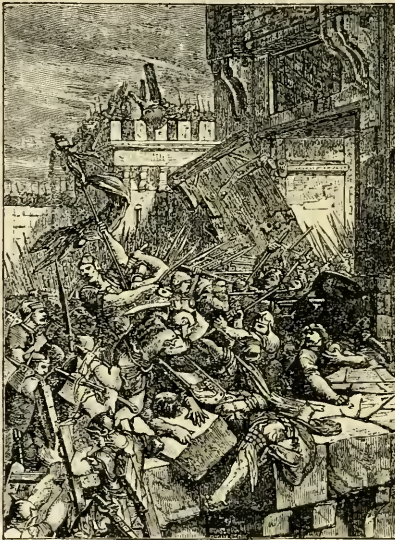
And yet still the Cuckoo cry goes on "*Glory!*" "*Glorious Victories!*"

General Skobeleff says of one Battle in the Russo-Turkish War, 1877,—"*During the pursuit, after the assault, we killed eight thousand, for I had them counted!* Six times our list of names actually killed on *one side alone!* Fancy the distress of sorrowing Families that must mean! During the Civil War in America, 1864,—the North by a Mine and 14,000 lbs. of Powder, at Petersburg, blew up a mass of 3,000 Southern Troops; the explosion made an immense depression in the ground, the North poured into it, but the Southern army, rallying, poured in a storm of shells, and actually sickened at the carnage, the North, caught in the "Crater," actually lost 4,000 men in it! In 1871,

320 Railway Trucks were filled, at Metz, with French, dying of Typhus and Typhoid, in agonies, and *left to die* to save contagion; *only one* young American volunteer was seen to go near them! At Sedan, for miles (Russell says) and miles, there were masses of coloured clothes glued together with Blood, and pulp,—bodies without heads,—without legs,—corpses without shape, with bones projecting,—faces blown off,—smashed as though brazed in a Mortar! And this going on for weary hours!

In forty years, 1854 to 1886, (omitting South American, and some other Wars), and merely taking *nominally Christian Nations*, it is *impossible* to estimate the *killed* at less than 2,262,000! It gives a *row of corpses*, laid out side by side *to every foot* of the Railway between London and Edinburgh (400 miles)! The aggregate National Debts of eighteen European Countries, or States, in 1891,—(almost entirely caused by War)—now amounts to 5,000 Million Pounds! Let every sovereign represent a Soldier, it will be then 5,000 times the 760 Regiments, each containing 1,340, in our Table of Regiments!

Ancient Warfare.



“Hand to hand” fighting. Storming an Ancient City. Was it better than “Machine Guns,”—*Murder by Machinery?* Every page in the History of Mankind is wet with human blood!



Ancient Winepress.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE VINE.

“ I AM the true Vine,—and My Father is the husbandman,”—were our Lord’s words to the Disciples, at their last Supper.

The Vine is constantly referred to, both in the Old and New Testament, as a symbol of fruitfulness, and plenty. To illustrate, by a figure, a time of public tranquillity, and profound peace, the expression is employed, Micah iv. 4,—“ They shall sit, every man under his vine, and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid.”



And Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine and under his fig tree ; from Dan even unto Beersheba, all the days of Solomon.

There are solemn references, too, as to the winepress :—

“The winepress of the wrath of God,” is spoken of in Rev. XIX.—13—15. “And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and his name is called the Word of God, and he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God.”

“Wine,” is alluded to more than 105 times in the Bible. Our Saviour compares the Church of Christ to His vineyard : many of His parables allude to vineyards. Indeed, Vines, Vintage, and Vineyards, are also alluded to 143 times in the Bible, making a total of 248. Wine, was, indeed, the common drink of the East for ages, probably with as little drunkenness as we see amongst Continental nations, whose light wines, mixed generally with water, are the common beverage of the Country. .

It is hopeless, and absurd, to attempt to prove that the wine of the Ancients was “unfermented.” “No man having tasted old wine,”—our Saviour says, in Luke v.—39, —“desireth new : for He saith, the old is better,” If only “unfermented” wine was spoken of, these words are unintelligible ; for what is “old” unfermented wine ? In fact, “being drunk with wine,” is alluded to, at least twenty times in the Bible ; this also would be unintelligible if only unfermented wine was spoken of.

Those who have read the chapter upon Drink in this Book will not, for a moment, imagine that any defence, for even the moderate use of intoxicating drinks of any kind

is intended to be made. The experience of countless thousands proves that it is safer and better in every respect, as regards our health, example to others, and longevity, to avoid all fermented drinks. The statistics of Life Insurance Companies, prove, by the "irresistible logic of facts," that, those who abstain from "Drink" of every kind, live the longest.

Still, it is injudicious, because hopeless, for Dr. Lees and others, to attempt to prove that the wine spoken of throughout the Bible, was "unfermented;" we cannot have our common sense abused, and such efforts do more harm than good. The Ancients were not so obtuse, and childish, as some seem inclined to make them appear, in order to favour their peculiar theories. We have only to read the Feast of Plato, and the thousands of allusions to wine, by Greek and Roman writers to put the matter beyond doubt, and question.

It follows that our blessed Lord would never have turned water into wine had the latter been *in itself* a hateful or cursed thing. How much better, and wiser, is it, to admit facts which cannot be disputed, and confess, with Paul, that all things that God has created, or ordained, are good in *themselves*; it is in the improper use, men choose to make of them, that the evil and curse lies. "All things are lawful unto me," the great Apostle says, "but all things are not expedient." "I know, and am persuaded, by the Lord Jesus Christ, that there is nothing unclean of itself, all things, indeed, are pure, but to him that esteemeth anything to be unclean to Him it is unclean." Surely we see this in everything in God's ordering, and in the constitution of everything around us. What is vice, immorality, covetousness, drunkenness, but the result of *an improper use* made of things perfect, pure, and excellent, *in themselves*, against which Conscience—which is the voice of God,—expostulates from our childhood to our grave? To the pure all things are pure; but they may not be expedient.

Thus we may freely take the Vine as the favourite type, in the Word of God, of fruitfulness, plenty, and prosperity. The Fig tree is spoken of only forty-four times. When Caleb and the chosen spies returned from their journey into Canaan, they obeyed the instruction of Moses to "bring of the fruit of the land." Numbers xiii, 20-23.



“Now the time was the time of the first ripe grapes, and they came unto the brook of Eschol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bore it, between two upon a staff; and they brought of the pomegranates, and of the figs.”

CHRIST,—THE VINE.

“I am the true Vine, and My Father is the Husbandman. Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit, He taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the Vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without Me ye can do nothing.”—*John xv.*, 1-5.

THE BARREN FIG TREE IN THE VINEYARD.

He spoke also this parable:—“A certain man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard; and he came, and sought fruit thereon, and found none. Then said he unto the dresser of His vineyard, Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree and find none: cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground? And he answering said unto Him, Lord, let it alone this year, also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it; and if it bear fruit, *well*; and if not, then, *after that*, thou shalt cut it down.”

Dear reader, is there not, in this solemn parable, a word for us?



INTRODUCTION
TO
CHAPTER XXIX.

DRINK.

THE "Drink Bill" of this Empire for 1889 reached the frightful Total of £132,213,236;—a "Record!" Our Six Millions of Money Bags (Page 224), were drunk TWENTY-TWO times over! Giving £17 9s. 7d. *per Family* of the population of the United Kingdom, or £3 10s. *per head!*

Now *deduct* the Millions of Teetotallers, and Children who drink no Intoxicants,—*what must the rest drink!*

Numbers of Working Men must be spending 10s. a week, or £23 a year in Drink, to make the average up!

That is, nearly half their Income! Fancy one of the "Middle Class," with an Income of £500 a year, putting, say, £250 of it into his stomach, every year, in Drink! His friends would put him into an Asylum!

THE SIN OF DRUNKENNESS.

As usual, dear Reader,—in our day of license,—this frightful and selfish Sin of Drunkenness, is seldom spoken of as a brutal sin. It is *condoned*, glossed over,—“Well! well! he is a good man *at the bottom*,—you know,—a little given to Drink,” they say, when the wretched sinner has *ruined* his Home, *ruined* his Children, killed his Wife by *ill-usage* and *neglect*,—and finally sinks,—a diseased debauchee,—into a Drunkard’s grave;—“Ah! well! he’s at rest *at last!* We must’nt *judge* people,—so *many* temptations,—we have the new teaching of the ‘Eternal Hope’ for all, now, you know! All will be ‘*brought in,*’ you know,—some day,—*somehow!*” And so the Drinking, and Vice, and Sin, goes on!

Dear Reader, nothing but the Last Day,—the last Judgment,—will ever rouse *some* Sinners to *know themselves*, to awaken *at last*, to *feel* what a Sinner, and what Sin *really is!*

Meanwhile, look at what we see an allowed Sin,—permitted, and persistently followed,—*leads to*, as long as we mortals are allowed to *trace it!* Away with that sickening nonsense about “Eternal Hope” for the wicked! Read the newspapers,—go to the Hospitals,—follow

the life of a Drunkard, is it not a Tragedy,—*real*,—*deadly* tragedy?

If it is not, where are your eyes,—your common sense?

Is that vile creature,—steeped in the wilful,—persistent,—sins of forty years, of a deadly selfish, animal, life,—going to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven? Why, you would not live *half-an-hour* with him *yourself*, for *any* consideration; let alone Eternity!

“Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not enter the Kingdom of God? *Be not deceived! God is not mocked!* Neither Fornicators, nor Thieves, nor Covetous, nor Drunkards, shall inherit the Kingdom of God.”—I Cor. vi., 9-10.

Of course, we can all *make excuses*. Do excuses bring back ruined health, ruined fortunes, lost characters, a neglected Saviour, and an outraged God?

Certainly not! Sin is Sin! “And sin,—when it is *finished*,—bringeth forth Death!” *Eternal Death!*

The late George Cruikshank was born 1792, and died during the French Exhibition year, 1878. His efforts were inimitable, in portraying the awful Curse the Sin of Drunkenness proves to Mankind.

Let the following,—one of his greatest efforts,—speak for itself!

THE SIN OF DRUNKENNESS.

(I.)



Good Wages. Good Character. Happy Home. 'The Drink is introduced for the first time.

(2.)



Got "fond of his glass;" often at "the Bar." Loses character as a Workman. Their things must go to the Pawn Shop.

(3.)



"Execution" put in,—all their nice things gone! Must go to live in the "Slums" now! *What? Drinking still? Yes! the Drink is more needed than ever!*

(6)



Is *this* the "Eternal Hope" for all! Is *this* not *real*? Is this not "*tragedy*?" Do we not read of such cases in the Papers almost every week?

(7)



"And Sin when it is finished,—bringeth forth Death!"—*James i., 15.*

His poor Wife killed, by the glass Bottle, in one of his mad furies!

To every Youth of the Working Class I would appeal! Shun the Drink *altogether!* The healthiest, strongest, best Workmen in the World have proved that it is unnecessary! The Champion Athletes, Scullers, Pedestrians, Swimmers, Boxers, are never permitted to touch it during training, *Why?*

Because their backers know it would be fatal to their hopes!

Far better Sign the Pledge, and be known, at once, to be an Abstainer! It will save you endless trouble,—“Oh!” they will say,—“No use asking *him* to drink, he’s a ‘Teetotaler,’”—and away they will go.



“As for the Stork,—the Fir Trees are her house.”—*Psalm civ.*, 15.

A quaint Bird, truly, with its long legs,—wherewith it “stalks,”—bright, little, eyes, raw neck, bald head, and vast beak. Instead of *kneeling*, as we do, it bends its legs the *other* way, and so sits down!

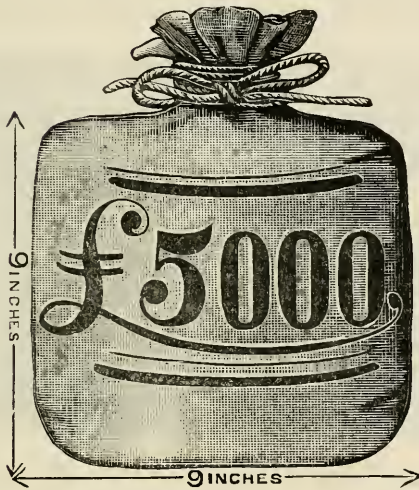
But this estimable Bird is greatly respected for its faithful, self-sacrificing, love to its young! In Holland it is considered “good luck” to have a Stork’s nest on the house, and no one disturbs them. As her young ones grow, their legs stick out of the nest. Once a roof caught fire. The Mother Stork brought water in her beak to her young ones in the nest; but, seeing the flames increasing, she finally spread her wings over them, and quietly died, *sheltering* them to the *last!* The inhabitants were greatly moved by the noble conduct of the faithful Bird!

The Pelican, another species, is said, on occasion, to *peck* its *breast*, and sustain its young by its *own blood!* True Emblem of our Blessed Lord who bled,—and *died*,—that *we* might live! “I am the Good Shepherd! The Good Shepherd giveth up His life for the Sheep!”—*John*, x., 11.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TWO GREAT CURSES OF MANKIND.—WAR
AND DRINK.

WHAT THEY COST ENGLAND.



The Size of this Bag of Gold would be as large as two pages of this Book.

WAR.

WE spend one of these Bags—ceaselessly,—*every two hours*,—day and night, in keeping up our Army and Navy,—and have done so for the past 90 years (1800 to 1890).

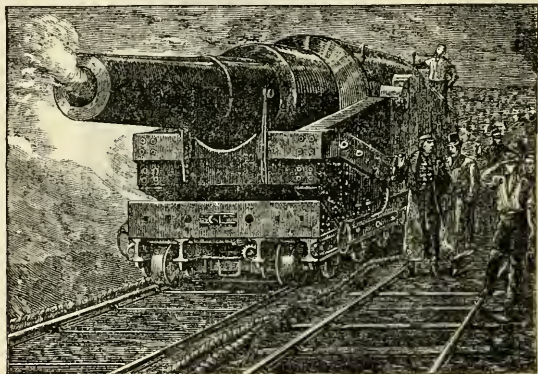
DRINK.

We spend rather more than *two* of these Bags—ceaselessly *every hour* that passes, day and night,—all the year round,—in England, in Drink! 55 Sacks of £5,000 each, every day! 20,400 Sacks,—*each* containing a *fortune*, every year!

Well may we ask,—what do we get for it all? In what way does the spending of these Millions benefit us?

The English War expenses,—for this Century,—for 90 years,—(1800 to 1890),—amount to 2,700 Millions of pounds. An average of 30 Millions a year. Owing to the enormously increased cost of Guns, Vessels, &c.,—we are now spending,—though in *time of Peace*,—rather over the *average* of the 90 years. Namely, 31 Millions,—Army, 18 Millions,—Navy, 13 Millions. The *average*,—be it remembered,—*includes* the 15 years of the terrible Peninsular War,—ending in Waterloo, 1815.

The sacrifices made by our country,—then comparatively poor,—and the Millions raised to assist our Continental allies in that War, were efforts simply amazing!



“Well!”—It may be said,—“The 30 Millions War Expenses we provide yearly, is well spent, considering the immense interests at stake,—our vast Colonies, and the danger caused by the close proximity of the prodigious armies of the Continent. It is a necessity, and the British Nation is now so enormously wealthy,—compared with the years 1800-15—that the burden is really hardly felt.”

Well! If War is to be discussed solely upon the ground of *Expediency*, and quite apart from Religion,—such preparations may be considered necessary. The remedy would be, for all Nations to be brought under the influence of the Gospel, and mutually consent to a universal, partial disarmament,—in proportion to the size of its territory. Leaving an army, equivalent to a powerful Police,—sufficient to suppress internal disorders, but happily not sufficient to make war against another Country.






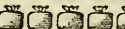
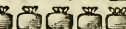









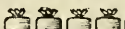

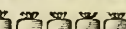

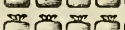
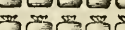
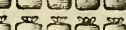


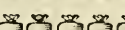
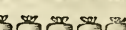

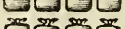
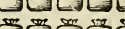


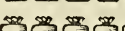
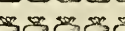
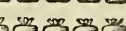
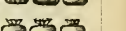

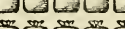
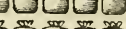

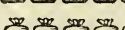
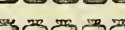
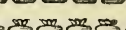

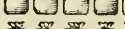

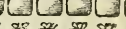
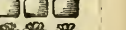
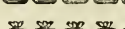
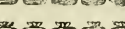
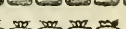



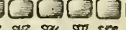
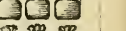
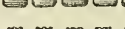

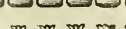
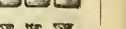
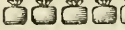






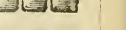
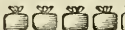





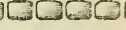
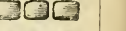


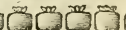



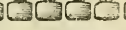
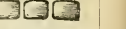
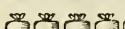

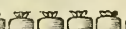




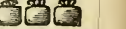
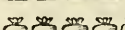

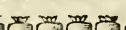





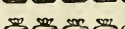

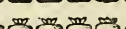





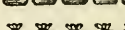
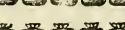

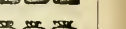
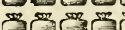


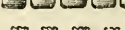

But no sensible person who reads this Book—can maintain that “it is necessary” for the inhabitants of Great Britain to spend,—*squander* is the word,—One Hundred precious Million pounds every year in Drink! 20,400 of these £5,000 bags,—a fortune in each bag!

Without a Table to assist the eye and imagination,—but little idea can be formed what these immense sums,—30 Millions a year for War,—and 100 Millions a year for Drink,—*really mean!* The annexed Table may,—therefore,—assist the imagination, by presenting,—in one view,—the comparatively small sum of Six Million pounds neatly tied up in 1,200 canvass bags (as used in our Banks)—each bag being supposed to contain 5,000 sovereigns each. The *spaces* occupied by the *large bag* and the “Six Millions” must be imagined to be *entirely filled* with sacks. Each bag will be about 9 inches each way to contain 5,000. The Reader is reminded that several of the American Millionaires have succeeded in “annexing” fortunes of 12 to 20 Millions. The elder Vanderbilt left 10 Million pounds, English. He left most of it to one son,—“Because he was the most likely to *keep it together.*”—This son—in ten years—before his death,—had made it into 20 Millions! Reader! Look at that Table of Sacks, and fancy *one Family* “bottling up,”—and “*keeping together*”—nearly *Four times* the sacks shown on the Table! Such immense wealth is a source of danger to the rest of Mankind! Lamentable that the money—like the precious rain,—should be thus “bottled up” *by the few*, instead of being distributed for the *good of the Many!*

To the left of the Table are rather crude suggestions as to what this 6 Millions could do, if applied for certain objects for the general welfare of the Nation. It is not, however, claimed that the items given would be at all the wisest way of spending it. We should have more benevolent places built, than persons to put into them. If the Drinking *ceased*, it is very doubtful if many of these benevolent efforts would *any longer* be *required*. Anyway, the entire country would soon be embarrassed with the quantity of Schools, Alms-Houses, Hospitals, Museums, and Libraries!

Thus the suggestions how to spend the money are merely given to prove the “spending power” of these Millions.

As this Table only represents the sum of Six Millions,—we must repeat these 1,200 Sacks,—*Five* times to exhibit

80 Churches at £5,000 each	}		}		}		}	
								
80 Chapels at £5,000 each	}		}		}		}	
								
160 Schools at £2,500 each	}		}		}		}	
								
80 Colleges at £5,000 each	}		}		}		}	
								
80 Baths, &c., at £5,000 each.....	}		}		}		}	
								
40 Hospitals at £10,000 each	}		}		}		}	
								
80 Homes for Destitute Children	}		}		}		}	
								
40 Blind Asylums	}		}		}		}	
								
400 Life Boats, &c. ...	}		}		}		}	
								
80 Public Parks.....	}		}		}		}	
								
40 Free Libraries	}		}		}		}	
								
40 Museums at £10,000	}		}		}		}	
								
Better Houses for the Poor £400,000 ...	}		}		}		}	
								
Town Missions £400,000	}		}		}		}	
								
1,000 Almhouses for Aged Poor.....	}		}	SIX	}		}	
								

The above 1,200 Sacks,—each containing £5,000,—filling the above Tables—give Six Millions. Five times Six Millions is annually spent in War.

TWENTY-TWO of these tables,—TWENTY-TWO TIMES Six Millions,—is annually squandered in Drink, in the United Kingdom!



MILLIONS.

In 1889 the Drink Bill increased to £132,213,276! (a "Record!")
 £3 10s. per head; or £17 9s. 7d. per Family in the United Kingdom!
 Then deduct the Millions of Children and Teetotalers, who drink no
 intoxicants,—what must the rest drink? Many of the Working Class must
 be drinking 10/- a week! Half their Income!

30 Millions,—and about *Twenty-two* similar tables are needed to depict the Millions spent every year in Drink! Then,—to carry out our idea—we must,—once more, see what we could do every year with these vast sums,—also what they *would* have done for our Nation in the memory of many living, —since the year 1800.

WAR.

A.	B.
30 MILLIONS SPENT EVERY YEAR.	2,700 MILLIONS SPENT IN NINETY YEARS, SINCE 1800.
<i>What it would do every year!</i>	<i>What it would have done since 1800!</i>
Build 400 Churches at.....£5,000 each	Built 36,000 Churches.
„ 400 Chapels at... £5,000 „	„ 36,000 Chapels.
„ 1,200 Schools free to the Poor at... } £2,500 „	„ 108,000 Free Schools.
„ 400 Colleges at£5,000 „	„ 36,000 Colleges.
„ 400 Baths at.....£5,000 „	„ 36,000 Baths and Wash-houses.
„ 200 Hospitals, Convalescent Homes at } £10,000 „	„ 18,000 Convalescent Homes and Hospitals.
„ 200 Blind or Cripple Asylums at } £10,000 „	„ 18,000 Blind or Incurable Asylums
„ 200 Life Boats at ...£1,000 „	„ 18,000 Life Boats.
„ 3,000 Almshouses for Aged Poor each } £400 „	„ 2,700,000 Almshouses for Aged Poor.
„ 200 Homes for Destitute Children at } £5,000 „	„ 18,000 Homes for Destitute Children.
„ 400 Public Parks at£5,000 „	„ 36,000 Public Parks.
„ 100 Public Museums at } £10,000 „	„ 9,000 Free Museums.
„ 200 Free Libraries at } £10,000 „	„ 18,000 Free Libraries.
Better Houses for the Poor Four Millions.	„ Better Houses for the Poor 360 Million Pounds.
Town Missionary Work, &c., Two Millions.	For Town Missionary Work 180 Million Pounds.
Total—30 Millions a Year.	Total—2,700 Millions since 1800.

DRINK.

Four times the above, nearly, spent in Drink! Consequently you must multiply the above by 4. What are its

records. *To whom* have these immense sums of money gone?

The above Table is merely given to shew the effect these enormous sums would have had,—had they been spent for the good and welfare of the Nation.

It is not suggested that the items given would be the best way of making use of these Millions. Two or three of the items will, however, hardly be objected to by any. Fancy, dear Reader, the blessing 18,000 Homes for training destitute children in, would have been the past 90 years; also, 360 Million pounds spent in clearing our Towns of fever dens, and substituting proper houses for the Poor similar to those of that splendid American Philanthropist,—Peabody! Reader! Let your imagination picture *Four times* Table B. *spent in Drink!* What has it done for us the past 90 years? Enabled a few Brewers,—Distillers,—and Gin Palace Proprietors,—to roll in Wealth!

Against this we have the groans, and imprecations,—the Miseries, and Drunken Crimes of Ninety Years! A Hundred Millions spent in England each Year in Drink! What does the Nation get from it? *Ruined* Homes,—outcast children,—Depraved,—hopeless,—degraded Men and Women,—a curse to themselves and all around them,—who might,—but for the Drink,—have lived happy, useful Lives! Squalid, awful homes,—millions of hard-earned Wages gone to the Gin Shop Proprietors,—wretched children,—no chance given them in life,—left in ignorance, dirt, and rags,—untaught,—untrained by Drunken wretches who disgrace the Sacred name of Parents!

“Stop! stop!—you are too severe! The Licensed Victuallers are a most respectable Body,—they do not wish the Working Classes to ruin themselves. The Workman, engaged in exhausting toil, during the day, absolutely requires some stimulus,—‘Drink’ of some kind! You cannot have the needful muscle,—vigour,—health,—and lasting power, without Beer and Spirits!”

Then, dear Reader,—sensible young Reader of the Working Class,—*why is it*,—when we are training young men for competitions requiring the *greatest* muscle,—energy,—vigour,—wind,—and lasting power of endurance, in Running,—Sculling,—Boxing,—Football,—Wrestling matches, &c.,—that they “go into training” and *knock off* the *Drink!* An essentially sporting Nation like ours,—with these facts before us for the past 90 years,—knowing

that such training is indispensable alike to Professionals and Amateur Athletes,—cannot allow our common sense to be abused,—by *first* being told that “Drink is needful to produce strong, healthy Workmen,”—and *then* that it is “absolutely fatal to successful training!” The backers of any man would cry-off,—the Trainer would throw up his task,—the moment the man was allowed the drink! Why? Because they know that it would be fatal to his chance, they would lose their money! What then does this admitted fact,—known to every Professional and Sporting man in England really mean? It means that, what is best for producing the most vigorous,—powerful, men of our day, is *best* for the *Working Man*! There are now thousands of our best Workmen,—with happy homes,—property accumulating,—well-cared for, merry children,—who never touch the drink from one year’s end to the other, who will compete in a day’s work with any workmen, and who,—on the average, will outlive their comrades who take the drink. “Prove it!” It has been already done! The Insurance Companies have proved it, by the irresistible logic of facts,—for the last fifty years! Two or three of the Insurance Companies will *insure Teetotalers* at a *less* premium than those who *take the Drink*! Well! apply to them *yourself*, if you do not believe it! *What does it mean?* Why, that they know by the experience of ninety years that Teetotalers *live longer*, and it *pays them to do it*!

Away then with the delusion that Drink is necessary! If your children are never taught to take it, they will never ask for it! It cannot be allowed a man in training. It shortens life. It is the ruin of thousands. There can be no successful training,—in other words no perfect, health,—while it is taken. Then how can it be necessary to a healthy, vigorous, skilful workman?

When will the Working Classes see that the countless thousands of Public Houses, and Gin Palaces in our large towns—so far from being necessary,—are “Man-traps” for draining these immense sums,—hard-earned wages,—from the Labouring Population, to enrich a privileged class? An immense, and influential Body,—many of them in Parliament,—are deeply interested in keeping up the Liquor Traffic,—and habitually resist any diminution of the deadly Trade. They are privileged. Other shops are closed by law on Sundays, the *Liquor Shop* may open. So that the gains are kept-up, the ruin of their fellow-Citizens appears to these persons a mere nothing. Look into one

of these Gin Shops in London,—as we did last Summer,—near Holborn,—one Sunday evening, and you would have seen some twenty youths, and mere girls, already flushed with drink, being served with spirits by a Barman as young as themselves. Not one of the party seemed over 20 years of age! *Who* tests the quality of the stuff sold in these places? *What* is it? Drinking in a gin shop on a Sunday evening, at Seventeen—in loose company—means a depraved old man,—a Pauper at seventy,—or, more likely,—a drunkard's early grave!

One of our great Liverpool Brewers during the past 40 years gradually acquired 250 Public Houses,—serving as retail Shops to pass off his drink alone,—then, after realising an immense fortune, floated the whole into a Limited Company, netting £2,000,000 thereby. The income was taken at £200,000. To produce this immense fortune, to one man, how many families of his fellow countrymen have been ruined? What a history of wretched homes,—married happiness destroyed,—children ruined morally and physically,—thousands reduced to abject poverty,—did these sums represent! Dear Reader! many of us,—if this Two Millions gained by such means were *presented* to us,—would *never touch* a penny of it,—Money obtained by draining the hard-earned wages of our poorer fellow citizens,—who cannot resist the drink,—must bring a curse with it. These swarms of Public Houses are veritable “man traps.” If you want to see the result, choose a wet day in Liverpool, and watch the swarms of poor wretched little half-naked children in the streets, crouching together up entries, and by the liquor shop to which their parents' money has gone which ought to have been spent in clothing, supporting and educating these little ones. “It is a gigantic evil: our drinking habits are making England the scoff of more temperate Nations; but what *can we do?*” Well! We can let our voice be heard;—expose the System in every way we can;—decline to hold a single share in any Brewery, Distillery, or Military Arms Company,—keep clear of them as Christians ourselves;—and dissuade all whom we can from those two great Curses of Mankind,—Drink and War.

CONCLUSION.

“You make too much of it!”—a young Reader may say,—“a glass,—now and then,—hurts no one, it never hurt my Parents, it won't hurt me!” True,—it may do

you no harm,—*your* temptation may not lie that way,—it may lie in another direction,—in Immorality,—Dishonesty,—Unbelief,—or Covetousness. You may be, naturally, of too cautious, calculating a character, ever to get drunk. But your young Companion, and Friend, may be one of those who *cannot* safely begin the Drink,—has not your firmness,—will *long* for it,—will take it again and again,—till it ruins him! He sees you taking it;—he follows your example! Surely it will be a bitter thing for you to think of! Look at the elder Youth in the Picture.



“Gone out too far!”

Against the orders of his Parents,—trusting to his knowledge of boating,—he has gone out for a sail in uncertain weather,—and has induced his School chum to accompany him. Foolhardy,—he has “*gone out too far.*” The wind is getting up, and beginning to change,—they must tack, now, to make the distant shore. A nasty swell too is rising,—the sky looks wild,—a gale is evidently setting in! How bitterly does he now reproach himself for disregarding the commands of his kind, and faithful Parents,—who only desired his safety! But,—bitterest of all,—that he should have *used his influence* and *example*,—to induce the poor lad,

—his best friend,—an only son on a visit to them,—to come with him! With that squall coming on, how can they, now, stop to *shorten* sail! Suppose he *drops* that sail,—how row that boat to shore in the sea that is getting up? So it is with the Sins of Drink,—Immorality,—Covetousness, or Unbelief,—“Oh! no fear! There is no danger! I can go a certain distance, and induce my friend to accompany me. We shall only have a glass or two, you know,—and perhaps, a sneer at the pious fellow,—‘who never went astray;’ and just one night’s dissipation too,—but very occasionally; I only sin occasionally. Soon get back! We shall not *go out too far!*”

They *all* said so! They *all* thought so! They did not *allow for the current*,—the terrible power of habit,—or their distance from the land! It was at first,—only an occasional sin, it is true,—but they must *have it again!* The habit was only a sewing thread at one time,—they could have snapped it in a moment,—but when you use the finest thread *often* enough it becomes as *strong as a rope*, and nothing, but God’s aid, will ever break it. Those habits,—commenced in youth,—become our Master! The experience of Mankind proves it! “If they grow mutinous,—and rave,—they are THY Master,—THOU their slave!” The worst of Drink is that it brings in all the other sins along with it! A young man,—having his choice of three mortal sins,—chose drunkenness, as the least of the three; and when he was *drunk* he committed the *other two!* It is vice which has no mercy! Everything must be given up for it! All lost! Self-respect,—the esteem of others,—a good situation,—property,—happiness,—home,—wife,—children,—health,—life itself,—the World to come,—all are lost one after the other. Everything that is precious and sacred to Mankind is to be sacrificed to the Monster Drink, and for *what* in exchange? Be wise in time. For 90 years past, how many thousands of drunkards,—once innocent boys to whom they gave their first glass,—how many immoral men,—covetous misers,—or scoffing unbelievers,—have launched out on that dark Ocean of Misery,—*have got out too far*,—and,—as it is to be feared, with the boys in the picture,—never returned!

“GONE TOO FAR OUT.”

“Talk to *me* of Christ,” roared a dying drunkard on his deathbed,—“I tell you,—my unkindness, and unfaithfulness,—killed my wife;—my drunken extravagance beggared my home and children;—my vile principles, and atheism poisoned my best, and earliest friend! Christ! Hell is a refuge,—if it hides me from His frown!”

CHAPTER XXX.

WHO MURDERED WILLIE ?

A STORY OF THE CRIMEAN WAR !

“NOW dry up your tears again, Mother,
 Or mine will begin to flow,
 And give me a parting kiss, Mother,
 And your blessing before I go !
 For I'll come back when the War is done,
 To cheer your declining days,
 And with many a tale of victories won,
 To tell round the Christmas blaze !”

And Willie is gone from his native land,
 To join in the mortal strife,
 Where fearful sights on every hand,
 And dangers, and death, are rife.
 For the pestilence arrows swiftly glide
 O'er the fields of battle won ;
 And the cannon ball—will it turn aside,
 For the sake of a Widow's son ?

The Autumn's golden hues have passed
 Away from the old elm trees ;
 Through the leafless branches sweep the blast,
 With a sound as of moaning seas !
 And her old clock ticks so drearily,
 Through the silence that none may cheer,
 And the days creep on so wearily,
 For her heart is sick with fear.

The Swallow returns to the sunny vale,
 And its nest in the cottage eaves,
 And the Cuckoo's song, and the Nightingale,
 Are welcoming Spring's green leaves.
 From a far-off land the Troops are come,
 They have traversed the blue seas o'er,
 And their voices ring round the Widow's home,
 But *her Willie returns no more !*

'Tis a quiet spot where his Father lies,
 In the churchyard yew tree's shade,
 Where the tall grass waves o'er the mounds that rise,
 To tell where the loved are laid !
 But Willie sleeps from his kindred far ;
 None knows where his grave was made,—
 For he fell on a field where the bolts of War
 In the life-blood of thousands wade !

No tear was shed, and no knell was rung,
 O'er the Soldier's lonely grave ;
 For him the only dirge is sung
 By the stormy Euxine's wave !
 Alas ! for the life-blood shed in vain,—
 For the bright hopes quench'd in gloom,
 The most that the so-called "brave" obtain,
 Is oft but a *nameless Tomb* !

"Thou shalt not kill !"



After "A Glorious Victory."

* * * * *
 "'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
 Who fell in the great Victory,
 I find them in the garden soil,
 For there's many still about,
 And often when we go to plow,
 The ploughshare turns them out,
 For many thousand men, said he,
 Were slain in that great Victory.
 * * * * *

What it was all about,
 And what they killed each other for,
 I never could make out,
 But everybody said, quoth he,
 It was a 'Glorious Victory.'
 * * * * *

Why 'twas a very wicked thing.
 Said little Wilhemine,
 A wicked thing ! my child, quoth he,
 Why, 'twas a 'Glorious Victory.'"

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE BITTER MELON.

LOKMAN—who afterwards became the celebrated philosopher—when a youth, was a slave. His Master, however, was kind to him; but one day, after dinner, being merry with his friends at table, he thought to play a trick upon the youth, and presented the boy with a bad and bitter melon, which none of them could eat. To his surprise, the youth, after tasting it, did not change countenance in the least, but eat it all up! “How is it possible,” said his Master, “for you to eat so nauseous a fruit?” “My dear Master,” replied the youth, with a look of affection, “I have received so many favours from you, is it a wonder that I should, for once, without complaining, eat a bitter melon from your hand?” All present were greatly struck with the boy’s generous answer; none, however, so much so as his Master, who shortly after gave him his liberty; and Lokman became the famous Oriental philosopher.

When misfortune and adversity come to us, and we do not meet with the success and happiness we could desire, we should remember the many favours, blessings, and pleasures we have all of us received from God from childhood;—and, like this Youth, surely we should be willing sometimes to receive, without complaint or repining, some disappointment from His all-wise and loving hand!

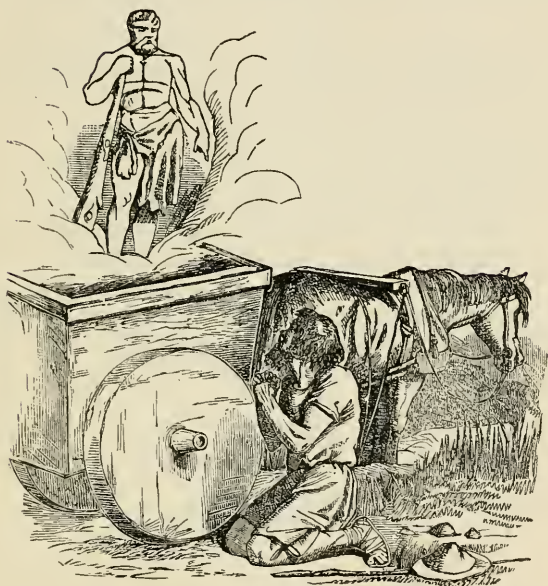


House Tops in the East. (See *Deut.* xxii., 8.)

CHAPTER XXXII.

“FAITH AND WORKS.”

“FAITH IS EVERYTHING,”—“WORKS ARE NOTHING!”



“WORKS.”

“The Lazy Carter.”

AN Ancient Roman,—you must know,—
I *think* his name was Ci-ce-ro,—
Wishing to make his Garden smarter,
Bespoke some Gravel off a Carter.
The Gravel had some way to come,
To reach his Seat, at Tus-cu-lum,
The Horse was old, the Cart was crazy,
And,—worst of all,—the Man was *lazy!*

“ Oh ! ”—then,—you’ll say,—“ I am afraid,”
 “ Cicero’s job will be delayed ! ”—
Exactly so !—the Cart, at length,
 Stuck fast beyond the Horse’s strength.
 In vain the Driver fumed and grumbled,
 At length,—down in the Road he tumbled !
 And there,—as in the mud he lay,—
 Thought he,—“ To Hercules I’ll pray.”

Note.—Hercules,—amongst the many heathen Gods and Goddesses of the Ancients,—was worshipped,—as the God of Strength. Students in our Art Classes, are familiar with the Figure of Hercules,—leaning on his great Club, and with the skin of the Lion which he has killed, over his shoulder.

Scarce had he ceased,—when roaring thunder,
 Surprised our friend,—with fear and wonder !—
 While,—straight before his eyes,—he sees,—
 No less a Form than Her-cu-les,—
 Who spoke to him in words like these.
 “ You stupid,—idle,—lazy fellow !
 “ Why do you lie there,—and bellow ?
 “ *Think* you, I’ll help you, with your load,
 “ While you lie *sprawling* in that Road ?
 “ *Apply* your *shoulder* to the wheel,
 “ Nor thus before me idly kneel !
 “ *Then* if the task too mighty prove,
 “ I will *assist* you with a shove ! ”

MORAL.

A Moral in this Fable dwells,
Heaven helps those who help *themselves* !
 In other words,—that is to say—
 That we *must* work as well as pray !

THE FERRYMAN.

A shrewd old Scotch Ferryman, had taken some good folks across to the Kirk. During the passage—he had listened to a somewhat heated discussion as to the respective importance of “ Faith and Works.” As the discussion did not appear to be half over, he thought it probable that,—after the Service,—these good people would renew it. The old Ferryman,—a man of few words,—hit upon the following device for “ putting his oar in,”—as the saying goes,—and silently illustrating his notions,—very sensible ones too,—on the Subject. He therefore before following them into the Kirk, chalked “ Faith ” upon one of

his oars,—and “Works” upon the other. The party met him after Kirk, ready to start, and he found that they had already re-commenced their discussion. The Stream, though narrow, had an awkward Weir in one part, and equally unpleasant Rocks in another. It was, therefore, with amazement, that one of the disputants—who had just been laying it down, with some vehemence that “Faith was *everything*; Works were *nothing*,”—on looking up,—found the Ferryman pulling *vehemently* away at *one* oar,—while the other,—with “Works” chalked upon it, lay quite discarded in the Boat! “Goodness me!”—he exclaimed,—“We shall certainly go down the Weir,—*quick!*—the *other* oar!” “*Right, Sir!*”—promptly replied the Ferryman,—and nimbly shipping the oar he had been using,—which was now seen to be marked “Faith;”—a minute after, he was pulling lustily away,—on the port-side,—with “Works!” *Round* came the Ferry Boat,—but with not much better result, seeing that though they were now safe from the Weir,—they were going straight towards the Rocks! The disputants had, however, by this time, quite grasped the meaning of the Old Ferryman, and both sides joined in entreating him, to use both “Faith,” and “Works,”—being “perfectly satisfied with his irresistible Logic.” The old Scotchman, at once, resumed both oars,—remarking,—as he pulled them safely,—and surely,—across, “Ah! Sirs!—I’ve taken her across many a time. ‘Faith’s’ a good oar;—so is ‘Works,’—but I never yet got her across without using them *both together!*”

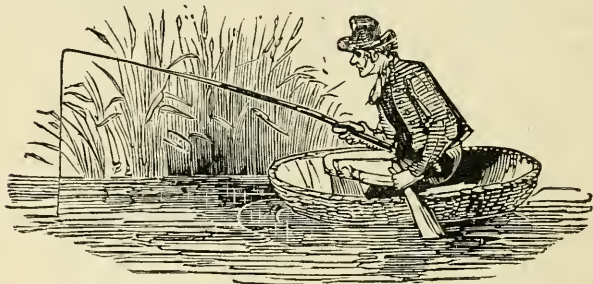
“FAITH IS EVERYTHING.”

And yet, dear Reader, the disputant in the Ferry Boat was perfectly right! Faith IS everything! Faith in Almighty God,—Faith in the perfectly finished Work—and complete Atonement,—of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ,—and Faith in Blessed God the Holy Spirit,—without Whom we can do nothing—is, indeed,—the “one thing needful!” Faith,—as far as our Salvation goes is, indeed, “everything!” But, as a matter of fact,—it is impossible to possess this true, saving, Faith without earnest desire,—with God’s aid,—to do our little to serve, honour, and please Him. If there is no desire for the extension of Christ’s kingdom, no love to Him, and no wish, nor intention, to do good to others,—we may rely upon it that “Faith” is absent too. Every true Christian rests for Salvation entirely upon the finished Work of Christ.

We rely implicitly upon the oar, "Faith," for reconciliation and acceptance,—but every *true* child of God,—with a grateful, loving, heart, will be ever found,—like the old Ferryman,—pulling also, away,—more or less heartily,—at "Works."

"And why call ye Me, Lord, Lord, and *do not* the things which I say?"

"And every one that heareth these sayings of Mine and *doeth them not*, is like unto a foolish man which,—without a foundation built his house upon the sand, and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house and it fell, and great was the fall of it." "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye *do them*."



A Primitive Ferry Boat.

These basket-work boats,—varying in size,—are still used in Wales. They are called "Coracles,"—and were used in very ancient times. It is said that in boats of this description,—only of greater capacity,—the ancient Britons crossed over, at times to Ireland.

PAUL.

The Apostle Paul was also saved by being let down in a Basket.



"And they watched the Gates day and night to kill him. Then the Disciples took him and let him down by the wall in a basket."—*Acts ix.*, 24-25.

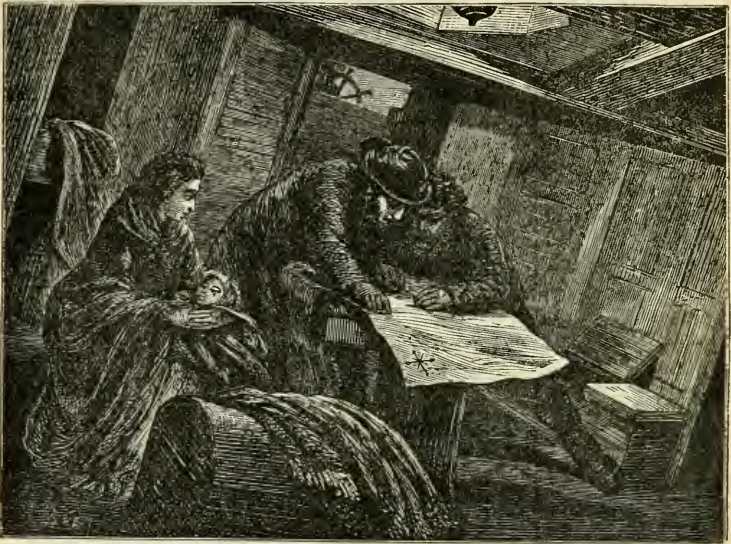
In somewhat such a basket-boat the child Moses was placed afloat on the Nile, by his Mother, during the persecution of the Israelites in Egypt.



“ And he was a goodly child, and she took for him an ark of Bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch. and put the child therein. And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the River, and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it. And when she had opened it, behold the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, call a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for me. And the maid called the child’s Mother. And she called his name Moses ; for she said, Because I drew him out of the water.”—*Exodus* iii., 5-6.



A STORM.



“ In the Picture we see a vessel driving heavily before a winter’s gale.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A WILD NIGHT OFF THE GOODWINS.

“ All that is definitely known is that the ‘ Maju ’ was bound from Dundee to Rangoon, and passed through the Pentland Firth last Saturday, in company with the ship ‘ Lochee.’ Eleven bodies have now come ashore.”

“ From Stornoway a despatch, dated Saturday night, says, that, notwithstanding the boisterous state of the weather, and the heavy sea running on the west coast of Lewes, the search for the bodies of the crew of the ill-fated vessel ‘ Maju ’ is continued indefatigably. One body—that of a stout, powerfully built man, who would have weighed fully 17 stone—is conjectured to be that of the Captain. One body—that of a good-looking lad, about 19—was well dressed in new clothes, and in the pocket of his jacket was found a Bible.”—*(See Daily Paper, 27th October, 1874.)*

IT is not far out at sea—far on the immense ocean which surrounds this world—that the chief danger to a vessel lies. Every sea captain knows that his most anxious time is when his vessel is approaching a coast at his journey’s end, or when getting clear of land at its commencement. Once clear of the coast, and of the dangerous reefs and shoals—which run out far from the land—and which

can only be avoided by close attention to the charts,—a vessel may drive before a gale for days, in the open sea, without much danger, but how is she to do so on a wild night off shore, when you are certain that you cannot be far off land, with its reefs and shoals? Amongst the many dangers of our most dangerous English coast, perhaps there is not one more dreaded by Mariners, on a wild night, than the Goodwin sands,—upon which, our English History informs us, Earl Goodwin was lost. During a storm the sea breaks mountains high over these dreaded sands! Many a fine vessel, since Earl Goodwin's day, has driven upon the Goodwins, and gone to pieces, far from aid, and from land! The so-called sands are in reality as hard and dangerous as if they were reefs or rocks.

In the picture we see a vessel driving heavily before a winter's gale. A wild night has set in. There are times when a vessel cannot safely be brought up against a storm, when you must drive before it, or founder. The captain and his mate know that the vessel must now be somewhere near the dreaded Goodwin Sands. The mate—a weather-beaten sailor, who has sailed on many a stormy sea—has just come down from the deck; he has fancied that he has heard in the distance a sound louder even than that of the storm—a sound which, once heard, is never forgotten—the roar of distant breakers far ahead! Could they have been the huge rollers breaking over the Goodwin Sands? He thought, too, with a seaman's eye, that he had seen in the distance a white line far ahead; could it have been the surf? He has come down into the cabin from the drenching decks, and finds the young Captain poring over the chart, and both are trying now, for dear life, to decide where the ship is in regard to the Goodwin Sands, so that they may, at all hazards, immediately wear the ship. Everything depends now upon their decision—on which side to wear the vessel. The hardy mate has been in many a storm, but then it was far out at sea—far from any land, with plenty of sea room. He has been in many as wild a night, but he is very anxious now! He knows that all they have now to trust to is *the chart*. The captain's wife, hushing the baby on her knee, knows that there is danger; she sees that the men are undecided, and anxious about the Ship.

Dear youths, who read this book, is there no lesson in this picture for us? In many cases, indifferent to religion, cold, and entirely thoughtless towards God, a youth comes to

our English Sunday Schools, apparently with the idea that all he has to care for is to secure what amusements and society—tea parties and such like—he can, and the less he hears of God and of religion the better he is pleased. But God sent us to this Sabbath school for a very different purpose to this. As young men commencing life, we have all started upon a voyage, which is to end only in *Eternity!* How many present will last out that voyage, God only knows, or how many will make shipwreck!

There are *dangers* on that voyage of a character which nothing can save you from but God's Almighty aid. Many do not believe it; many never will believe it till they have found it out for themselves—until they have learnt, from their sinfulness, what they are capable of, and the fearful power which sin, when allowed and unopposed, possesses over a sinful Youth, or a wicked man!

Knowing the dangers of the voyage before us, Almighty God has placed in our hands—often unasked, often undesired, by many a youth—a *Chart*, which, if carefully studied and obeyed, will guide him safely through the dangers of this world, to the better world to come. That *chart* is the *Bible*, the only book of directions and rules which God has ever given to the world, or ever will give us. It was one of these books which the sailor boy had in his pocket when his ship, the "Maju," was lost.

This chart is different to any other in one respect—it is *always* to be *relied* upon. The charts issued by the Government of every country are as accurate as human skill and patience can make them, yet, though every rock, every sounding, may be given, the charts are not always to be relied on. A heavy current may have thrown a vessel out of her course and reckoning; sands, such as the Goodwins, frequently shift, and the chart may thus be rendered useless. But it is not so with the chart issued by Almighty God! *His* directions *once* given, stand for Eternity! "Heaven and earth will pass away, but My words shall not pass away." The Saviour's wishes and directions to a young man commencing life, if followed, must lead him safely through every danger to the bright home above! But what slightest hope is there for a young man who despises God's written word—never cares to read it, much less to attempt to follow in one single instance God's directions on the chart? Ignorant, silly, vain, and self-willed, how many a youth listens with a yawn to God's solemn directions, the importance of which no human language can convey!

Once more, a vessel may sail many a time upon the self-same course, her keel may plough the same ocean again and again, but it is not so with us! You, I, and all we see around us are drifting onward to Eternity, and there is no going back! You will never sail back *one* mile of the course through life you have chosen, you will never pass the same course a second time! Is it to be a Godless course, letting youth and manhood go by, with every thought of God carefully excluded? Or is it to be a life of love to God, ever increasing in favour both with God and man? It is now in your power to choose which course it shall be.

Like it, or like it not, you have already started upon the great voyage of life, which is to end in Eternity! Everything now depends upon your choice, your efforts, your prayers! One youth is bent upon pleasure, another places his trust and highest aims upon obtaining wealth and success in the world. How few have the wisdom to secure first the friendship of Him who has all things both in Heaven and in Earth!

Like vessels on the ocean, with their sails set contrary ways, we are all passing over the Sea of Life in search of the objects upon which we have set our hearts and desires! And thus life passes on, until there comes a day—as there *will* come a day to each now present—a day *far* more anxious than the one represented in this picture! Some accident or illness comes, and, from a dying bed, we hear the first solemn murmurs of the boundless ocean of Eternity before us! Though you seldom read it now, you will then be searching with untold anxiety in God's chart, the Bible, to see how *you* stand for Eternity—to decide on what foundation are *your* hopes of heaven!

Now, with life, health, youth, and time before you, is the calm period in which betimes to study the Chart which God has given you, and to choose your course! You should spend a certain time every morning, and again at night before you sleep, in prayer for God's blessing on your future life and prospects; asking his forgiveness for every sin committed (in His own appointed way, in the Saviour's name) and in reading a few verses out of God's chart—the Bible. Even ten minutes thus spent by a Youth each day, will make a difference in his character by the time he is a Man, which no words can describe! This habit once gained, and adhered, to every day, whatever the future life of a youth may be, whatever his sins and dangers, all must, one day, be well with him! Why? Because God's

Word is *pledged*—and the Saviour's *honour* is pledged—that none of His creatures can invoke His aid and blessing *in vain* ! Christ assures us of this again and again ! He commended the troublesome, importunate Widow, who *would* keep asking the unjust Judge. He commended the troublesome friend persisting, at midnight, in knocking at his friend's house, and is not to be put down until he has his wish ; and the direction given in God's chart,—the Bible,—to every youth is—“ Ask, and ye shall receive ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.”

“ They that seek Me early shall find Me.”



A Calm.

“ And Peter said unto Him, Master, we have toiled all night, and have taken nothing ; nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net. And when they had this done, they inclosed a multitude of fishes. And they beckoned unto their Partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the ships, so that they began to sink. When Peter saw it he fell down at Jesus' knees. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not ; from henceforth thou shall catch men. And when they had brought their ship to land, they forsook all, and followed him.”—*Luke v., 5.*





CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE BOY DAVID.

1 Samuel, xvii. “And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span, and the staff of his spear was like a weaver’s beam.

And David returned to feed his father’s sheep at Bethlehem.

And Jesse said unto David his son,—‘Take now for thy brethren in the camp, an ephah of this parched corn,—and these ten cheeses to the Captain of their thousand.’ * * * *

And when the Philistine had looked about,—(It is presumed that the giant expected the Israelites to select their most powerful man to meet him)—and saw David, he disdained him, for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance.

But David said unto the Philistine—‘Thou comest against *me*, with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield,—but *I come to thee* in the name of the Lord of Hosts,—the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied.’

And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sank into his forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth.

And David ran and stood upon the Philistine, and drew the Philistine’s sword out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw that their champion was dead, they fled. And

the men of Israel and Judah pursued the Philistines until thou come to the valley of Ekron, and their wounded fell down by the way, even unto Gath."

"The Lord is my Shepherd ; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : He leadeth me beside the still waters."—*Psalm xxiii.*

§ O wrote the boy David,—in what is thought,—no doubt, correctly,—to have been one of his earliest Psalms. David, as you know, was the youngest of Jesse's sons,—a Shepherd Boy at Bethlehem,—the Birthplace,—a thousand years after,—of our Blessed Lord.

David, probably wrote this Twenty-third Psalm when quite young, probably a youth of sixteen or seventeen years old. The allusions are to his daily duties, as a Shepherd Boy in the East. He had to keep a watchful eye on his sheep,—to lead them to suitable, green, pastures,—if possible near the water so precious in those hot Eastern climates.

The sheep in the East get to know their Shepherd and his voice. Our Lord alludes to this in one of His discourses (John x., 27-30)—"My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me ;—and I give unto them Eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand. I and My Father are one." "I am the good Shepherd ; the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

No doubt, then, David's sheep knew their young Shepherd and followed him. This reminds him of his own condition, as a pious Boy enjoying the love, and guidance of God. "The Lord is *my* Shepherd,"—writes this pious youth,—comparing the faithful love of God to him, which he had felt from his boyhood,—to that of a good Shepherd ;—"The Lord is *my* Shepherd ; I shall not want, He maketh me to lie down in the green pastures,—He leadeth me beside the still waters."

Youths, in reading the Bible, seem to think that there is something mysterious about the Boys in the Old, and New, Testament. They appear to think that they were not just like other boys,—and thus you lose the interest you would otherwise feel in their lives. But, surely, every sensible youth, must on reflection, admit that the Boys mentioned in the Bible were, after all,—*must* have been,—merely boys like yourself. What else *could* they have been ? They had their boyish pursuits,—and fancies,—

were as active,—and as fond of adventure as you are. The only thing mysterious about them was that they gave,—as you may do,—their hearts to God in their youth,—and thus attracted,—as you may do,—His love. “They that honour Me *I* will honour.”—The Boy David is merely described as a brave, handsome, and vigorous lad,—or as the Bible puts it,—“Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to.”

He was a *brave* Boy, we know,—for when the trained Soldiers would not go out to meet,—single-handed,—the Champion of the Heathen army,—who challenged them day by day to do so,—the gallant Boy,—grieved that God’s people should be thus insulted for forty days by the Heathen,—resolved,—in God’s strength,—to go out alone against the huge Giant,—and, with God’s aid,—slew him!

According to how the ancient cubit be taken, Goliath would be between nine and ten feet high; (other Giants are mentioned in 2 Samuel xxi., 16-22), covered with armour: the only place where a disabling wound could well have been inflicted was the face. “Disabling,” seems the word, rather than “fatal,” for it is not said that it killed him;—he fell probably merely stunned,—for we read that David then took his sword “and slew him.”

God’s providence, doubtless was *behind that stone*.—Are we quite sure that it is not behind everything?—still, it is equally true that the stone was hurled by a vigorous, athletic,—and probably long practised,—youth, for we read that the stone sank into the Giant’s forehead. As a Boy he would be doing something with his sling, we may depend, during those long days while taking care of the sheep;—already, as a young Shepherd,—David had successfully defended them against the attacks of wild animals. Doubtless, he knew what he could do with a sling, else why did he only choose “five smooth stones from the Brook,”—as sufficient,—when he might have filled his bag?

The Ancients attached great importance to their Slingers; and that these men were highly-trained,—no doubt from their youth,—we learn from Judges xx., 16;—where we read of a body of practised Slingers,—picked men,—left-handed,—“who could sling to a hair’s breadth and not miss.” This, of course, is in the figurative,—flowery,—language of all Eastern Nations. The young Christian,—or young Believer,—in reading his Bible must see how unfair it is to expect, after 3,000 years,—to translate the expressive Hebrew language—abounding in

metaphors,—so as to require it to express the exact equivalent to our matter-of-fact, precise, modern English. The young student of his Bible will allow this difficulty in thus rendering the different modes of expression used by various Nations, even at the present time; still more so, when he considers that even in the last 200 years, many words in our own English have already quite altered their meaning! What then is 200 to 3,000 years ago!

The mode of expression used, gives us, however, the impression,—no doubt the true one,—that these ancient Slingers were accurate, and skilful, to a remarkable degree.

In later times the Sling in warfare seems to have given place to the Bow,—which our own English Nation, 2,000 years after David, brought to its highest degree of efficiency,—until it in turn, gave place to the more deadly,—indeed,—frightful,—weapons of Modern Warfare.

God had chosen the Boy David to be the Future King,—through whom, indeed, our Blessed Lord Himself,—the “Son of David.”—was to descend. Could any circumstance be conceived more adapted to bring the Boy prominently before the King,—the Army,—or indeed the entire Nation,—than his victory over the dreaded Giant?

We see the immediate result in the passionate admiration, and love, the noble young Prince Jonathan, at once conceived for their young champion; David says that Jonathan’s love to him “was wonderful, passing the love of women.” We also see it in the Songs of the Singing Women,—which offended the jealous King Saul so deeply,—“Saul has killed his thousands,”—(figurative metaphor you see again)—“but David his tens of thousands.”

That it was the Boy David’s piety, which had attracted God’s love, and choice,—we see by 1 Samuel xvi., 6:—for his elder Brothers appear to have possessed still greater advantages of person. Indeed, the Prophet Samuel was so much struck on first seeing the eldest Son, Eliab,—that he at once concluded that he saw before him the future King. “And it came to pass when the sons of Jesse were come, that Samuel looked upon Eliab, and said ‘Surely the Lord’s anointed is before Him?’” But then came the memorable words of our Creator,—“Look not at his countenance, or the height of his stature, for I have rejected him! for the Lord seeth not as man seeth: for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh at the heart.”

They were, no doubt, a good-looking family;—but

although David happened, like his brothers, to be well-favoured outwardly,—it is evident that this was not the cause of his being chosen. Eternal blessedness is by no means reserved only for the fair, and well-favoured, either in mind or person,—on the contrary,—to go no further than David's own lovely, but infamous son,—Absalom,—all history shews that such are, not unfrequently, the “Abhorred of the Lord.”

No youth, therefore, who may read this book,—however conscious of his inferior character, or outward appearance, should be discouraged in the slightest by it,—or hesitate for a moment in seeking salvation, and God's love, by piety in his early days. God is no respecter of persons;—if only your heart, like David's, is set upon seeking God's favour, He will soon supply all you need to be pleasing in His sight, however mean you may judge your appearance may seem among men. Your common sense must show you that outward beauty is a mere chance of birth,—that it is but skin deep,—and may,—and, in fact, often does,—hide a detestable character.

A poor Boy, if only he possesses piety towards his God, is loved by Him quite as much as if he possessed all the wealth and grace of a young Prince.

Do you doubt it? Then look around and say who were the youths most favoured by God:— David, a Shepherd Boy;—the good youth, Joseph;—then also a Shepherd Boy, King Josiah;—all conditions are represented:—then in later times, our pious Boy-King Edward VI;—and how many boys of humble origin, in our day, has God chosen to be a blessing to Mankind?

The sainted Wesley and Whitfield,—Doddridge,—Jay, of Bristol, the Stonemason's boy, who preached from 17 to 81 years of age;—John Angel James, of Birmingham;—Mr. Spurgeon, of London, and many more, who, having honoured and loved their God in youth, have been honoured by Him to lead thousands to Heaven.

Now in *your* youth,—with life before you, is the time to seek His favour, and to secure His love. Many a prayer, and happy communion with his God, doubtless had the pious boy, David, enjoyed during the long quiet days, while his sheep were peacefully feeding around him. And surely you can also have your quiet times for prayer, and to commence, like David, your journey to the self-same Heavenly Home.

I speak not to all, but it does seem to me, that *some*

youth who reads these words has already—like the boy, David,—felt the love of God,—and has heard that blessed,—and yet that solemn, call “Will you be Mine?” Your lot is not it is true,—thrown, as David’s was, amongst quiet, pastoral scenes;—your life is probably passed in the vast towns of our modern times;—but remember Almighty God remains the same. “A thousand years, with the Lord are as one day; and as a watch in the night.” The call still is “Will you be Mine?” There are young comrades in the Factories,—Workshops,—and Offices, of our day, whom your example will either encourage in good, or evil. You are beginning life,—with, probably, many years before you,—there is,—if you seek His aid,—a work for God, which *you* alone can do!

“Now do not spoil my pleasant pictures in Life,” a—Youth may say,—“My Parents wish to see me successful in Commercial Life,—they are excellent people, but do not lay so much stress on Piety, and Religion, as you do! We must,—you know,—have our amusements,—also, we must see to getting on in the world;—around me are scores of pushing young fellows,—not given much to Piety or Religion, it is true,—but getting on well in life,—and likely to become wealthy, and successful men; speak you *to others*,—do not speak to *me*!”

“Wealthy, and successful men? What *is* a successful man?”

There is a “strong delusion,”—in this age of money worship,—the God of this World blinds many a soul that they should “believe a lie!” A few fleeting years,—*where* is the wealth or success? The noble Mansion? The stately grounds? We look around,—the successful man has gone! We see a neglected *tombstone*,—we see a lonely, and *deserted grave*! I speak not,—I know,—to all;—if you can find in a worldly,—selfish,—life, all that your heart desires,—God’s call is certainly not for *you*! But to *some* youth who reads this book, the call of God has come,—you may hear it, or you may forbear,—He calls not to all,—but He calls to *you*—“Will you be Mine?” Doubtless a choice has to be made;—for you, also, as for others,—there is a gay, and pleasurable world,—a life for self and gain. In your case,—doubtless, a choice has to be made,—below,—a dying World,—above,—the Heavenly Home! Below, the transient gains and passing pleasures of sense, and time,—above, the joys, “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive

the things God hath prepared for them that love Him."—Your choice? What! Grasp the Dunghill,—Miss the Starry Crown?

It may be the Blessed God sees, in some Youth who reads these words,—an intelligence, a position, a power, with His aid, to lead many to their Saviour and their God! And the Lord of Heaven, and earth, humbles Himself,—as it were,—and comes now knocking at that door saying,—“Will you be Mine?” Around you is a sinful, and a dying World,—and precious souls,—for whom I died,—whom you can aid,—are passing out into Eternity unsaved! There is a work for Me which *you* alone can do! “Will you be Mine?”

Methinks I see the same Youth,—to whom God once sent a call in early life to be His,—but, who disregarded it,—in his later life! The fleeting years pass by,—he is fading into age! *Property* has been accumulated;—he has had his desire;—*Wealth* came flowing in;—children all settled;—all well for this world! But there never came again to that soul, the call of the Blessed God;—those whom he might have influenced by a life of pious example, have long since *passed away*;—and as those long years passed by, that Voice of entreaty was certainly less, and less, often heard!

God's work,—Christ's work,—was done,—it was done by *others*,—but, it was not done by *him*! God grant, that, in the evening of his days—after his “wealthy and successful” life,—far down in the stream of time,—and Eternity near,—that those deep words of Christ,—“Who spake as never man spake,”—may *never come* to any Youth who now, in early life, reads this Book,—“Sleep on *now* and take your rest!”

“Sleep on now and take your rest?” Oh! *What does He mean?* That as those years passed by, the wealth I so longed for, came flowing in,—property was accumulated,—but God's call came to me no more! “Sleep on now and take my rest?”

Oh! *What does He mean? What, is He gone?* The Faithful God, Who called me in my youth?

Passed me by for others, and will come to me no more! What, *is He gone?*—the precious Saviour,—the sweet Heaven above,—and left me, an “unprofitable servant,”—a so-called “wealthy” man,—to face Eternity,—unchanged,—unholy,—and unsaved?

DAVID'S FALL.

There is one concluding lesson in the Life of the Boy David,—the young Believer should very carefully consider,

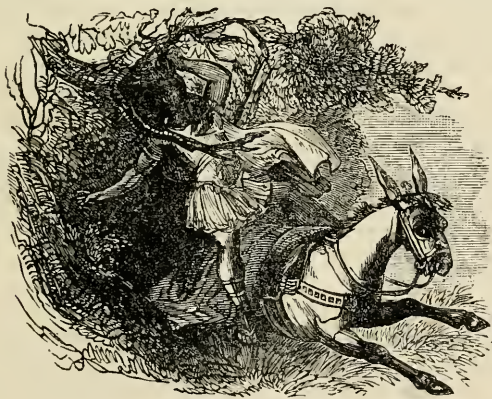
—and that is,—David's *fall*. A young Christian is apt to think,—“Well! I did hope,—like the boy David,—that I, also, had given my heart to the Blessed God; but I thought,—from that day,—all would be happiness and peace. I thought that there would be no more doubts,—no more very great,—or, at any rate,—very successful,—temptations, and that I should fall no more into any very serious sins.” *Did you?* Then, dear young Reader, you were expecting a life contrary to the experience of every child of God! Certainly,—a very different experience to that of the Boy David. You are expecting the Crown,—before the Cross,—the Victory before the Conflict! It cannot be! The Christian must be tried. As a young Christian you are expected to prove a true,—not a sham,—“fair weather only,” soldier of the Cross. Our Saviour's own path led Him to the Cross on Calvary! The Christian's life would be unintelligible,—if there was no trial,—no conflict,—no foe to face,—no fighting a good fight of Faith,—no Satan to oppose,—no confidence in God to be tried! Believe me there are Giants in the path of the young Christian in our days quite as formidable as Giant Goliath! The sneers of Godless companions, your own temptations to evil. Why, look at this pious Boy, David's, after life! The fair weather,—the youth of piety—passed;—the storm of temptation, and Satan came,—and David *fell!* A fall indeed! Who would recognise the pious youth who wrote the XXIII. Psalm,—in the vicious, and wicked King,—abusing the power God had entrusted to him,—merely to satisfy his vile passions,—and then adding the cunning Murder,—by treachery,—of his faithful soldier, to avoid the exposure of his adultery? No *ordinary* sinner here! A *marked* man,—chosen by God to be King,—one who had made so great a profession of piety and love to his God! Well, indeed, might the words of the All-just one come to him, accepting his repentance, and remorse, it is true,—but, announcing that,—in this World,—David would know peace no more! “Now, therefore, the sword shall never depart from thy house; and I will take thy wives before thine eyes, and give them to thy neighbour; thou didst it secretly; but I will do this thing before all Israel, and before the sun,”—and He did.—See 2 Sam., 1-15, and 2 Sam. xvi., 21-23.) “Because,—by this deed,—thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme.”

David had indeed! Ages pass, but we never shall

hear the end of that fall! How the "enemies of the Lord,"—the Unbeliever,—the Freethinker,—have laughed, and sneered!

"Here is a man after God's own heart,—for you!"—shrieks the Secularist,—in the Lecture Room,—forgetting that if God had not intended it He would never have heard of David's fall at all,—“Here is your pious man for you! The ‘sweet psalmist of Israel,’ *was* he! David the *Adulterer!* David the sly *Murderer!* He seems much like some of us,—only worse! All alike, these ‘religious’ ‘pious’ men,—preach to others,—and do worse things themselves on the sly,—until they are found out!” The Unbeliever never perceives that he owes the narrative entirely to God's Word,—to that amazing Bible, which, with wondrous boldness,—and perfect candour,—gives us the Saint's fall into the mire, and into terrible sin,—as it gives us his virtues.

The Freethinker never asks you peruse that Psalm of agony, grief, alarm, and repentance (LI. Psalm) written by David, just after his fall,—when he seems to have had great fears,—not without cause,—whether God was not about to “cast him off for ever.” In reading David's later Psalms,—we hear little more of peace, and the “still waters;”—say, rather, they speak of sorrow, conflict, trouble, and storm! “The sword,”—certainly never left “his house,”—trouble came after trouble;—his loved,—beautiful,—but abandoned son turns against him, and, had Absalom only taken the “wise counsel” of Ahithophel,—“the sword” would have reached David himself,—nothing



Absalom's Death.

“In all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Absalom for his beauty. And when he polled his hair because the hair was heavy upon him he weighed it at two hundred shekels. And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the boughs of a great oak, while the battle was in the wood of Ephraim, and his hair caught in the oak, and the mule went away from under him; and Joab thrust his dart through the heart of Absalom.”

but the divided counsel of Hushai saved David, (See 2 Samuel xvii., 1-14). It was Absalom his son, upon whom “the sword” eventually fell.

The terrible fall, and life-long punishment, of the Boy David in his after life is,—thank God,—certainly not likely to be the experience of every young Christian. Thousands of them, pious like David, in their youth, have, on the contrary, followed it up,—through God’s grace,—and their Saviour’s aid,—by a most excellent, useful, and holy life. “The greater the sinner,—the greater the saint,”—is a *false doctrine*,—challenged by the *entire experience* of Mankind. It is a terribly dangerous experiment to try! Well might David pray,—“Save Thou me from *presumptuous* sins!” Backsliders, *sometimes* are re-instated,—but how many are not? Prodigals *sometimes* return, thousands never return at all.

“There is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons.” Though our Saviour was here, no doubt, alluding to the self-righteous disputing Pharisees, as “the just persons,”—or rather those who thought themselves “just persons who needed no repentance,”—still, if the fact is taken literally—have you ever asked yourself, Why? *Why* should there be *more* joy? Is it not because such cases *are so rare*? “When the Ethiopian can change his skin, and the Leopard his spots, —then may they *accustomed to do evil*,—learn to do well.”

But the lesson for the young Christian is this;—God Who knows all hearts,—may find it needful to show you as He did David, what you really are by nature,—if you are ever to be driven, or compelled, to come to, and to rely upon,—the Saviour alone, for Salvation, rather than upon yourself. You may, therefore, fall into the mire of sin, it may be for years, and be inclined to think that your first happy experience of the love of God was after all, a delusion.

This is the “trial of our faith.” “Without faith it is impossible to please God,”—This is the meaning of “the trial of your faith being much more precious than gold that perisheth.” “Receiving the reward of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.” “I have fought the good fight;

—I have kept the faith.”—How can a young Believer’s faith in his God be discovered unless it first be tried? Instead then of concluding that all is lost, the young Christian is called upon to trust still in God’s faithfulness however often he falls into sin,—and to return at once. Applying to the “Antidote” (See Chapter LI.)—resolving never to give in to Satan and sin, but always to return to God, as David did. This is the “Faith,”—the absolutely indispensable “faith,”—allusions to which the Old and New Testament teem with. Faith is a dependence under *all circumstances*,—including, of course, falling into sin,—on the part of the young Believer upon the faithfulness, and unimpeachable veracity of God. It is a belief,—which nothing can ever shake,—in the unerring wisdom,—unfathomable goodness, and omnipotent power of God to save,—for Christ’s sake,—all who come back to Him, to the very uttermost. There may be years of conflict, and disappointment, and falls, but “faith” in God will conquer in the end.

It must be so!—“I know my sheep and they follow Me, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither can any man pluck them out of my hand.” It cannot be, for Omnipotence Himself forbids! “My Father is greater than I, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father’s hand.” But unquestionably this “Faith” is to be fostered, and must be confirmed by, the steady, habitual, habit of prayer; inwardly raising the silent petition for God’s aid, blessing, and forbearance, and love, on all occasions of your life;—in storm, or sunshine, alike. If you habitually neglect this habit,—and disregard our Lord’s earnest entreaties to “pray always and not to faint,”—how can you hope for Divine aid?

Indeed, those,—like you dear Reader, who have long heard Christ’s call to a prayerful and christian life, should indeed make haste to obey it! Look around, for yourself, amongst the “Prodigals,”—the immoral, the drunken, the depraved,—how many—“rise and go to their Father?” Comparatively very, very few! You cannot have your common sense abused; you *know* it is so! The vast majority of God’s children who come to Him at all, come to Him in comparatively early life. The Prodigal, returning, is received with joy; but, to the Son who went not astray, the Father’s loving—endearing words,—ever are,—“Son, *thou art ever with Me, and all that I have is thine!*”

May you, young Believer, who reads this Book,—after an excellent,—pious,—and useful career,—at life’s close,—

hear the above blessed words one day addressed to you,—accompanied by the joyful reception, “Well done! good and faithful servant! Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!”

See'st thou the Eastern dawn?
Hear'st thou in the red morn
The Angel's song?
“Christ's blood for thee was shed,
And before Him has fled
All sin and wrong.”

“Wilt thou from sin be free?
Then give thy heart to Me,
As thy true friend,—
Then all thy fears shall cease,
And, in Eternal peace
Thy life shall end!”

GIANTS OF 1891.

There are Seven monstrous Giants,—far more powerful, and dangerous,—in 1891,—than Goliath, of Gath was, in B.C. 1063. Against, at least, one of these besetting sins every youth,—who wishes to be a Christian,—will have to go out, and with God's aid,—prevail. We cannot hope to kill them, as David disposed of Goliath,—but let it be our life's work to sling our little stone at them! If God wills it, we may give them a shrewd blow or two! To weaken and thwart these monstrous and cruel Giants,—the enemies of Mankind,—is the desire of every true Believer. There are other smaller Giants, but the Seven largest, and most terrible, in our day,—are, 1. Giant Drunkenness, 2. Giant Vice or Immorality. 3. Giant Covetousness. 4. Giant Dishonesty. 5. Giant Passion,—Revenge, Brutality. 6. Giant Unbelief, Impiety. 7. Giant Selfishness,—or Do no good to anybody. (This last is not an *aggressive* Giant like the rest;—in fact, he is generally asleep.)

Against these Monsters,—no matter how many cubits high they are,—we must, like good Christian in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress,—go out,—and “fight the good fight of faith.”



“Then said Apollyon,—‘I am *sure* of thee now!’ But, as God would have it,—while Apollyon was fetching his last blow,—thereby to make a full end of this good man,—Christian, with his sword—(‘all prayer, ’)—gave the Fiend, nimbly, a deadly thrust,—which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian,—perceiving this,—*made* at him *again*,—saying,—‘Nay, in all these things we are more than Conquerors, through Him that loved us!’ And, with that,—the foul Fiend spread forth his dragon’s wings, and sped him away, so that Christian saw him no more!’—*Bunyan’s Pilgrim’s Progress.*

“He that overcometh shall inherit all things,—and I will be His God, and he shall be My son.”—Rev. xxi., 7.

Battering Rams.



Ancient Warfare.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE BOY JOSEPH.



Joseph being seventeen years old was feeding the flocks with his brethren. Now Israel (Jacob) loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colours. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than them, they hated him and could not speak peaceably unto him. And Israel said unto Joseph, "Do not thy brethren feed the flocks in Shechem? Go, I pray, and see whether it be well with thy brethren and well with the flocks, and bring me word again."

And when they saw him afar off they conspired against him and said "Behold this dreamer cometh! Let us slay him and cast him into some pit, and we will say some evil beast hath devoured him, and we shall see what will become of his dreams." And they stript Joseph of his coat, and they took him and cast him into a pit, and there was no water in the pit.

And Judah said "What profit is it if we slay him? Come! let us sell him to the Ishmaelites." And they sold Joseph to them for twenty pieces of silver. And the Midianites sold him in Egypt to Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, and Captain of the Guard. And the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake, and he made him overseer over all that he had. And he left all that he had in Joseph's hand; for his master saw that the Lord was with him. And Joseph was of a goodly person, and well favoured. And his Master's wife cast her eyes upon Joseph, and said lie with me. And as she spoke to Joseph day by day he refused, and said unto her,—“Behold, my Master hath committed all that he hath to my hand; neither hath he kept back anything from me but thee, because thou art his wife. How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?”—*Genesis xxxvii., 2, 3, 4, 13, 19, 26, 36.*—xxxix., 5, 7, &c.

Before reading this chapter the young Reader is asked first to peruse the remarks at the commencement of the life of the Boy David.

If youths,—in reading the Bible,—will not consider the Boys mentioned in the Old, and New Testaments,—as merely Youths like themselves,—and persist in thinking that there was something very mysterious about them,—not like other Boys,—it seems useless to go any further.

If Joseph, David, Daniel, Josiah, were not real, actual, Boys like you are,—*what were they?* If they were not, then we may as well shut up our Bibles. If the Scenes related were not real,—were never acted by real, living, personages like ourselves, it seems mere waste of time to go any further. But once allow that the Boy Joseph was merely a worthy youth loved,—no doubt injudiciously so,—by his Father,—and what was far better, and led to very different results,—loved, also by God,—but disliked and hated by his step-brothers,—then all mystery ceases, and we have a family history which has been repeated for ages. For we must remember that Joseph and his youngest brother Benjamin were by the same Mother;—all the other sons of Jacob—(called "Israel" frequently, hence the term "Children of Israel")—were by a previous marriage. Thus little love seems to have existed between them,—and when the boy Joseph,—now seventeen years old,—is impressed by his dreams of his future, and, with the open thoughtlessness of a youth, tells them to his father, and step-brothers, their evidently long felt dislike, turns to deadly hatred,—“We will see what will become of his dreams.” We never hear a word of Benjamin,—Joseph's true brother,—taking

any part in their cruel treatment. To a youth like Joseph, of naturally a loving, forgiving and affectionate disposition,—as his future reception of his wicked brothers into the land of Goshen proves,—it must have been a terrible day to him when his unfeeling brothers sold him for a slave. Very little prospects—in those days—of return, or of ever seeing his home and kind father again! That the youth's agony of grief was excessive is clear,—because, when misfortune fell upon themselves, his brothers remembered it, years after. “We are verily guilty concerning our brother in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he sought us and we would not hear.”—Gen. xlii., 21. How truly Jewish is the reason Judah gives for not killing Joseph right out. “Of what *profit* is it if we slay our brother?” Twenty pieces of silver in those days must have been something to divide,—though a fine youth, at Joseph's age, was doubtless valuable as a slave. The Ishmaelites,—we may depend upon it, if true to their traditions,—were not the men to make on their side, a bad bargain; what they obtained from Potiphar, we are not told. These Ishmaelites, are the modern Arabs of our day,—whose greed after ivory in Africa, and the ceaseless bloodshed they remorselessly effect to obtain it, is described by Mr. Stanley, and other Travellers.

JOSEPH A TYPE OF CHRIST.

The price given for Joseph was “twenty pieces of silver,” very much the same “price of a Slave” which obtained 1700 years after. The traitor Judas received “thirty pieces of silver.” Possibly, the change in the value of money during those ages would make the two sums identical.

The chief priests probably offered Judas this “price of a slave,” to show their contempt for Christ,—and perhaps for Judas also. Zechariah,—nearly 500 years before Christ, says,—“so they weighed for my price, thirty pieces of silver, and the Lord said to me, ‘cast it unto the Potter,’ a goodly price that I was priced at by them.” Five centuries slowly passed by and then we read:—

“Then Judas, when he saw that he was condemned, brought again the pieces of silver to the chief priests, saying,—‘I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood.’” “And they said,—What is that to us? See

thou to that !” “And Judas cast down the pieces of silver in the Temple, and went and hanged himself. And the chief priests took the silver pieces and said, It is not lawful for to put them in the Treasury because it is the price of blood.”

THE SIN OF JUDAS.



Suicide, Remorse, and Despair.

Desperately wicked,—and yet desperately clinging to their outward traditions, and laws,—they took counsel, and bought with them the potter’s field, Matt. xxvii., 6. Peter, says that Judas “purchased a field with the reward of iniquity,” Acts i., 18. It seems therefore, that, before completing the purchase by paying for it, remorse, and despair, proved too much to bear, so he rushes off to the priests for counsel, and is thus treated by them. Peter also speaks of his “falling headlong ;” it is supposed that the wretched man endeavoured to hang himself, but fell from some height into the field he had intended to purchase. When it is remembered that “Judah” is really equivalent to “Judas” in the Greek,—we cannot fail to see in the life of the boy Joseph another of those remarkable “types” of our Lord which run through the entire Bible.

Peter himself, fell, but it was not the deliberate sin of Judas,—slept upon, and long-planned, and Peter “found a place for repentance, for he sought it carefully, with tears !”

THE SIN OF PETER.



Repentance, Penitence.

“Then began he to curse, and to swear, saying, I know not what thou sayest, and immediately,—while he yet spake,—the cock crew. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord. Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out and *wept bitterly.*”

Sold apparently into hopeless slavery,—far from his own Country and religion,—and taken into heathen Egypt,—the good youth retained his self-respect and piety towards God,—“How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God”? he asks when tempted, as all youths are, to sin. Joseph had been brought up to believe in the God of his Fathers, and “The Lord blessed the Egyptian’s house for Joseph’s sake.” As proved by their amazing monuments and records, the Ancient Egyptians were certainly not without a Religion,—such as it was;—indeed the number of their Gods was very great. They were,—like all Heathens,—superstitious, and Joseph’s Master,—the officer,—soon appears to have found that things went well if left to his young Slave; he, therefore, very wisely, soon placed all he had in Joseph’s hands, to act as his overseer. “And Joseph was of a goodly person, and well favoured;”—the handsome Youth thus attracted the attention,—and finally the love of his worthless Mistress. The reward of his virtue was, at first, a Prison,—and an Egyptian prison in those dark days must have been dismal indeed. And Joseph, at first, appears to have been treated badly. David in the CV. Psalm, 18th verse, says, —“Joseph who was sold for a servant,—whose feet they hurt with fetters;—he was laid in iron.” But, as ever,

“the Lord was with Joseph,”—and the Keeper of the Prison soon found that he could not do better than “leave all in Joseph’s hands,” and all went well. It is remarkable how all seemed to *trust* Joseph. There was, doubtless, great natural talent and wisdom in Joseph’s character; one of those whose claim to rule, and command, is allowed by all, and submitted to. The Keeper of the Prison, we read “left all” in Joseph’s hands, and, “whatever was done in the prison, he was the doer of it.”

Then followed the splendid career God had been preparing,—as a reward for his virtue and piety. Of the magnificence of the Egyptian Empire, in the time of the Pharaohs, little idea can now be formed. Stupendous ruins, continually being discovered, alone remain to mark its former grandeur. Joseph was made the Ruler of this splendid Empire.

YOUTHS WHO SNEER AT VIRTUE.

Joseph’s life has now, for ages, been a theme for endless addresses to the young. Like the youthful Moses he chose rather “to endure affliction, with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.” That the “pleasures of sin,”—are most unduly magnified in the eyes of many we have evidence on every hand around us. The expression “for a season” is indeed a true one,—they are only “for a season,” and,—in many cases,—a short season too! Yet the young Reader will probably, in his attempts to lead a worthy and pure life like Joseph, meet with many a sneer from others who have chosen “the pleasures of sin for a season!” You will meet such in every walk of life. Young men whose only idea of wit is indecency, to whom all capacity for enjoying pure and innocent pleasures, seems absolutely lost, whom honourable pursuits, and simple, healthful, pleasures can please no more! Whom *nothing* now can please which has not on it something of “the Serpent’s slime!”

Yet observe such, and note what intense pride and conceit,—what a “strong delusion” must possess them that they do not see that *everything* is *being lost*! What must be that blinding *sin* of “*pride*,” which prevents such from perceiving,—with all their sneers at others,—that *they*, at any rate, have lost everything which rendered them pleasing to God or man? Health,—purity,—self-respect,—gone; the mind polluted,—unfitted for this world,—and far more unfitted for the next,—what pride, and conceit *have*

left to take hold of,—seems indeed mysterious! The amazing conceit displayed by such in sneering at the worthy and good of their own age, is one of the most *unaccountable* things associated with a sinful, ruined life. A docile,—innocent,—and healthy, youth,—blossoms, naturally, into a happy,—useful,—and honourable,—manhood. “That may be,”—a youth may reply,—“but God does not interfere in our day,—as in Joseph’s life,—nor prepare a grand future for any youth now,—however virtuous, and pious he may be.” *Indeed!* Are you sure of that! Are you sure that there is not a future before every young Christian,—compared with which that of the Boy Joseph, was as nothing?

Who knows anything of the glories of the Christian’s life yet to come? You must have noticed the utter feebleness with which even Christians speak of Heaven: a vague idea of “Rest.” They know nothing of the glorious, endless, activities and powers in Eternity, of the “good and faithful servant,” who will be placed “over ten cities!” Meantime,—throughout the life of every true believer,—the presence, protection, and favour of God, is as assuredly felt, as in Joseph’s time.

WE HAVE *NOW* TO WALK BY FAITH, NOT BY SIGHT.

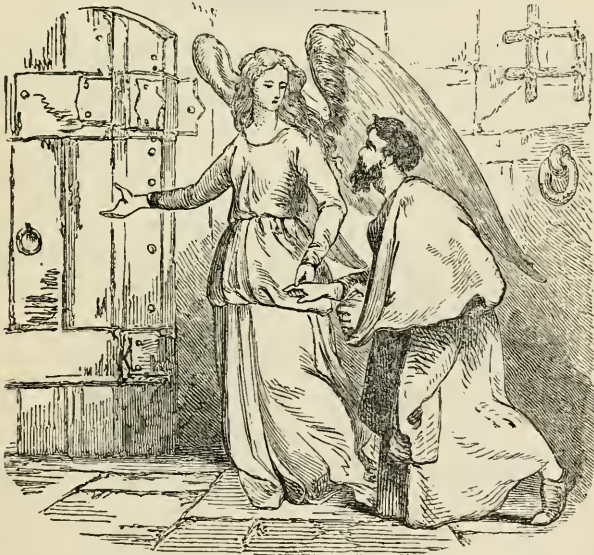
True, you must remember that, since our Saviour brought into the World “the new dispensation,”—of inward, spiritual, Belief and Faith,—not dependent upon the things of sense and time,—the outward sign of God’s miraculous power are withheld,—and miracles, and supernatural “interferences” if we may reverently use the word,—on the part of the Supreme are no longer vouchsafed. We are called upon now, in the new dispensation of our Lord, “to walk by Faith, not by sight.” Such “interferences” were, it is true, permitted in the early days of Christianity,—for without those miracles, and outward signs, how could the Christian Faith have been established in an almost entirely heathen World? But it is evident that, if continued, they would have been inconsistent with the life of faith to which we are now called. The young student of his Bible must have observed that the rewards, and punishments of the Old Testament were all for *this* life;—for this World *only*. Very little allusion to the future, or Eternal results, of a holy or sinful life will be found throughout the Old Testament. But, with the advent of our Lord, the new and higher, “dispensation,”—with its final rewards and penalties, in a future state,—not in this World,—was introduced. We

are distinctly told that before Christ came, "the times of this ignorance, God winked at,"—(knew that not much was to be expected from them)—"but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." Acts xvii., 30.

Mankind we learn, in the next verse, in our Saviour's days, had no conception of a resurrection or a future life. "And when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked." The idea of such a thing belonged to the new dispensation, and so accustomed were they to the old system and notions, that many "mocked,"—though numbers afterwards became Believers, and joined the early Christians.

Thus, the young Christian,—in our day,—should look forward,—not to mere earthly glory—such as the youth Joseph was called to, but to a future, prepared for him,—if he proves faithful,—infinitely higher, and more glorious!

Meantime,—although outward miracles are not reasonably to be expected, or, indeed, desired,—in a day in which Belief,—Faith,—*not sight*,—is everything,—still miracles are, continually taking place, in answer to prayer; miracles of grace. Angels do not now actually appear, and lead Christ's good servants out of prison and danger.



And the Angel said unto Peter. "Cast thy garment about thee and follow me." And he wist not that it was true which was done by the Angel, but thought he saw a vision. And they came unto the iron Gate that leadeth unto the City, which opened unto them of his own accord, and forthwith the Angel departed from him."

Pious Daniels are not now rescued from the Lions, or the Fiery Furnace.



Then the King rose very early in the morning, and went in haste unto the den of Lions. "My God hath sent His angel, and hath shut the Lions' mouth that they have hurt me not." So Daniel was taken up out of the Den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed on his God.

The dead are not now raised,—but surely even more miraculously,—dead *souls* are brought from death into life; and if the perverse, carnal, and sinful, are continually being changed,—in our day,—into humble, penitent, happy, useful Christians, we may well be encouraged to ask for *anything*.

"With God *all things* are possible,"—let the young Christian be encouraged to hope for, and to ask for, *anything*. "With God all things are possible." By all means let the young Christian be perfectly certain of *that*, and apply confidently, throughout his life, under all conceivable circumstances and wants, to the Great Source from "whence all blessings flow." In danger and in storm,—in joy and sunshine,—in success or failure, in youth, in age, in life or death, prayer is everything. Why? Because it produces saving Faith. "But Christians do not always get what they pray for." No, indeed! it is well that they do not.

The Believer asks for many things "with bated breath,"—and only *if consistent* with the Divine, unfathomable, will and wisdom. Yet he *does ask* notwithstanding. But there are many things, such as love to God, the Father,—to Christ,—and to God, the Holy Spirit,—openings for a useful Christian life,—guidance, and Divine instruction,—increase of faith, &c.,—which are so consistent with the Divine will, that we may, at all times, apply confidently *for them*. It is of these most precious things, rather than for the fleeting things of time and sense, that we are exhorted "to pray always" for,—and in reference to which, Jesus assures us,—"Ask and ye shall receive,—knock and it shall be opened unto you." "For everyone that asketh receiveth."

Let the young Christian adhere to this habit of prayer and he will find that having "first sought the Kingdom of God,—all things needful will be added" unto him. "For *all things* are yours." "Come, ye blessed of My Father, *inherit* the Kingdom prepared for *you* from the foundation of the world." "Son! thou art ever with Me, and *all* that I *have* is *thine*!" "Neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

JACOB'S WELL.

One thousand seven hundred years after Jacob, and his good son Joseph, were gathered to their rest, our Saviour sat by "Jacob's Well."



"Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the Well is deep; from whence then hast thou that living water?" "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."—*John iv., 11-15.*

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE BOY ISAAC.

ABRAHAM'S FAITH.—HOW WE MAY SHARE IT.—MODERN
SUBSTITUTES FOR CHRIST.—VAIN HOPE, A FERRY-
MAN.—THE "PASSOVER."—THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.—
THE WEDDING GARMENT.



ISAAC BORN.

“ And, lo, Sarah thy wife shall have a son ; ” and Sarah heard it in the tent door, which was behind them. Therefore Sarah laughed within herself, for Abraham and Sarah were old, and well stricken in age. And the Lord said unto Abraham, ‘ Wherefore did Sarah laugh ? Is anything too hard for the Lord ? ’ And Sarah conceived and bare Abraham a son in his old age, and he called the name of his son Isaac.”—*Genesis xviii.*

ISAAC IS OFFERED UP.

And God said unto Abraham. "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and offer him for a burnt offering upon one of the Mountains which I will tell thee of." And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son, and a knife; and they went up together. And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said. "My father: behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" And Abraham said, "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offering." And



they came to the place which God had told him of: and Abraham built an altar there: and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood. And Abraham stretched forth his hand and took the knife to slay his son. And the angel of the Lord called unto him, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, for now I know that thou fearest God. By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son,—thine only son, that in blessing I will bless thee, and I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven. And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed; because thou hast obeyed My voice."—*Genesis xxii.*

HOW WE, THE GENTILES, MAY PARTAKE OF ABRAHAM'S BLESSING.

What shall we then say to these things? He that spared not his only begotten Son, but delivered Him up for us all, shall He not, with Him, freely give us all things?—*Romans* viii., 32.

Even as Abraham believed God, and it was accounted to him for righteousness, so then they, which be of faith, are blessed with faithful Abraham; for the just shall live by faith, that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles, through Jesus Christ. And the Scripture,—foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith,—preached the gospel before unto Abraham, saying—“In thee shall all Nations be blessed.”—*Galatians* iii., 6, 9, 11, 14.

By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac; accounting that God was able to raise him up even from the dead. Who against hope believed in hope that he might become the father of many nations. He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; being fully persuaded that what God had promised, He was able also to perform. Now it was not written for his sake alone that it was imputed to him for righteousness, *but for us also to whom it shall be imputed* if we believe on Him who raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead. Who, though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered, and being made perfect He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him. For when God made promise to Abraham, because He could swear by no greater, He swore by Himself, that by two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us. For when Moses had spoken every precept unto the people he took the blood of calves and of goats, and sprinkled both the book and the people, saying, this is the blood of the Testament; and almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission. So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many. Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, let us draw near in full assurance of faith. Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed by corruptible things but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot. For without faith it is impossible to please God.—*Hebrews* xi., 17-19. *Romans* iv., 18. *Hebrews* vi., 13-17, &c.

THE above account of the great trial of Abraham's faith, and how we,—the Gentiles,—are intimately concerned with the promises made to Abraham,—illustrate in a wonderful way, the bearing the Old Testament has upon the Great Sacrifice of our Lord and Saviour. To estimate the wonderful faith Abraham had in God's power,

we must remember that Isaac,—the only son,—was “the child of promise,”—the son of their old age,—and that with Isaac’s death,—humanly speaking,—all was lost!

In our day, there are numberless teachers to whom the “doctrine of the blood” is repulsive. The necessity for such a sacrifice seems to our modern teachers an endless source of difficulty. Surely, however, dear Reader, it is impossible for us to study God’s Word without seeing that from Genesis to Revelation, the necessity for the Great Sacrifice for all mankind is figured in endless ways.

Can we have a more obvious, or plainer, type of our Saviour’s death for our sakes, than in this “offering up” by Abraham, of his “only son,” and his willingness and submission, on the part of his son,—Isaac,—that God’s will should be done,—even though at the cost of his own life? For we must remember that Abraham was now an old man, and Isaac a vigorous youth of probably 15 or 17 years old. It is difficult to say which manifested most faith,—Abraham, or his obedient, and submissive son,—evidently willing,—if it had been God’s will,—to give up his life without a struggle. True type of our Lord, who, 1800 years after,—“Was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb,—dumb, before his shearers,—so He opened not His mouth.”

These were the words which,—in the early days of the Christian Church, the Eunuch,—“a man of Ethiopia in great authority,”—was reading out of Isaiah,—sitting in his chariot.

The Ethiopian receives Christ.



Then the Spirit said to Philip, “Go near, and join thyself to this chariot.” And Philip ran thither and said, “Understandest thou what thou readest?” And he said, “How can I except some man guide me?” And he desired

Philip that he would come up and sit with him. Then Philip opened his mouth and began at the same Scripture, and preached unto him Jesus. And they came unto a certain water, and the Eunuch said, "See here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?" And Philip said, "If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest." And he answered "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." And he commanded the chariot to stand still, and they went down both unto the water, both Philip and the Eunuch, and he baptized him; and he went on his way rejoicing."—*Acts* viii., 29.

Doubtless this Eunuch "in great authority," was chosen by God to carry the Gospel into Ethiopia. How simple was the "preaching Jesus" to him; the "good news" for all nations alike.

MORALITY WITHOUT CHRIST.

Now, in our intellectual age, the doctrine of Salvation through the precious blood of Christ, seems absolutely, to many, repulsive.

We are not now, it seems, to rely upon the blood of Christ, but upon "a higher hope,"—upon our superior intellect,—our "morality without Christ,"—our philanthropy,—and "enthusiasm of humanity." What are these modern phrases but refined and cultured expressions of Unbelief in the necessity of the Atonement of Jesus Christ?

There never was a day in which it was more needful to insist upon the fact that it is the precious blood of our Divine Saviour,—human and yet Divine,—which can alone redeem us. Call it "dogma,"—"narrow,"—any name you like,—the solemn Truth remains,—that, apart from the precious sacrifice and shedding of the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ,—there exists no remission of sins, and no salvation. It is easy to talk of a "kind Heavenly Father,"—to lead a life of "morality without Christ,"—busy ourselves in lives of philanthropy,—putting Christ on one side,—and in "Thy name doing many *wonderful* works,"—yet our Lord replied to such, "I never knew you, depart from Me!" Matthew vii., 22. Despising the blood of Christ,—how many "go about to establish their own righteousness." They conjure up for themselves,—these modern teachers,—a God of their own devising,—suited to an effeminate and thoughtless age,—certainly not the God of the Scriptures. Thus,—under a strong delusion,—they enter,—and induce others who prefer their wild notions to the Gospel,—to accompany them, into that fatal Boat, "belonging,"—as John Bunyan says,—“to one Vain Hope, a Ferryman." Into this Boat they crowd their substitutes for the precious blood of Christ;—there is the outwardly

moral,—nay, philanthropic life,—good works,—“liberal” views—superior intellect,—perfect self-satisfaction,—and dreams of the “Larger Hope,” whatever that may mean.

Harriet Martineau relates,—the great peace she derived when all “dogma,” all “narrow” ideas, and belief in the existence of a personal God, were thrown finally aside ;—and while,—to use her own words,—“Christians were quarrelling about their *Man God*,”—she was happy amongst the poor in the Lake Districts. Such find in their own fancied goodness and good works, a substitute for God and Christ. No doubt,—when conscience is dead,—religious belief extinct,—*God gone*,—there does exist an outward calm ! So does a calm usher in the *tempest* ! So does *pain* cease, when the fatal mortification sets in ! So does the lethargic sleep, denote the approach of Apoplexy and Death ! Such modern teachers appear indeed to be left to a “strong delusion !”

Well, spake the Holy Ghost,—by Esaias,—“Hearing they shall hear, and shall not understand ; seeing they shall see, and shall not perceive. For their ears are dull of hearing,—and their eyes have they closed.”

Victims of their sin of Unbelief,—their own pride, and rejection of the only salvation offered to Mankind through Christ’s sacrifice,—they, and their Ferry Boat will never reach the Shore ! Unless Almighty God,—for thousands of years,—has placed a lying Book in the hands of Mankind, proclaiming it to be the word of God,—and unless our Blessed Lord has continued the deception,—and has wilfully led true Believers in His atonement astray for some two thousand years ;—*that Ferry Boat*,—and all its Contents,—*shall never reach the Heavenly Shore* !

And what shall it be, for some to stand upon the shore of that dread ocean, which men *call* “Eternity ;”—a word which *God* alone can understand,—“the Summer ended and the harvest o’er,”—unsprinkled by the blood of Christ,—despising the one precious offer of salvation once made to Mankind ;—*never* to be made again.

A thousand Worlds, in the counsels of Almighty God,—may come into existence, and may slowly pass away,—in *nameless* Epochs, and in *speechless* Time,—but, “Eternity ?” How will it fare with “Leaders of modern thought,”—and their victims,—to find too late, that the Bible,—*after all, was true*,—that God, and Christ, and the sweet Heaven above, are *passed away for ever*, and they left, with their pride of intellect,—“liberal views,”—

"morality without the blood of Christ,"—and their "larger hope,"—to face "Eternity,"—unchanged, unholy,—and unsaved?

By putting Christ's atonement on one side and relying upon other methods and theories, for salvation, surely such "crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to open shame."

"Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the Covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace!"—Hebrews x., 29.

And Jesus answering said unto them, "Suppose ye that these Galilæans were sinners above all the Galilæans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay! but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."—Luke xiii., 2.

"This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other Name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved."—Acts iv. 12.

THE "PASS-OVER."



And take you a lamb without a blemish,—a male of the first year, and kill the Pass-over, and ye shall take a bunch of Hyssop and dip it in the blood that is in the basin, and strike the lintel and the two side posts with the blood; and none of you shall go out at the door until the morning. For the Lord will pass through the land of Egypt this night to smite the Egyptians; and when he seeth the blood, the Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the Destroyer to come into your houses to smite you.

Dear Reader, we cannot have our common sense

abused, not to see in this "Lamb without blemish,"—and this sprinkling of the blood,—a type of the precious blood of Christ!

The Christian's only hope is in being permitted to have an interest in the Great Atonement of Jesus Christ! He does not look for salvation in a good, outwardly moral, just, life,—“Is the precious blood sprinkled on my door?” is the Christian's one anxiety, and his only hope.

So also is it with the Believer who has to look back upon a past woeful and sinful life. In the solemn hour of death,—about to appear before his God,—such a one still clings to the same blessed hope. “His sins have been many!”—Justice cries! “True,”—says the all just,—and yet indulgent, Lord God,—“but *what is that* I see upon this once sinful soul! Surely it is the blood of my dear Son?—*I shall not strike,—for I see no sinner there!* “I shall pass on!”

“Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect! It is Christ that died!”—*Romans* viii., 33.

To the refined, and cultured, criticism of our day, the metaphor, or idea, may be displeasing, but the blessed Truth still remains.

“There is a fountain filled with Blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,—
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.”

Dear Reader, what can our Saviour mean by the following solemn Parable, unless it be that,—when you and I have to meet our God, we shall need some other garment to cover us, than our own fancied righteousness?

PARABLE OF THE WEDDING GARMENT.



“And when the King came in to see the guests, He saw there a man which had not on a Wedding Garment. And He said unto him,—“Friend,

how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment !” And he was speechless? Then said the King, “Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness ; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth !”—*Matthew xxii., 11.*

So fair an appearance of worthiness had this evidently Christless man, that he appears to have deceived others, and had actually gained admittance ! Was he not one of those who say,—“I do my duty ! I wrong no man ! I am a kind husband, an indulgent parent,—a sincere friend,”—(and here will follow a list of his charities, good works and usefulness). “I do not pretend to be a very ‘pious’ character,—never did,—Theology is not in my line,—I do not presume to commune much with God ; but it would be well indeed if all were only as good as I am ! I see no danger ! I am in a very fair state !”

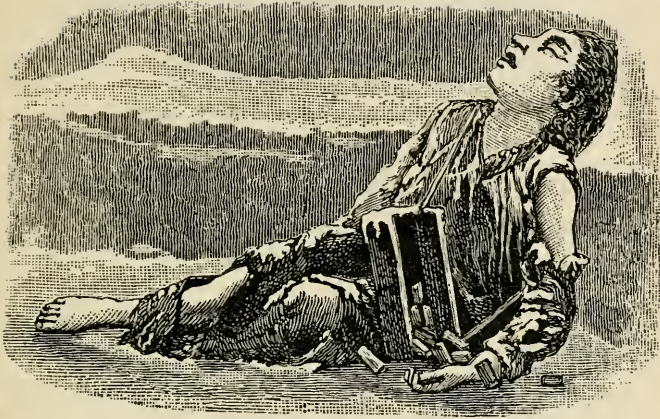
Reader ! Surely if this Parable of our Lord means *anything*, it means that we *must* have Christ’s robe of righteousness ! “He hath clothed me with the Garment of Salvation,—He hath covered me with His robe of righteousness.”—*Isaiah lxi., 10.* As we read in *Isaiah lxiv., 6*,—“All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags,”—in the sight of Him into Whose presence we shall all,—one day,—be ushered.

“For by Grace are ye saved through Faith ; and that not of yourselves ; it is the gift of God. Not of works,—lest any man should boast.”—*Ephesians ii., 8-9.*

YOUNG READER. “This is the most difficult and uninteresting chapter in this Book.” It is indeed ! For “Strait (difficult) is the Gate, and narrow is the Way that leadeth unto Life, and few there be that find it.”—*Matt. vii., 14.*



A Friend in need.



THE MATCH BOY, 1891.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

POOR CHILDREN.—WHAT WILL CHRIST SAY?—IS
THERE A HELL?

DESTITUTE CHILDREN IN OUR STREETS.

THE SCANDAL OF WEALTHY ENGLAND.

Is this the Triumph of Immense Wealth,—Civilization,
—and Christianity?

Even as ye did it not unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it
not to me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the
righteous into Life Eternal.—*Matt.* xxv., 45.

THE SAVOYARD BOY, 1812.

“He sank beneath the Barrack Wall,
Mid the night storm’s howling din,
The Soldier’s steed,—in his well kept stall,
Fed,—warm, and safe,—within.”—

“Keener the pangs of hunger grew,—
Fainter,—the voice that cried!—
 The Marmots pressed to their Master’s breast,
 And with their master,—died!”

“I’ve wandered through the wild Savoy †
 Its Mountains paths to trace,—
 And shared the hospitable hearth,
 Of the poor,—kind-hearted,—race.”

“And I *never* thought that a *child of theirs*,—
 When Winter whirlwinds rave,
 Could perish in our *own dear land*,—
 With none to aid,—or save!”

† Savoy includes the Alps,—Mont Blanc,—&c.

NOTE.—The Savoyard Boy had two tame Marmots to exhibit, and they perished with their Master.

The above is part of a poem written by a local Poet,—Paul Moon James, (of Birmingham), whose Poem, “The Beacon,” is given at the end of this Book. He was connected with Galton’s Old Bank, and was a friend of Kirke White.

It refers to the death of a poor Savoyard Boy,—who,—on a wild night in the dreadful Winter of 1812—died in the snow, under the wall of the Birmingham Cavalry Barracks.

The supposition seems plausible, that the poor child had appealed to the inmates of the last house, in the then (1812) bleak and desolate neighbourhood of the Barracks,—had been inhumanly driven out into the snow,—and,—heart-broken at thus losing his last hope,—the poor boy had given all up,—sank down under the high wall of the Barracks,—and died.

It seems to have created a very painful impression in Birmingham,—as a reflection upon the town,—and those who know the ready kindness of our brave English Soldiers,—and Naval men,—towards the helpless,—even when enemies,—will forgive the resentment,—loud and deep,—of the gallant Troopers. On the ground that if the “skin-flint” family, knowing the distance from other houses,—did not choose to give the child food and shelter themselves,—they might at least have taken him to their Barracks, where he would have been seen to. It is to be presumed that,—finding their proximity to the bold Dragoons unpleasant,—they retired to another locality where their unfeeling conduct was unknown. The public conscience has of late been wonderfully roused as to their responsibility in respect to these poor children,—and things which were permitted in 1812,—would not be tolerated for a moment in 1891.—(See Climbing Boy’s Miseries,” in this Book.)

STREET CHILDREN OF 1891.

Still our Nation has to face the terrible scandal presented by poor English children,—neglected,—untaught,—half-naked,—their self-respect all gone,—compelled by cruel, drunken, so-called “Parents,” to be out in all weathers begging,—and oh! what wretched so-called “Homes”! Reader, go yourself down those courts and enter those rooms! Nothing but black, dismal, brick walls,—no trees, no flowers, no fresh air,—dirt, wretchedness, and sin! Fancy, dear older Reader, *your own* little children,—just at the time of life when they need, as you well know,—care and attention,—sleeping in open brick entries and railway arches,—with what dreadful playmates,—unwashed,—uncared for,—half-starved,—with no proper clothes or shoes, made to face the terribly inclement climate—for seven months out of the twelve—of England! Such

outcast,—“not wanted” children, have really *no chance in life given them*. Never taught any trade,—or means of earning a livelihood by an honest, industrious life,—the lot of such English children,—taking our climate into consideration, is the most pitiable of any throughout the World! Ought the wealthiest Nation, and Country, this World has ever yet seen, to permit this scandal to continue? To Americans, Australians, and others, born in other Countries, where such sights are unknown,—upon landing for the first time in England,—these scenes, they assert, cause them a shock of pain. The English Nation spends some Hundred Million Pounds each year in Drink; the chief cause, indeed, of our ruined homes,—our depraved, hopeless, “Parents,”—our miserable street children. Our Nation also spends some Two Thousand Six Hundred Pounds per hour ceaselessly, day and night,—throughout the year, in keeping our Army and Navy upon what is called a “Peace footing.” Yet how little do we,—as a Nation,—feel the taxes needed for this immense sum? Then what,—compared with this,—would be a Public Grant, of say Five Hundred Thousand annually, for the benefit of these poor neglected children of our Nation? The Grant would never be actually felt. The only crime these children have committed is the being in abject poverty through no fault of theirs,—and they call upon the Nation and country in which they have been born, to give them some chance in Life by providing suitable homes where they may be trained, and taught some trade until old enough to be of value to Employers. A wealthy Nation like ours would never feel the Annual Grant at all; yet how much dreadful suffering, sin, and ruined lives it would save! Pending a National Movement and Grant,—individual Christian effort has, however, done a good deal, and would do still more if every Reader of this chapter would do his little to aid them.

LONDON PRIVATE EFFORTS.

Good Dr. Barnardo, 18, Stepney Causeway; “The National Refuges,”—Shaftesbury House, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, (formerly in Gt. Queen Street); Mr. John Kirk, Ragged Schools, and Fresh Air Homes for poor city children, 13, Exeter Hall; Mr. Spurgeon’s Orphanage, and other Institutions, prove what can be done in this direction, in London alone. To say nothing of General Booth’s “Salvation Army,” who claim to storm many a dreadful “back Slum” by their “forlorn hopes;” Head Quarters, 101, Queen Victoria Street. Then, for Boys and Youths, in less destitute circumstances, there now exists Mr. Hogg’s splendid Institute, 309, Regent Street, (the old “Polytechnic” to which our good Fathers were wont to take us Boys thirty years ago to hear the Lectures, and see the Diving Bell, and other scientific wonders of that day). Also Sir Edmund Hay Currie’s noble Institute, the “People’s Palace,” Mile End Road.

PROVINCIAL EFFORTS.

For twenty years past,—in some cases,—these, and similar noble efforts, such as Mr. Müller’s Orphanage, Bristol; Mr. Middlemore’s Boys’ Home, St. Luke’s Road, Birmingham, and others throughout our large towns, have been attempted, but too often, on a very inadequate scale, for lack of money.

These efforts are supported by kindly, generous “English-speaking” Nations, the entire World over. From distant Australia, India, America, and the Colonies,—the money comes flowing in; sorely needed, and apparently, well and carefully spent. Besides which, there now exists, it is to be hoped, in most of our large towns, the Dinners for Poor Children,—Boot Funds for children in destitute circumstances,—and the certainly not less important Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; 7, Harpur Street, Bloomsbury.

Would that Dr. Barnardo’s beneficent idea could be realised of a vast extension,—by establishing Branches of these Homes in all our English, Scotch, and Irish Towns, for destitute children.

If the Public conscience could but be roused,—even if a Public Grant be not annually voted,—there are thousands

of well-to-do Families in England, who have never yet contributed a single guinea towards any one of the good efforts heré mentioned. They would never miss it,—never know that it was gone,—yet these guineas would swell the funds by many thousands a year!

But it is not Dr. Barnardo, Mr. Williams, Mr. Müller, and other Conductors of these Institutions who are ever calling Christians to help them.

It is the Master who calls! “Even as ye did it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.” “He saith unto him the *third* time,—Simon, son of Jonas,—lovest thou Me? Peter was grieved because He saith unto him the third time,—Lovest thou Me? And he said unto Him,—Lord! Thou knowest all things,—Thou knowest that I love Thee! Jesus saith unto him. Feed My lambs!”

WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS UPON THE SUBJECT.

I.

THE ONCE CRUCIFIED SAVIOUR TO BE THE FINAL JUDGE OF MANKIND.

“Wherefore hath God highly exalted Him, and given Him a name that is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in Heaven and things on Earth.” “Far above all Principality and Power, and Might and Dominion, and every name that is named not only in this World but also in that which is to come.” “And hath put all things under His feet.” “For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all Judgment unto the Son, that all men should honour the Son even as they honour the Father.” “We must all appear before the Judgment Seat of Christ.”

II.

THE SAVIOUR ON THE JUDGMENT SEAT.

“When the Son of Man shall come in His Glory, and all the holy Angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His Glory. And before Him shall be gathered all Nations, and He shall separate them one from another, and He shall set the sheep on His right hand, and the goats on the left. Then shall He say unto them on His right hand,—‘Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the World. For I was an hungred,—and ye gave Me meat,—naked, and ye clothed Me, I was sick and ye came unto Me.’ Then shall He say also to them on the left hand,—‘Depart from Me ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels;

—for I was an hungered, and ye gave Me no meat,—naked and ye clothed Me not,—sick and ye visited Me not. Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these My brethren ye did it not to Me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment,—but the righteous into Life Eternal.’”—*Matt.* xxv., 31-46.

MODERN CRITICISM UPON JESUS' WORDS.

“Figurative, Typical, Eastern Metaphor,—or Allegory. Christ really never meant that these solemn scenes will ever actually take place. These descriptions are to be understood merely as Metaphors,—not as facts which will ever really happen to us. It is merely an instructive parable.”

Well!—dear Reader,—Time and Eternity will one day prove to us all whether the solemn warnings of Christ are merely instructive parables,—metaphors,—allegories,—or actual facts. But certainly we,—upon whom the later days of this World have come,—must admit that the *past words* of God did not prove merely “figurative;”—they proved to be stern reality and fact. Strange then indeed will it be if Christ's words,—which our Lord assures us,—are from God,—prove merely Metaphor and not realities!

CHRIST'S WORDS ARE GOD'S WORDS.

“Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me? The words *I speak unto you*, I speak *not of Myself*, but the Father that dwelleth in Me.” “As my Father *hath taught Me* I speak these things.” “I speak to the World those things I *have heard of Him*.” “If any man hear My words and believe them not I judge him not, for I came not to judge the World, but to save the World. He that receiveth not My words hath One that judgeth him; the words that I have spoken the same shall judge him in the last day. For I have not spoken of myself; but the Father which sent Me gave Me commandment *what I should say*, and *what I should speak*; whatsoever I speak therefore, even as the Father said unto Me, so I speak.”—*John* xii., 47-50.

CHRIST'S WORDS ARE GOD'S LAST WORDS TO MANKIND.

Strange then, indeed, if God's last words to Mankind, spoken thus through our Blessed Lord,—as to future events of such infinite importance to us all,—are to be merely treated as figurative—allegories,—and not warnings of events which, as in the past, will literally and actually come to pass! Doubtless God foresaw that the God-like maxims and commandments of Christ would gradually spread over the World, that the past ages of frightful War and Bloodshed would gradually give way to a

safety of life and property,—of an ease and luxury the World has never before seen,—and that covetousness,—pursuit of money,—and disregard to the claims of the poor would be the *Sin of our days*. In those distant past times,—God's chosen people owing to *the sin of their day*,—Idolatry,—were left much to themselves,—and “there was no open vision.” Still, those “Silences of God” were broken at intervals by the words of His Prophets, whose inspired messages were undeniably the words of the Supreme to Mankind. They must have been revelations from God, for *700 years before the event*, God's word came through Isaiah,—“He was wounded for our transgressions,—He was bruised for our iniquities, and by His stripes we are healed.”

GOD'S PAST WORDS NOT ALLEGORIES.

“Figurative, imagery,—metaphorical language,” some,—had they lived in Isaiah's time would,—as now,—have said. Yet we,—with Eighteen Centuries shining upon that cross at Calvary,—know that those words were no metaphors,—that they were indeed literal, and most blessed facts. Jesus *was* wounded for our transgressions. By His stripes we *are* healed. So far from being merely figurative,—it is upon the actual fact of our Blessed Lord's sufferings in our stead,—that the sole hope of every true child of God rests. Apart from the actual fact of Christ's sufferings, death, and resurrection, there is no hope for Mankind!

“He made His grave with the wicked, and with the rich in His death.”—“A Parable,”—once more it might have been said in Isaiah's time,—yet we now know that Seven Centuries after, Jesus was crucified between two thieves (the wicked) and the “rich” man, Joseph, bore our Lord's body to his own private Tomb!

“A Virgin shall conceive and bear a son,”—“Emblematic,—figurative language.” No! God's words actually were fulfilled, a Virgin did conceive and bore our Blessed Lord! God's warnings have all been literally fulfilled! We have them before us,—those records of a dim past! Moab,—Nineveh,—where are they? And shall not God's words,—given Mankind through Christ,—as to future events be as certainly fulfilled? Surely they will! “Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.”

THE SILENCES OF GOD.

There was a long “Silence of God” after the last of the Prophets,—Malachi,—had spoken. It lasted 400 years!—Instructed by God, Malachi warned the Jews that their weariness of Him and their iniquities had caused God to cast them off,—and to choose a more willing People,—the Gentiles,—and that “from the rising of the Sun to the going down of the same, My Name shall be great among the Gentiles; but ye have profaned it.” Now (1891) is not this literally and actually fulfilled?

Australia, America, Europe, indeed the World over, the worship of the Blessed God is carried on ceaselessly. Malachi said,—“Behold I will send My messenger, and he shall prepare the way before Me; and the Lord, Whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the messenger of the covenant.”

The long silence of 400 years was broken by the advent of our Lord. Just when things were at the worst,—under the Roman Empire,—and Heathen World,—the “Sun of Righteousness,”—as Malachi, says,—“rose, with healing in His wings,”—rose upon a dead and dying World! Since then has occurred the longest of the “Silences of God,”—on record.—A silence,—for ought we know,—which will be unbroken by the Almighty till the Great Judgment Day! For nearly nineteen centuries we have had Christ's words alone for our guide.

This gives to Jesus' words their *infinite importance*,—as probably, —the last words and warnings from the Supreme,—Mankind are *ever destined to hear!* “This is my beloved Son, *hear ye him!*” Surely then,—with the experience of the past,—it is madness to explain Christ's words as merely “figurative!”

“We are not come to Mount Sinai,”—where God once spoke to Mankind,—“to the Mount that burned with fire and tempest,—and the voice of words which voice they that heard *entreated* that the words should not be spoken to them *any more*”—(“Else we die”). “But we are come unto Mount Zion,—and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant.” “See that ye *refuse* not Him *that speaketh!*”

YET CHRIST'S WARNINGS HOW HE WILL JUDGE US, ARE NOT BELIEVED.

Still, there will be those who read the texts collected in this chapter,—with the quiet *indifference* of *unbelief*,—they will not realise them as actual facts really to come to pass, in which they will be infinitely one day concerned.

They give their miserable guinea to Christ,—and leave their hoarded thousands to an admiring Family? Such “Christians” are even more fatal in their example to the Young, than the Vicious and the Profane! Why? Because our Young People are intelligent,—thoughtful,—and observant in such matters. They rightly argue,—“If these ‘Christians’ really believed Christ's words would literally come true, their life of quiet selfishness,—self-acquisition,—amassing large fortunes,—practical disregard to Christ's words,—would be impossible.” *They do not believe Christ's words*, as actual facts to concern their own hereafter. They evidently regard them as “figurative.”—We will do *the same!*”

“I have met with wealthy men,”—Mr. Spurgeon,—in one of his admirable Sermons, says,—“whose possessions must have

amounted to hundreds of thousands, who have given me an earnest grip of the hand and thanked me for the Gospel I have preached, and expressed the deepest interest in the Lord's work ;—they have known its great needs, and yet have given nothing to carry it on ; and have even passed into Eternity leaving nothing of their substance to assist the Cause they professed to love so much. The smallness of the gifts of some “religious” men staggers me beyond expression ; I know not how to comprehend them. Are they mere hypocrites ? or do they not understand their position and responsibility before God ? They have large talents committed to their trust, and are doing next to nothing in the Master's Service.”—(May 28th, 1876).

THE CAUSE IS DOUBTLESS UNBELIEF IN ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

Half-hearted belief in Christ's words,—a tendency to explain away all His solemn warnings as to the final doom, not only of the Wicked, but of the “Unprofitable servant,”—is the feature of our day. Modern teachers take upon themselves to draw away the belief of multitudes in the unimpeachable veracity of Christ, by claiming the “sweet reasonableness” of their own peculiar views on “the Eternal Hope ;”—the “larger hope ;”—Universal pardon for all ; a relenting, and mild God.”

These suasive Teachers treat the doctrine of the Eternal punishment of the Wicked as an exploded belief, suited only for a primitive degree of intelligence,—in fact,—a truth suitable to frighten naughty children with ! Will it be credited that intelligent, eminent Preachers, who have necessarily made the Bible their study for years, positively assert that they can discover nothing in the New Testament to favour the truth of the Eternal misery of lost souls !

It is one more proof of the perfect free-will of the soul,—that the human mind,—resolutely set upon not believing the truths of Revelation, can read the following Texts, and yet obstinately prefer its own pleasing delusion ! The candid Reader is asked to use his own *common sense*, and to say whether such Teachers must not, sooner or later,—come into sharp and direct antagonism with the words of God and of Christ ?

WHAT DOES IT MEAN ?

“The Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend,—and them which do iniquity ; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire ; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.”—*Matt. xiii., 41-42.*

“And I say unto you, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But fear Him, who after He hath killed hath power to cast into hell : yea, I say unto you, Fear Him.”

“He that is unjust let him be unjust still ; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still.”

“And death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.”—*Rev. xx., 14-15.*

“But the unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and idolators, and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death.”—*Rev. xxi., 8.*

“And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.”—*Matt. xxv., 46.* (The same word “eternal” in the Greek is used alike for both states).

“It is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire: where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.”—*Mark ix., 47-48.* (Repeated three times).

“For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?”—*Mark viii., 36.*

“Depart from Me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels.”—*Matt. xxvi., 41.*

“And the Devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire, and shall be tormented day and night, for ever and ever.”—*Rev. xx., 10.*

“For the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation.”—*John v., 28-29.*

“For we must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in the body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men.”—*2 Cor. v., 10.*

“Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not enter the Kingdom of God? Be not deceived! God is not mocked! Neither fornicators, nor adulterers, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, shall inherit the Kingdom of God.”—*1 Cor. vi., 9-10.*

“Then one saith unto Him, Lord, are there few that be saved? And He saith unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait (difficult) gate; (“agonize”—to enter,—in the Greek) for many, I say unto you will seek to enter in, and shall not be able when once the Master of the house is risen up and shut to the door.”—*Luke xiii., 23.*

“Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat. Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life and few there be that find it.”—*Matt. vii., 13.*

“If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?”—*1 Peter iv., 18.*

“But the heavens and the earth which are now are reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men.”

“Nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor extortioners, shall inherit the Kingdom of God.”—*1 Cor. vi., 9-10.*

“For we know Him that said Vengeance is Mine, I will recompense, saith the Lord, and again the Lord shall judge His people. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.”—*Heb. x., 36.*

How any fairly intelligent person,—willing to admit God's words,—and Christ's words,—to be final,—can read the above Texts, and yet deny the Resurrection,—Immortality,—Final Judgment,—and Eternal Punishment of the impenitent Wicked,—is, indeed, amazing! A mind prepared to continue, resolutely, in Unbelief,—after these repeated statements of Christ,—on this Subject, can have little difficulty in rejecting any other truths of Revelation.

CONCLUSION.

READER! You have before you the last words of God spoken through Christ, and His disciples. What do they mean? If there is no final rejection of the wicked by God,—no hell,—no loss of the soul, no eternal misery,—*what do these texts mean?* They are either true,—or else a *deliberate deception!* They either express solemn realities,—or they are a deception practised by God,—and our own Blessed Lord upon Mankind! Why the deception?

“I merely do not believe in the final loss of the soul, and in the Eternal misery of the wicked, because I heard the Rev.——, say that there was no eternal punishment,” or “Because the doctrine is given up by many Congregationalist, and other Ministers.” It does seem *incredible,—amazing,*—considering the speechless importance to all of us of the matter at issue,—how few will use their own judgment, and common sense, in reading the Word of God, but require to lean upon the opinion of others, and to be told,—like children,—what portion of God’s word they are to believe, and what they may reject! Dear Reader, what do all the Congregationalist, or other Ministers, in the World, really know of these subjects *more than you or I do?*

They have,—like us,—*only* the words of God and of Christ to go by. The doctrine they presume to reject, does not rest upon the mere rendering of one Greek or Hebrew word. It rests upon scores of solemn assertions, both of God and Christ. “I swear in my wrath they shall never enter into My rest.” “And to whom swore He that they should not enter into His rest, but to them that believed not?”—Heb., iii., 11-18. “Depart from Me ye cursed,”—Jesus expressly foretells us, will be His words to the selfish, unprofitable, servants,—(Matt. xxvi., 41)—“into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels.”

CONDITIONAL IMMORTALITY.

Not a word here, nor in a hundred other texts, of a Conditional Immortality,—the convenient doctrine of the Christadelphian Sect,—viz:—That all men are not necessarily, Immortal; that Immortality is a Gift only bestowed upon Believers;—that the Redeemed alone will exist throughout Eternity, and that the Wicked will be

“annihilated.” Exactly the view held also by Thomas Paine,—the Infidel, viz:—That the wicked after death will cease to exist, or to use Paine’s own words, “be dropped altogether.”

These words of our Lord,—translate them as you will,—if the English language has any meaning,—mean, *if they mean anything*,—that such persons are *cursed* in God’s sight, that they are *finally abandoned* by Him,—and will become veritable Demons hereafter, and consequently deserve, and will share, the doom of Devils. There is no more hope given of the wicked “ceasing to exist,” in the Bible, than there is of the Devils themselves, being “annihilated”; both are equally “abhorred of God.”

ARE CHRIST'S WORDS DELUSIVE?

If Jesus’ words do *not* mean this, *what do they mean?* All the modern teachers of the “higher,” or the “larger” hope cannot alter God’s Word. “Heaven and Earth shall pass away,” Jesus tells us,—“but My words shall not pass away.” If you will not believe Christ, and reject His teaching in order to follow modern religious teachers in their fatal delusions, you do it with your eyes open, and the solemn assurances of God and Christ, before your very eyes. You are forced, virtually, to say,—with Dr. Colenso,—that our Blessed Lord merely taught as a well-instructed Jewish Teacher of His day, the Theology of His time,—or else, if you reject this Unitarian view of our Lord, and maintain Christ’s Divinity,—you are driven to accept Jesus’ words as true, or that what our Lord teaches, on the Subject of the Eternal misery of the wicked,—is false and delusive. If then, what God and our Lord says upon *this* Subject is delusive,—why may not what is told us upon *other* vital points be false, and delusive too? Prove,—which you never will *do*,—that there is no eternal Hell for the wicked, you will prove the Bible to be false. And once prove God’s word to be incorrect in any of its teaching, where is your unbelief going to stop? Why believe in any of its remaining statements?

UNBELIEF.

This modern teaching of a “larger hope,” than God authorises,—is only one phase of modern Unbelief. Everything points to Unbelief as the sin of the future to Mankind. “When the Son of Man cometh will

He find faith on the Earth?" is one of our Lord's solemn questions. The unsanctified, rebellious, unaided intellect of man, in an ever-increasing intellectual age, proudly rejects the doctrine of Eternal punishment, and, indeed, any doctrine not to its liking. Such an one we are expressly told, cannot understand the things of God. "They are foolishness unto him." Are you,—dear Reader,—going to reject them as untrue? Are we to reject all that we cannot fully comprehend?

The fall of Man;—the fall of once blessed Angels to become "Devils;"—the fall of a once innocent child, into a Demon-like man;—the very origin and nature of "Sin;"—its awful nature, and what "Sin" really merits from a just God,—who can pretend to explain fully to us? In like manner the entire wondrous Scheme of Salvation offered through Christ,—has ever,—and ever will appear unintelligible,—incredible,—and unsatisfactory to every unchanged,—unenlightened,—unregenerate human mind! Yet Millions of God's children,—Believers,—the best,—the holiest,—the wisest,—the most useful of Mankind;—the "Salt of the earth,"—believe implicitly these things through Faith. To them,—no doubt enlightened by God, the Holy Spirit,—these things appear most worthy of reverent belief,—although they humbly confess their incapacity to fully explain to others these transcendent subjects.

FAITH BELIEVES WITHOUT FULLY UNDERSTANDING.

These are the things, "the Angels desire to look into." In the Study of any section of Modern Science, *a life-time* is now found all too short to comprehend, much less exhaust, one single Branch of Science. The Horizon ever widens before our Scientific Men,—there are ever found to be Alps beyond Alps still to ascend and to explore! These are merely the things of Sense and Time. If *they* thus master our best and greatest thinkers,—what shall we say to grasping fully the "things of God,"—which are *not* seen? The child of Time to grasp Omnipotence? The Creation to comprehend the Creator? It is *impossible!* What words are "Chosen,"—"Elect,"—"Foreknowledge,"—"Damnation,"—"Eternity,"—a suffering, dying God,—giving Himself in the Person of our Lord,—to save all who choose to come to Him for saving grace, and redemption! It has ever been,—ever will be,—*must* be,—a question of Belief,—of Faith. And this Faith in God's and Christ's

words is to be obtained for the asking. "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." "Who would have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the Truth."

Reader! are you prepared to listen to the Siren songs of modern Dreamers,—who interpret God's most solemn warnings of the Eternal punishment, not only of the Wicked, but of the "unprofitable," (useless), "Servant,"—as merely "instructive Parables,"—and madly substitute for God's solemn assurances,—their own delusive, and unintelligible dreams of a "larger hope?"

NEGLECT OF THE POOR.

If the words of Christ, upon His Judgment Seat, given at the commencement of this Chapter are true, and will surely come to pass, will you shirk your responsibility,—as thousands of the wealthy do,—towards the poor, by whom we are surrounded? Placed, as you probably are, or will be, far above want yourself,—with intellect, good education, time, money, comfort,—are all these priceless "talents,"—entrusted to you for many years,—to be merely employed during a long life,—merely for self and your own selfish acquisition? Are you prepared to face the consequences? Remember! God's work,—Christ's work,—will *be done*, it will be done by *others*,—if not by *you*! It is not for the sake of Christ's work amongst the poor,—the degraded,—the helpless,—that this chapter is written;—it is *for your own*!

The quiet ease of *to-day*,—and selfish disregard to the claims of the poor around you,—will only be followed by the negligence, and selfish disregard of *to-morrow*! The "Unprofitable Servant" was not charged with having done any great harm, except his example of dislike, and indifference to his Master,—he had merely *taken care of himself*. "I knew Thee that Thou wast a hard man,"—an "austere man." The Blessed God had doubtless supported this man for many years,—given him health, time, ease, "talents;"—but it was useless! No love to his God,—no intention of serving Him,—avoiding Religion as much as he could,—making money,—taking care of himself. There are thousands like him! Not much of the "larger hope" in the words addressed to this man. "Thou wicked and slothful servant." Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness,—there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth!"

Unless the solemn warnings of God, and Christ, given in this chapter, are a delusion, and a deception practised by the Blessed God upon Mankind,—there will come to every useless, unprofitable servant, a fearful awakening from that life-long sleep of sloth, and selfishness! What must it be to awaken too late to the sense of a departed God, and a lost Eternity!

“Be wise to-day! ’Tis madness to defer!
 Next day a fatal precedent will plead!
 Thus on,—Till Wisdom is pushed out of life:
 And, to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an Eternal Scene!”

“SIMPLE said, ‘I see no danger!’ SLOTH said, ‘A *little* more sleep!’ and PRESUMPTION said, ‘Every Fat must stand upon its own bottom!’”—*Bunyan’s “Pilgrim’s Progress.”*

NOTE—John Bunyan in the earliest Editions of his wondrous book, used good old Saxon words. “Fat” occurs in the early editions; it occurs also in the Prophet Joel,—“The winepress is full,—the fats overflow.” We now say, Vat or Puncheon. Presumption meant,—as thousands of self-willed “Presumptions,” have said since Bunyan’s day,—“Do not pretend to instruct *me*;—let everyone take care of himself.”

“THE POOR SHALL NEVER CEASE OUT OF THE LAND.”

As an example what one earnest, devoted Christian can accomplish, we have the noble organization of

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN.

He says:—“It is an old story now, that early history of the rise and progress of the Homes, and I need only here, therefore, remind my readers that nearly twenty-four years have elapsed since the Institutions had their origin in the rescue of a single unfortunate street boy encountered in a shed in East London in 1866. The unspeakably sad nature of the incidental revelations regarding Juvenile Destitution in the Metropolis, which emerged from this lad’s personal history, made an ineffaceable impression which led to further enquiries into the whole subject. I ascertained that large numbers of wretched children, not only in the East End, but in the Centre, South, North, and even West of London, had no home other than the Common Lodging House; that, if they were unable during the day to pick up the few half-pence necessary to secure a bed there, they must walk the streets all night, or find precarious shelter where and how they could; and that, as a matter of fact, very many of these poor “Waifs and Strays” often obtained their only available refuge for the night in hall doors, under archways, in deserted markets, in waggons and carts, down by the water-side, in the staircases and passages of empty or tenement houses, in public offices, or in the poorest courts and alleys of the Metropolis.

I was at this time only a Medical Student. A very small house was opened in Stepney Causeway, and here there grew a family of poor little “waifs,” rescued individually from homelessness and destitution. To the first house another was presently added; and the boys (whom I originally picked up solely in the East End slums) began to be searched for in, and then to apply

for themselves from, other London Districts. As the tidings of this new rescue endeavour spread, and as friends rallied to its aid, applications reached the growing Home from other large cities as well as from country districts throughout the United Kingdom; while, in response to a wider appeal, the beginnings were made of a similar agency on behalf of destitute and orphan *girls*.

Thus, gradually, not "by leaps and bounds," but slowly and surely, step by step, the work progressed and developed in its methods, in its area, and in its aims. The Ilford Village began to rise, and to gather girl inmates into its pretty rustic cottages; Industrial Training was established for the boys at Stepney; Country Homes were added for younger boys at Jersey and elsewhere; the foundations of the Emigration System were laid, and the first Distributing Centre in Canada was acquired: the scheme of Boarding-out was introduced; new Institutions for older girls, older boys, and latterly for babies, were set on foot; a Committee of Management and Finance was formed; special provision was made for afflicted children—Crippled, Deformed, Blind, and Deaf Mutes; while a net-work of Mission effort among the Adult Poor of East London, including Evangelistic, Medical, Temperance, and Relief agencies, was steadily extended under the continued blessing of the Lord. Such has been, in brief, up to the present hour, the history of the Institutions under my care, by which nearly 15,600 otherwise homeless and destitute children have now been rescued and fitted for independent careers of industry and happiness."

WHAT ONE MAN HAS DONE.

If he, a comparatively unknown and poor man, could achieve such results, what might not the Wealthy have done the past twenty-four years? Commencing in a very small way,—depending entirely upon subscriptions,—Dr. Barnardo now, never refuses admission,—(open day and night),—to all *really destitute* Boys and Girls, irrespective of age,—(from Infancy to early Manhood),—sex, nationality, or Creed. Hopelessly crippled, deformed, deaf, blind or dumb, he takes them all! *Real* destitution is all any child need *prove* to gain admission; no Ballot, Election or influence is needed. Although chiefly London children, many are received from other towns. 41 Separate Buildings, &c., are now needed to meet the necessities of these poor children,—to save them from a life of wretchedness, hopelessness, and sin, and to train them for a fair start in life.

1. The Homes, Stepney Causeway. 320 Boys, half their time spent in the Schools,—half in being taught a variety of Trades.
2. The Orphan House, Burdett Road, for younger Boys, 9 to 13. 400.
3. Nursery for 100 very little ones, Jersey, 5 to 10. Many in poor health from previous terrible life.
4. The open all night Refuge. 2,720 received 1889.
5. Labour House for destitute elder Youths, 95—17 to 20.
6. Village Home, Ilford. 49 cottages, 900 destitute Girls. In 1889, 244 at Service at home, 99 to Canada.
7. Babies' Castle, Hawkhurst, half Boys, half Girls, 100 Babes from three weeks old. One drunken wretch of a Mother (?) had blinded one of them with a needle in drunken rage when it was rescued!
8. Hospital for destitute little ones, in suffering; during 1889, 544 in, and 1,560 out, Patients.
9. Servants' Home and Registry. Girls trained for Domestic Servants, Laundry work, &c.
10. Factory, or Girls' Club; Sewing Classes; Mutual Improvement, &c.
11. Rescue Home for Girls (Moral Quarantine).
12. "Beehive," Industrial House for older Girls.

13. Boy's Messenger Brigade.
14. Shoeblocks' Home, Limehouse.
15. Rag Collecting Brigade, £2,251 earned in 1889.
16. Woodchopping Brigade, £3,261 earned in 1889.
17. Farm School, Worcester. A benevolent gentleman, a J.P., provides for 50 Boys himself. An example to the thousands and thousands of wealthy men,—who, having made their Fortunes out of the *labour of Working Classes*, do nothing for them,—or their children,—in return. The well-known American Millionaire,—who left *20 Millions*,—upon being expostulated with as to the injury one of his selfish money-making schemes was doing the Public, “—the Public!” was his reply! Yet it was *from “the Public,”* that this wretch got all his money!
18. Dormitory for Boys.
19. Convalescent Home, Suffolk, 42 Invalid Children.
20. Children's Free Lodging Houses, Dean Street.
21. „ „ „ „ „ Dock „ (In 1864, numbers of poor little creatures were found in the cruel Winter Nights, in open brick entries!)
22. Emigration Home, Peterborough, Canada.
23. „ „ „ „ „ Toronto, „
24. Industrial Farm, Shell River, Manitoba. 4,271 children have been already sent out,—(the failures not two per cent.!)—rescued from a life of misery and crime.
25. “Boarding out scheme,” 710 “Boarded out” in 52 centres throughout rural England, removed from their vicious surroundings in London.
26. Blind and Deaf Mute Branch
27. Incurable, Crippled, or Deformed children, often caused by brutal Drunken Parents. When well enough, these are allowed to mix with the others, who learn to feel for and help them.
28. The “Children's Fold.” 91 very little ones who need especial care.
29. Shipping Agency, with Branches at Cardiff and Yarmouth, 174 Boys who take to the Sea, earn from 10/- to £4 a Month.
30. Free Meal Branch for very poor ill-fed children from the Slums; 109,584 meals during 1889.
31. Working Lads' Institute, Reading, Recreation, Gymnasium, &c.
32. Free Schools, Copperfield Road, 593 Children on Books 1889. Earned £319 Government Grant last year. During the Winter Free Meals are given to the poorest children.
33. Mission Church, “Edinburgh Castle,”—formerly a Gin Palace, holds 3,200; a large number of Temperance, Benefit, &c. Clubs; Classes; Visiting the Poor agencies. A large Gymnasium here.
34. Gospel Hall, “Children's Church.”
35. Cabmen's Rest, or Shelter.
36. Edinburgh Coffee Palace.
37. Dublin Do. (Receipts 1889, £2,204).
38. Pure Literature Depôt; cheap and good reading. Sales are increasing.
39. Deaconesses' Institute, constantly visiting the Poor in the East End,—Streets tabulated, and each worker an area allotted. Been fifteen years at work. They carry on also two adult Night Schools, an Institute, Sundry Classes, and two Children's Services.

40. Dorcas House, Carr Street.

41. East End Medical Mission, and Dispensary for the very poor, Shadwell. Office for Subscriptions, Reports, &c., 18, Stepney Causeway, London.

CONCLUSION.

Dear Reader! Is it not such admirable efforts as these,—reaching the *really poor*, and *deserving*,—we should assist rather than giving our coppers to every “Professional” street Beggar we meet? Unthinking, emotional, so-called Charity, dispensed without any inquiry, merely encourages pauperism as a Profession; you are not visiting, nor aiding the genuine or deserving poor, but encouraging, too often, the cunning, lazy, deceitful, and drunken,—a curse to the community, and to themselves. Many of these professional beggars would rather die than do an honest day’s work. With all self-respect gone, they are resolved that others shall support them, so they whine, and sing, all day, dragging wretched children about with them. “Barnardo’s Homes” have been for twenty-four years a work of Faith. The sums needed to keep all these helpless children till old enough to keep themselves, have not permitted any investment, or sums to be laid by; indeed, though £106,723 came in the year, (1889), they were £20,000 behind that year. 51,000 persons, from all parts of the World, contributed under £1, and another 24,000 sent in the rest.

Although firmly believing that it ought to be a National Work, and that every neglected, hopeless, destitute child,—being a *child of the State*,—has a claim upon our Country, and ought to be taught, trained, and given a chance in life *by the State*;—still, until that claim is admitted,—we have our individual responsibility as Christians.

“Oh! don’t talk to me! I have my own Family to see to. I feel no interest in Philanthropic efforts,—and shall not contribute to them!” It is not for the sake of the poor, the ignorant, the sick, ill-used, helpless children in our large towns that these pleas are made. Reader! *It is for your own*. Give or not Give,—God’s work,—Christ’s work,—will be done, either with or without you,—be assured of that! But it will one day be a question of untold, speechless, importance to each of us,—whether according to our means,—we took part in Christ’s work upon Earth, or turned a deaf ear to His call!

“When I look round at my Congregation,”—says a Clergyman of the Church of England.—“I wonder where *the Poor* are! But, when I see their Contributions to good works,—I wonder where *the Rich* are!”

THE POOR.

“For the Poor shall never cease out of the Land; therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to the Poor, and to the needy, in thy Land.—*Deut. xv., 11.*”

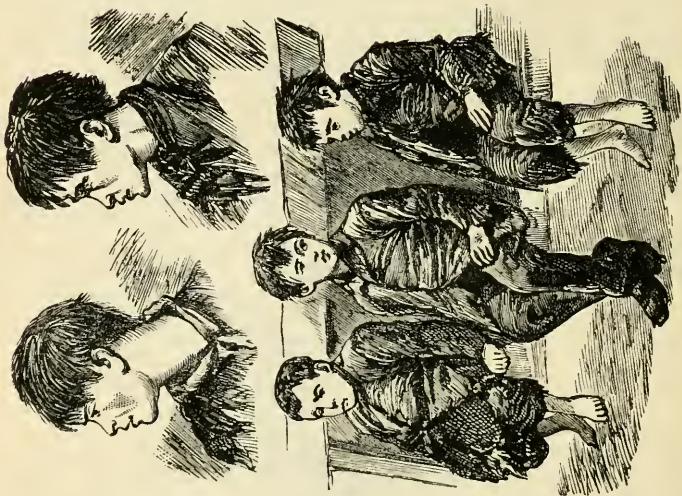


“ And then upon this.”—*Shakespeare.*



Barnardo's Boys, off to Canada, taking leave of their Band.

“ Look first on that Picture,”



“ Give us a chance in life.”



“They had come from some far off Greenhouse,—from among sweet smelling Flowers, and aromatic trees of some dewy Garden ; how deliciously, —in that dark, close, garret,—they smelt !” (Page 300.)

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE POOR IN OUR LARGE TOWNS. FLOWERS FOR THE POOR.

The Scene of this story is laid in London, but the Reader will find similar cases needing our assistance, and charity, in every place.

“For the Poor shall never cease out of the land,—therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother ;—to the Poor and the needy in the Land. I am the Lord !”—*Deut. xv., 11.*

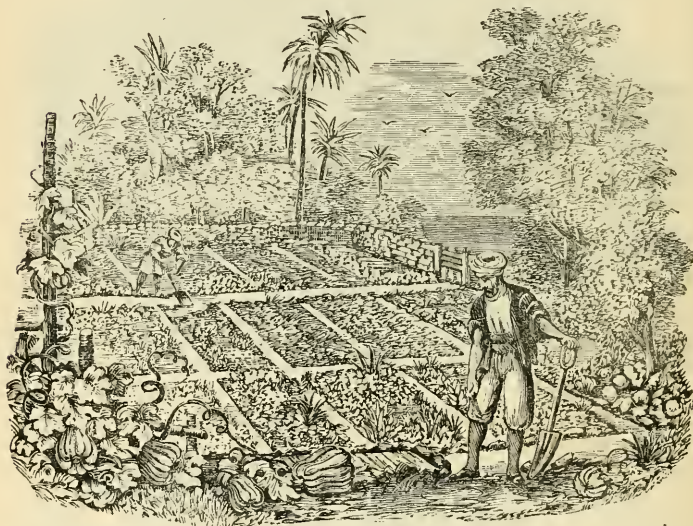
THE POOR.

“ Let not ambition mock their useful toil,—
 Their homely joys,—and destinies obscure,
 Nor grandeur hear,—with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple Annals of the Poor !
 The boast of Heraldry,—the Pomp of Pride,
 And all that Beauty,—all that Wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour !
 The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave !”

“To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto Me? saith the Lord. Bring no more oblations. The calling of Assemblies I cannot away with! It is iniquity, even the Solemn Meeting.”

“Is not *this* the Fast that I have chosen? To loose the bands of wickedness,—to undo the *heavy burdens*,—and to let the oppressed go free?”

“Is it not to deal thy bread to the Hungry, and to bring the Poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the Naked that thou cover him? And if thou draw out thy soul to the Hungry,—and satisfy the afflicted soul,—then shall thy light break forth as the morning. Thou shalt be like a watered garden; and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.”—*Isaiah* i., 11; *Isaiah* lviii., 6.



“Like a watered Garden.”

NOTE.—“Watering with the foot.” In the hot,—sultry East, the Gardens depend entirely upon being irrigated by little narrow runs of water conducted through the garden. When the gardener wants to water any part, he removes the little bank of soil with his foot, or his spade,—and allows the water to run over that bed. When sufficiently watered, he repairs the breach with his foot,—and the water passes on, once more, in its former channel. This is called “Watering with the Foot.”

THE POOR IN OUR LARGE TOWNS.

ONE bleak, bitter day,—late in March,—a poorly clad man,—evidently in poor health,—stood against the Wall which bounds the corner of Regent’s Park,—and by his side was a round basket containing roots of Spring flowers in bloom,—chiefly primroses,—a few violets, and some green creepers. It was a keen biting cold wind, in spite of the sun. He had been up by daylight that

morning,—and on his way to some woods,—miles distant in search of those flowers. He dug the roots carefully up, and tied damp moss round them, with strips of long coarse grass. It was nearly ten before the work was done, and the roots packed. Lifting the hamper he toiled back to Town with it. The clock of St. John's church was striking Noon, as he chose this place,—which seemed as likely a spot for customers as any other. The flowers looked pretty enough, and were well-arranged. The violet roots in the centre,—the delicate primroses next,—and the green creeping plants encircling all. Did the Spring flowers remind none of the busy passers by of *their* Springs,—of the green lanes,—and mossy dells where,—as children they had plucked the wild flowers at will? It seemed not, for they went hurrying on. The man did not *ask* them to buy, he left it to them. The hours passed slowly on,—by three o'clock he had only sold a root or too. He stood there waiting with his wistful face, less hopeful than at first. Occasionally glances were cast on the flowers by the ladies who swept by in their fine dresses, and two or three stopped for a moment to remark,—“What pretty flowers!” But they did not buy any. He waited on. Presently, a woman in a red shawl came by,—she stopped at the sight of the flower roots,—looked critically at them,—and said. “What's the price of 'em, Master?” “Threepence a root.” “What, threepence for them messes of Primroses?” “I've been far enough to get them!” “Let's look at 'em?” He put one into her hand, and she turned it about as if fearing imposture. Apparently she satisfied herself. “If you'll let me have six of 'em for a shilling, I'll take 'em?—I've got half a dozen window pots at home waiting to be filled with some'ut or other.” He did not think well to refuse, seeing how slow the day's sale had been. “You'll give me one in!” she said,—keeping the shilling in her hand;—she must have had a conscience that woman! “No!”—the woman relinquished the shilling and carried off the roots. When five o'clock struck, the man took some bread and cheese from his pocket and ate it,—going over to the cab-stand opposite for a drink of water. He had only had a similar meal early while getting the roots. Better water though, that from a country brook! “Not much luck, mate, to-day!”—remarked a cab driver,—who had been sitting some time on the box of his four-wheeler. “No!” he replied,—going back to his post. Two or three stray buyers came up after this for a single root, generally, either of the primroses or violets. One lady who

passed with her acquaintance, and her little girl who carried a beautiful nosegay, said, "Yes! Is'nt it lovely? We bought it in Baker Street,—only seven and sixpence! I had a good mind to have a cab to take it home; I want it for our ball to-night." They passed the man as she spoke without ever noticing him. Seven and sixpence for a nosegay, and a cab to take it home!

Dear Reader! Half the world does not know how the other half lives! They spend in one evening's luxury what would keep many a family of the deserving poor for a month! There must be different classes,—the rich and the poor, but surely riches,—given to us by the providence of God—are a "talent" He entrusts to us, and for which He will surely require an account!

As the evening drew in, he took up the hamper and began his long walk towards home, seeking to sell on his way, but luck was not with him. "*Home.*" Oh! dear Reader, who have never known what it is to miss a meal,—who, for years,—have found the table ready spread for you by attentive servants,—with your pleasant garden,—and quiet,—clean rooms; and sunshine and fresh air; *do go* at times to the dwellings of the poor! "*Home!*" It was in the heart of East London. It was a "cheap quarter." The locality was known as "awful" by those who knew it. Not,—mark you, on account of the poor things who lived there, but because of the wretched,—unhealthy,—tenements they lived in. When we hear London spoken of,—no doubt from its magnificent system of drainage,—as "the healthiest City in the World,"—you are taking the average mortality of three million of people, *the majority* living in *good houses*, and supplied with the best of everything,—(for the best of everything seems to go to London)—but we do not hear what the mortality is in *certain given areas* in the *East* of London! These facts are concealed from our view, when the *average* death-rate for *all London* is alone taken. It was not a locality for thieves and criminals, but rather for the poorest of the poor. As the man went down a close street, the men stood about the courts in rags, and women with dishevelled hair, and shrill voices, were quarrelling. In a coal-shed a man was weighing out a small barrow of coal to a customer. "Not made much of it to-day?" he asked. "No!"—said the man,—“will you let me leave the hamper here for the night! They'll wither in my place!”—“Oh! yes,—you're welcome, only mind the coal dust.” The man put the basket in a corner and covered it over, so

that the coal dust should not blacken the flowers. The rent for their miserable room was due to-morrow,—that *must* be paid; there was no grace, and it only left him tenpence. “There’s been two ladies down your court, I think they’ve been to see your young ’un,” said the coal man. There was a sick child at home, always thirsty; the man went into the small shop opposite and bought a saveloy, half a loaf of bread, and a small modicum of milk and tea. They had said at the Dispensary that milk was good for his boy, and he had gone without anything but the bread that day, lest he should not have money enough to make the evening meal for the sick little one. His history is but the history of many of our English workmen,—he had come up to London attracted by the higher wages to be earned.—and for a time all went well. But then came fever; it took from him his wife and one of the children,—and lasted long enough to sell him up, and turn him out with his remaining child, when too weak himself to resume his work. He never recovered his position. The fingers of one hand were wasted and the joints stiffened. He never could work any more at his former handicraft, and four miserable years had been passed, living how he could, at odd jobs, and in the spring selling flower roots, keeping his honesty always, and self-denying to the end, but unable to do more than just live from hand to mouth. You never saw such a place as the one he finally turned into! It was not fit for human beings to live in. The pure fresh air and cheerful sun given to us so freely by God, could not penetrate to these gloomy courts with their blackened walls. He turned into a door-way, and then up some rickety stairs to a small low room. The window was patched with paper in its broken panes. A lighted candle was stuck into a ginger-beer bottle on the mantle-piece. “Holloa!—Charley! got a light?”—he said in a kind tone.—“Bridget Kelly lighted it for me, Father,”—replied a weak, young voice from the floor,—“I’ve been ill, Father!”—He lay on a grey woollen blanket,—a boy of nine or ten;—it was a fair, meek face,—and something in the blue eyes,—bright to-night—reminded the man of those he had lost. This little boy was the only one of his family left to him. He had been ailing for a long time, and seemed to get weaker and weaker. A chair without a back, a low wooden stool on three legs,—a board placed across another stool to serve for a table,—was, apparently, all the furniture in the room, but everything, including the

floor, was clean. He put down the things he had brought, and stooped down to give his child a kiss. "Been ill,—d'ye say, Charlie? Been worse?" The boy was sitting up now. He had on a warm, comfortable shirt, made of some dark woollen stuff. His father anxiously stroked the hair from his brow with a gentle hand. "Look, daddy, what the good ladies brought me!" Oh! such a group of lovely choice flowers! Not to be used *in a Ball that night*, but to *cheer the last hours* of a poor dying child! They had come from some far off greenhouse; from among sweet smelling flowers, and aromatic trees of some dewy garden; how deliciously,—in that dark, close garret,—they smelt! "And daddy! they left you this, and said they'd call to-morrow." There were two shillings lying on the shelf. At this moment a woman came bustling in;—a very untidy,—but a kind-hearted body was Bridget Kelly. She occupied,—with her husband,—a lower room in the house,—and would often look after the lonely child,—when his father was away. From what she said, it seemed that coming in that afternoon, she found that Charlie had had, she thought, a fainting fit; he could not remember how the day had passed. Then the two ladies, who had heard of the sick little one through the Bible woman, had called,—and Bridget had left them with Charlie, "to find her Pat, and tell him to ask the club doctor to call. But we haven't seen the colour of him yet," she said. Meanwhile, the father had got together some dry sticks, and as Bridget now left them, he lighted the fire. From a small cupboard he took a few useful articles, a tin cup or two, a teapot, and a small kettle, which he took into the yard below to fill. But ever and anon as he waited for the water to boil, he cast a yearning look on his boy's pale face, as the child lay languidly watching the fire. This evening meal so patiently waited for was the one bright spot left in their lives. "It's about ready now, Charlie, will you sit up to it?" He folded the grey blanket over him, cut him some bread,—and half a saveloy. Charlie took a bit, but could not apparently swallow it, but he drank the tea off at a draught. "I can't eat, Father!" "We'll try a sop Charlie, we can buy plenty of milk now." He went to the cupboard for a small yellow basin, and as he did so his eye caught the boy's dinner,—two cold potatoes and a herring lying untouched. "Why Charlie dear! there's your dinner here! Haven't you wanted it?" "I forgot it father!" It was the first time he had left the mid-day meal untouched. His father did not like it, he looked wistfully at his child,

and a great aching took possession of his heart. "I wish the doctor would come, he said, to himself;" he sliced some bread into the yellow basin, poured some boiling water on it,—covered it for a minute or two,—then drained the water off and added some sugar and milk. But Charlie couldn't eat. "I'm only thirsty, Father." He lay down again,—and, warmly covered up,—he soon fell asleep. Just then came a tap at the door, and the doctor's voice was heard,—outside. "Is the sick child here?" He was a youngish man lately come to the neighbourhood, he had a decided voice, and manner, but report said, he was an able man, not wanting either in sense or kindness. As he entered,—remarking that he had been detained,—he gave a keen, sharp look around; seemed to take in all at a glance, and gave a significant sniff. "It is bad, I know, said the man; comes from the back yard,—the drains want repairing, I think, it's worse in summer; if I opened the window, then it's cold for the child." "True!" said the doctor, "let's look at him!" The father began to speak about the child's illness, but the Doctor cut it short by taking the candle in the bottle and holding it to the boy's face. A wan, white face,—the dry lips open,—he gently felt the forehead, and the pulse. "Shall I wake him?" "No!" said the doctor,—"you've called me in late to-night. Have you had advice for him?" "I took him to the Dispensary two or three times; they told me that he wanted fresh air, and good food. But what can I do, he's not strong enough to be about with me, and too heavy to carry. The streets about here don't seem to have good air in them, and in the better streets there are no seats, and the Police tell us to 'move on.'" The man mentioned to the Doctor having lost his wife, and their child. The latter listened to all. "You say this one has been ailing for five months, and nothing seems to nourish him; well, if you ask me what is the matter with him, I should say it's poison;—want of fresh air, and sunshine;—sometimes it takes the form of Typhus, at others decline, but the bottom of it all is over-crowding in these old properties, and horrible courts; if I'd my way, I'd blow them all up sky high!" "My wife was born in the country," said the man,—"what she seemed to die of was decline. There are fewer dwellings now in London suited for the very poor,—they have taken thousands down for the Railways and Improvements, and so the poor are crowded together more and more; it's more

difficult to get very cheap lodgings." The Doctor could not gainsay it; he saw that the man was evidently intelligent and above the usual type of the "very poor." "You've once been in better circumstances I suspect," at last he said. "Yes! Five years ago I was a good workman, making my 35/- a week easy; then came that dreadful rheumatic fever. I was laid up for months, and lost the proper use of my hands. But about the child, Sir,—will he get through it with care? Will he get better?" The Doctor knew that so far from getting well the little boy's life was quickly drawing to a close. He was a kind-hearted man, he doubted whether the child would live another day, and at first hesitated what to say. But he was a plain-speaking man; so, after a pause, he had made up his mind, and said,—*"Well! you want to know the truth; I'm sorry to tell it you,—for I see you value the child,—(and that's more than many Parents seem to do about here)—but the fact is, he will not get well;—I saw it the moment I looked at him,—you've called me in at the last."*

"He will not get well,"—repeated the father,—seemingly unable to take it in. "That's what the good ladies said, Father,—they said they thought I should be taken to Heaven!" This interruption,—quiet as it was, came upon them with a surprise, they both turned quickly,—the Boy was lying awake with his eyes now open. "What ladies, my little fellow?" asked the Doctor,—all the quick decision in his tone gave in a moment,—speaking as gently as if the child was his own. Without waiting for an answer, he put some powder in a teacup, asked for some water, and gave it the child to drink. It seemed to revive him,—he held up the beautiful flowers. "When they gave me these they said, 'there were far more lovely flowers in Heaven.'" "Ay!" answered the doctor, "there are, my boy,—thank God,—the good ladies were right." Then turning to the Father, he added,—*"I'll step in first thing in the morning,"*—and giving a few other directions, he took his leave.

The man lighted him into the court, and said,—his child was Dying, but he did not forget his honesty,—*"The ladies left us two shillings, but there will be little things to get for the child, I will pay you out of the first money I get."* "Don't say another word," said the doctor, *"I know you will, I would not take it now for the world! I only wish I could have saved the child, I came too late!"* He hesitated,—paused,—at last he added, *"I may as well tell the truth;—I said I'd call to-morrow just to cheer the little one,—and*

so I will,—but I don't think he'll last till the morning; I wouldn't fret if I were you; you've done your best; you've been a kind father and husband too, I warrant;—they will be in a better home than this!" And away went the worthy doctor down the dark court, sniffing the odour about him wrathfully. The man hastened back to the dark room, where the child was dying peacefully. The boy did not seem inclined to sleep now, so the man sat down on the stool close to him. He had put his hand into his father's, and the trifling action was too much for him! He had been striving in silence, with the shock of grief, and now, very much to his discomforture, he burst into tears! It was foolish,—he had not done it since his poor wife died.

"Is it for me, Daddy? Don't cry, Daddy!" "It seems hard, Charlie,"—he sobbed, "the others taken too!" "But you'll come, Father. It's such a sweet place,—Jesus has made,—Mother's there, and little Jack,—I'm not afraid to go. Jesus took them home because it was better than this. The good ladies told me all about it,—and they *prayed so sweet*, Father!" He saw it all now;—others had discovered what he had not;—the approach of death! Yes! and the Blessed God had sent two of His sweet messengers,—in these good pious ladies,—even to that dark court,—to speak to His dying little one, of the *precious Saviour*,—and the *sweet Heavenly Home*!

Reader! There may be in you an aptitude,—a gift,—a blessed "talent" of kindly visits to the Poor! There may be in your power a work for God which *you alone can do*! Do not turn away,—should you feel that call of God to a Christ-like life of charity, and sink into a vain, frivolous,—selfish life,—and let "another take your crown!"

"Not suited for a lady?" What! are not the names of ELIZABETH FRY,—once a lady of Fashion,—then a quakeress visiting the Convicts,—and FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, at work amongst our dying Soldiers in Russia,—names the most honoured in our day and generation? "Great danger in visiting amongst these dreadful places!" But when the noble JOHN HOWARD was warned of the Gaol fever in his frequent visits to our English Prisons in former days,—more terrible and frightful places than anything now to be seen,—the Philanthropist replied,—"The misery I have seen is such that,—*come what will*,—I will, with God's aid, *never rest* till I see the terrible evil ended!" His Report produced a sensation never to be forgotten! A generous Nation *rose to his appeal*, and those frightful places were

swept away for ever! These are the true "Heroes,"—the true "Conquerors" amongst Mankind! Well may we use the lines written for another, and different conqueror.

"Tears such as *Nations* weep,
Hallow the Hero's sleep!—
Calm,—be thy rest and deep!—
JOHN HOWARD the brave!"

The boy slept at length, but would wake up,—startled,—and ask for water. It was just getting light when the boy waked up with a look on his wan face his father had never seen before. "What is it, Charlie, the water?" He looked about, as if bewildered, till his eyes caught the flowers. "I've seen others,—father; *oh! such flowers!*" He sank back, as if to sleep, with his face to the wall, and was very still, so still that his father feared the sounds of the coming day. Two women in the yard were talking loudly and quarrelling, in the Court below. He looked over at the still face, and saw what had happened! It was quite still;—yes! it was still *for ever!*

Dear Reader, did you ever ask yourself "*When, and under what circumstances shall I also die?*"

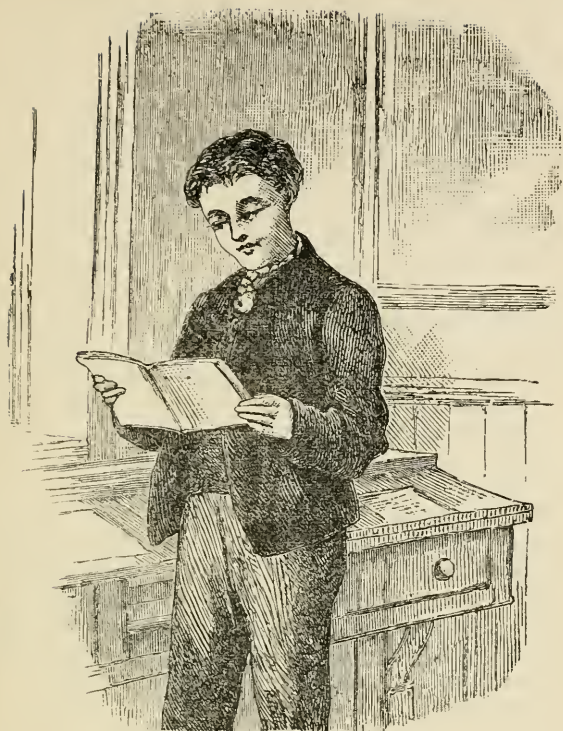
Whatever be our wealth, the hour shall come when you and I will be lying *utterly helpless* before our God! I ask you, will it not be then all the World to us to hear the gracious words of joyful welcome—"Come, ye blessed of My Father! For I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat,—naked and ye clothed Me,—sick and ye visited Me. Even as ye did to the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me!"

Leaves have *their* time to fall,
And Flowers to fade, beneath the North wind's breath,
Seasons to change,—but *thou!*—
Thou hast *all Seasons* for thy own, O death!

RICH "CHRISTIANS," 1890.

"The will has been proved of the late Mr.——, the personal estate, being sworn at £441,811 1s. 7d." Then follow the details to whom he left it all. "There are *no bequests to public or charitable institutions*, but the testator has left a few legacies to a few of his servants."—Extract from Daily Paper, 1890.

"Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"—Luke vi., 45.



“I Can,” in the Class Room of his Night Institute.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

“I CAN,” — AND “I CAN’T.”
WHICH WILL YOU BE?

A GOOD YOUTH.—SELF-IMPROVEMENT.—THE INSTITUTE.—THE FIRST CLASS CAR.—THE “UP GRADE.”

“I CAN.”

HERE are two young fellows,—whom we all know well,—for you can meet with them any day,—and some of us have not to go very far to do so,—the name of one of these youths is “I can,”—whom you see in this Picture,—in his Night Institute,—and the name of the other is “I can’t.” Where shall we find *him*? Probably listening

to low songs at the Concert Hall, or watching scenes of Murder and Bloodshed of a "Sensational Drama," in the Gallery of a second-rate Theatre.

What age are these youths? Oh! just *your* age, young Reader!

What sort of looking lads are they? Well,—in one sense,—they are,—as the saying goes,—“like one another to a T,”—for you see there is really only a T between “I can,” and “I can’t.” But that little T makes all the difference in the World! For you can hardly fancy how very different these Boys really are to each other, and what very different Young Men they will become! “I can,”—is as nice a looking Youth as you would wish to see! Bright,—clean, cheerful, lively,—good-natured,—everybody seems to like “I can.” His comrades, and young companions like “I can,”—always have a smile for him, when “I can,” enters. His employers like “I can.” “We can trust him with anything:—best lad we ever had,”—they say,—“we hope to keep him with us when he’s out of his time.” His Parents, Brothers, and Sisters, all love “I can,”—can’t do without him. Why? Because “I can” said,—“Instead of being disrespectful, selfish, cold, and unkind to my Parents, I can obey God by obedience, and dutiful respect to my Father and Mother, and I will act good-naturedly to all around me.” It required many efforts, and self-denial, at first, a good many struggles with temper, but he said, “I can,” and he did it!

“I can” is always a pattern of cleanliness. He has a good deal of dirty work to do at times. “The more need for a scrub whenever I get the chance,” says “I can.” So he buys a twopenny nail brush, and sets to work! His teeth by constant brushing, night and morning, are now, at last,—for it took time,—so fair and white,—that it is a pleasure to look at them; and if you saw Master “I can” in his Sunday clothes, you would not know him from a young gentleman. “I can” has had his temptations to injure his health by drinking,—smoking,—bad company, and sin; but “I can” would have nothing to do with them. “It’s not good enough,”—he says,—“I want a happy, healthy, and long life!” “Oh! everybody smokes!” say they,—“and drinks too!” “No, not *everybody*,” says “I can,”—else all the cars on the Railways would be ‘smokers:’ I’m better without it, and I want all my money for the Cricket club, and the Penny Night Classes.”—For you must know, “I can” is thought much of in his cricket club. He didn’t

get on well at first, but he said, I know "I can" if I try; and by degrees he became a sure Batsman. It was long too, before "I can,"—as a Bowler,—could send down the Balls true on the wicket, but "I can," kept "pegging away" till he did it. "Wanted a good man to play *that* ball!"—remarks the Umpire,—putting the leg stump up again;—and away goes the best Bat on the other side, with only half a dozen runs!

All this goes towards making "I can" so healthy and cheerful. "I don't like your "Religious," non-drinking;—non-smoking, non-swearing,—lads, they are all "Molly coddles!" *Are* they? You should see "I can" in the Gymnasium,—his jolly round shoulders, good arms and legs, having a turn with "the Gloves," with a youth half a head taller than himself,—not much of a "Molly coddle" there! Why, "I can," can stand up to any youth his own weight,—not a professional,—and would knock your poor pale-faced;—thin,—shipwrecked-about-the-knees,—"fast,"—drinking,—vicious youths, into a "cocked-hat" in five minutes! Then, while "I can't," and other "fast" youths are wasting their hard-earned wages in tobacco, and drink, and low company,—listening in a stifling Concert Hall, to the "Great"—? "*Cad!*" shall we say?—or the "Shore-ditch Idol,"—men and women, making their £20 to £30 a week by singing vulgar,—often vile—songs, to those who are foolish enough to pay to hear such rubbish, all this time, "I can,"—with other decent youths,—is at his evening classes, at Mr. Hogg's "Polytechnic,"—or Sir Edmund Hay Currie's splendid "People's Palace,"—if in London;—or the "Midland Institute" in Birmingham,—the splendid "Athenæum," Manchester,—or similar places,—now rapidly extending in other Towns.

That is why "I can" is so intelligent, he "pegs away" at his French, and Shorthand, and Music, and Science and Art Classes,—just as he "pegged away" at the Leg Stump! Then,—before he leaves the Institute,—he has a turn at the Gymnasium,—visits the Chess, and Reading Rooms, and, perhaps, the Swimming Bath; and thus spends his evenings happily, and well, and feels that he is "getting on!"

His Employers notice it too,—when their self-interest is concerned you may trust them for that,—and "I can" becomes the Foreman, Head Clerk, or Traveller of the Firm, before many years pass. He will then be drawing a good salary, and will probably marry the pretty daughter of one

of the Partners, whom you see in the picture asking good-natured "I can" when a lad,—to give up his cricket and join them at Tennis.



Then,—in the Institute,—as "birds of a feather flock together,"—the better class of his companions ask "I can" to join them in the Sunday School Work,—attending their Bible Meetings,—helping them in the Evening School for poor Boys,—visiting the poor and other good, Christian, work. Then,—best of all,—without which all would be useless,—God's "call" comes to "I can" in early life; God sends "I can" convictions,—and though, at first it was difficult,—he said "I can, with God's aid,—chose the

narrow Path of Prayer and Piety,”—and becomes a young Christian,—honoured by God in a life of usefulness and is able to say “I can do all things through Christ strengthening me!”

Well! dear Reader! How do you like the Lad, “I can?” Then why should you not attempt to be “I can” yourself? “Ah! it’s all very fine talking,”—a boy in very poor circumstances may say. “Your Book goes amongst the Ragged Schools; I have seen it,—but you do not know how miserably I have been brought up,—how wretchedly poor,—how neglected I am! What chance have I in life? How can I attend Institutes,—get a good Situation, or say ‘I can’ to anything?” Well! but you have the Sunday Schools, open free to the poorest,—we all feel for you, and are glad to do all we can. Cannot you, as you grow older, avoid evil companions, choose the better class,—give up the Drink and bad habits,—and save the little money you do get for self-improvement, as “I can” did? Surely a cake of soap,—a twopenny nail brush,—and that cheapest of all luxury,—cleanliness,—is in your power? Depend upon it, “where there is a will, there is a way,”—“Try,”—and you will, one day, find *yourself* to be “I can.”

Well! Now tell us something about “I can’t.”

“I CAN’T.”

The less we tell about “I can’t,” perhaps, the better; for “I can’t” is a very disagreeable Youth to even describe,—much less to copy! Always dirty, miserable looking, and untidy. “I can’t,” is too lazy to wash himself;—he says to everything that is for his good,—“Oh! I can’t bother,—what’s the use?” So it is with everything! Always “I can’t” to everything that is *good*;—always “I can,”—and quick too,—to all that is *bad*; “I hate Books and Reading,—I can’t work heartily,—it’s *so hard*! I can’t associate with good, and worthy young fellows, I don’t like Religion. Give me the Gallery of a Theatre,—a dirty pipe,—and a drink,—that’s the life for ‘I can’t!’”

“I don’t like your Churches, and Chapels, It’s such dull work: give me a ‘free and easy,’ in company where, if one does whip out an oath now and then,—what’s the harm? They only laugh! I’m not one of your Methodists, not I!” No! dear Reader! “I can’t” is certainly *not* a “Methodist.” There is neither method, nor sense,—nor hope in the life young “I can’t” commences, as a youth.

The worst of it is "I can't" the Youth,—becomes, "*I shan't*"—the Man! The worthless youth, "I can't," only too often becomes the depraved, wicked, drunken, hopeless, grown-up man!

Poor, Selfish, Ignorant, Conceited, Lazy, Dirty, Wicked,—"I can't." Dear Reader, have nothing to do with that miserable "I can't." Have at him at once! Say "I can" Begin at once; adopt the good habits, urged in Part II., of this Book. You are still young,—Nature is kind,—one Year of steady good habits will prove to you the change, which will come to you, if her laws are obeyed. When tempted to evil, as we all are,—and all must be,—don't say "I can't help it." Say "Nonsense! I can resist if I like!" When temptation comes and Conscience,—which is the voice of the faithful God,—calls out, "Resist! Flee!"—don't whine out, "I can't," with that miserable fellow,—and resign yourself to sin and the Devil! Always say "I can,"—God helping me; and have a try! Choose "I can," for your life. "I will, with God's aid,—try to do better! I will try to improve myself, and to get on in life, and I will begin *at once!*" Anything is better than lying down with that wretched "I can't," in his dirt, selfishness, ignorance, and sin! Try the upward Path,—the "upward Grade,"—and you will not follow it long before finding that it brings with



Third Class.—Going Out, First Voyage.

it all blessings, "having the promise of the Life that now is, and of that which is to come." A dutiful, patient, industrious, Youth of self respect and good habits,—blossoms, naturally,—into a worthy, excellent, useful, Manhood,—and ripens into a good, cheerful, and honoured old age! How many Boys,—in humble circumstances,—by patience, application, and good habits, have raised themselves to affluence, and usefulness? Like the Boy in the Picture,—they started the Voyage of Life in a "Third Class" car, but, in time, returned in a "First!" We may conjecture that the Young Officer has interested not only



First Class.—Promotion. Homeward Bound.

the well-to-do Merchant,—but also the Young Lady,—his Daughter,—in the dress of forty years ago. He is asked to visit them;—the young people fall in love;—the Father consents,—and the Youth's fortune is made! "Romance!"—you will say! Well! Do your part by self-improvement,—so that when the turn of Fortune comes to you, you may not lose all by neglect and inefficiency.



THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

THE SECRET OF VICTORY.—“THE UP-GRADE,”
GOOD HABITS.

“I can,”—with God’s aid,—“I will try.”

THE SECRET OF DEFEAT.—“THE DOWN GRADE,”
BAD HABITS.

“I can’t,” there is no God,—and “I won’t.”

“You are old, Father William,”—the young man cried,
“The few hairs that are left you are grey,
You are hale,—Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the the reason, I pray!”

“In the days of my youth,”—Father William replied,
“I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health, and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last!”

“You are old, Father William,”—the young man cried,
“Your life is fast hastening away,
You are cheerful,—and even converse about death,
Now tell me the reason, I pray!”

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied,
 "Let the cause your attention engage,
 In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
 And He has not deserted my age!"

A FABLE.—(2,500 years old).

An obstinate Ass,—was making for a dangerous precipice,—when his worthy master, in great alarm,—seized his tail, exclaiming,—“Stop!—you stupid creature, or you will be killed!”

But the obstinate beast *would* have his own way, and the man,—feeling his own strength going,—and in fear of going over the cliff himself, at last let go his hold,—saying,—“*Well!* Jack, I have done my best! If you *will* go over—*over*, I suppose, you must go!” “A wilful man must have his way!” Though written now two thousand five hundred years ago, by that wonderful man, Æsop,—do we not see his Fable illustrated only too often, in our own day?

“I can’t too often becomes “I shan’t,”



and “I won’t,” comes to a bad end!



CHAPTER XL.

GEORGE THE THIRD AND THE
YOUNG MASON.

WE have, in England, been favoured in our later History, with, as a rule, Christian Monarchs.—What that means,—and what a curse to any modern Country it would be to have a Godless and corrupt Court, only those who possess a strong imagination can picture.

Compare for a moment, the noble life,—too soon cut short,—of that splendid man, Prince Albert,—whom the Nation never fully appreciated until he was taken from us,—and the Court of Charles the Second,—Philip V., Louis XIV;—or Louis XV. of France, &c. Fancy the amazing contrast in the *influence* exercised upon the times, and the *people at large*, by a good or bad Ruler! Probably the world will be spared ever again seeing in power such Rulers as were, in the dark days of this World's History, too often, unhappily, on the Throne!

The advance in tone and enlightenment of Society would now render the rule of such Wretches impossible!

Before the terrible affliction which eventually deprived him of his reason,—George the Third,—during his long reign, well deserved the respect of his subjects as a just, well-meaning, and God-fearing King. Not possessed, it is true, of great talents, still his influence was ever on the side of the good. He took great interest in everything that tended to the welfare of England,—especially in Agriculture and Farming,—then considered,—as one day it will be again,—of the very first importance to the greatness and well-being of every Country. So well-known was the King's interest in these matters that he gained the name of "Farmer George." Simple, homely and thoroughly English, were the days "When George the Third was King,"—though as to their being the "good old times,"—no sensible Reader,—living in 1891,—surrounded by comforts and advantages common to rich and poor alike, then unknown,—would ever desire to see those so-called "good old times" again!

A most simple and unassuming King,—"Farmer George" went amongst his Subjects in a truly patriarchal

manner, with always a pleasant word, and enquiry, showing his interest in "all sorts and conditions of men."

On one occasion, while the Palace at Kew was being repaired, one of the Masons,—a young man,—was cutting some work in the stone in a very skilful, and rapid manner. His ability attracted the King's attention,—who paused to watch him,—making some remark,—at the same time,—to his attendants. A week or so after the King came again to notice the progress of the work. Owing to the expected arrival of Royal Visitors from abroad it was important that the work should be completed by a certain date. George the Third had then a good memory, and quick eye, and not seeing the young Mason at work he had before seen, inquired the reason of his absence. No one could say. The King desired them to make enquiries. In great haste, and in evident trepidation,—down came the foreman, and architect, and from them the King learned that the young man in question, though an able workman, was a pious young man, attached, they thought, "to the Methodists." As it was important to conclude the Contract in the time, all the other workmen had agreed to come quietly, and work privately, on the Sunday. This the young man had refused to agree to, and he had been dismissed.

"*Dismissed!*"—exclaimed the King, "Then I *beg* that he may be again employed! This will *never* do! The man,—gentlemen, who resolves to please his God, rather than to please his king,—*that* is the man for me!" The young man was at once reinstated, and the King, ever after, showed the worthy Mason particular favour.

NOTE.—The "Methodists." The followers of that sainted man,—John Wesley,—who appears,—with Whitfield,—to have been sent by God to save this Country, and true religion, from almost dying out under a sleeping, indifferent, and corrupt church. This Heavenly-gifted man,—evidently inspired, was born in 1703, and was spared,—in God's mercy,—for he was sorely needed,—till 1791,—thus living in the reigns of Queen Anne,—George I.,—George II.,—and during twenty years of the reign of George the Third! What a dark and Godless age,—a State Religion, and a State Church utterly corrupt,—had reduced true Religion to in England at that period, we,—in these days of toleration in religion, and enlightenment,—can never know!

"The World is *my* Parish!" said that great revivalist,—John Wesley. It was indeed! And like the other great Reformer in Religion,—Martin Luther,—"He shook the World!"

Though unconnected, in any way, with their Denomination, the Writer, in common with thousands of their fellow Christians,—has ever felt for the Followers of that man of God,—John Wesley,—the utmost respect and esteem.

It is impossible to overrate what "Methodism" has done for the true Religion of Jesus Christ!

Utterly unable to comprehend the difference between the "Wesleyan," the

“Methodist,” the “Primitive,” the “United,” &c., &c.,—these remarks apply to all their sub-divisions, as they are no doubt at one, as regards the main, fundamental points, and, in *Essentials* are all Followers of the saintly man who first brought “Methodism” to light.

GEORGE THE THIRD AND THE SERMON.

On another occasion His Majesty attended Divine Service at a certain Church, and the Minister took occasion to allude, at some length, to the virtues, and goodness of the Royal Visitor, and to the blessings and advantages the Nation had derived from his long and illustrious reign. If the young Reader will turn to that fulsome “dedication” to James at the commencement of his Bible, he will obtain some idea of the affected, unreal, flattery and adulation in vogue in former times. He will notice that King James,—in reality, a rather pompous and mediocre man,—is approached, as “Dread Sovereign,”—capital letters are employed as if he had been Divine; he is alluded to as “the Sun in his strength;” while that worldly old body Queen Elizabeth, with her 3,000 or more dresses, is alluded to as “the setting of that bright occidental Star.” It would be a boon if this fulsome nonsense could be altered,—or the dedication removed altogether from our Bibles. The old doctrine of the “Divine right of Kings” has been happily now long exploded, and they have been found on examination to be pretty much like other men, too often,—worse.

During the Sermon,—stiff and bolt upright in his pew sat old King George,—till,—the Service being over,—the Court prepared to leave, and all stood respectfully up to see the King go by. But good old George the Third,—ever anxious for the glory of God,—was *not* going to leave that Church without teaching all present a lesson. For just as he had reached the middle of the aisle,—amidst profound silence,—George the Third,—“Farmer George,”—suddenly stopped, and bringing down his thick oak stick, with a *great bang*, upon the floor of the Church,—called out in his big voice;—“Friends! I came here like yourselves,—a humble worshipper to this House of Prayer, to join in the praises of Almighty God, and not to listen to those of one of the *weakest* and *most unworthy* of His creatures!”—So saying the King signed to his attendants to proceed, and amidst breathless silence, slowly left the Church.

“They that honour Me, I will honour, but they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed.”

CHAPTER XLI.

THE ETERNAL HOPE DELUSION.

MODERN UNBELIEF.

HE WAS A LIAR FROM THE BEGINNING.—UNBELIEF IN THE PULPIT.—THE FRENCH LADY.—THE PRAYING WHEEL.—TOUCHING THE SACRED ARK.—TRUE WORSHIP.—CHRIST'S WORDS.

“YE SHALL NOT SURELY DIE!”

There is an increasing complaint on the part of Congregations both of the Church of England and Dissenters, that the Gospel,—too often, is not now preached; that Ministers,—too often,—openly teach that there is no Hell to shun,—no Last and Final Judgment of the Impenitent Wicked,—no Wrath to Come from which to flee, in short,—that Unbelief in Christ's Teachings has now made its appearance in many Pulpits.

The “Larger Hope” doctrine of our day is but a modern phase of old Unbelief. It is the old, old falsehood,—“God is too merciful!” “And the Serpent said unto the woman;—ye shall not surely die.”—Gen. iii., 4. God merely said it to frighten you; it was intended, merely, as a wholesome deterrent; not that He intends really to do it; there is no real danger. God's warning to you is merely to be understood as an instructive Parable.

Jesus tells us of the Devil,—“He was a Liar from the beginning.”

Dear Reader! Surely the Tears,—the Groans,—the Deaths,—of countless Millions of human beings, for thousands of years,—since that day,—have proved to Mankind that God's warnings are something more than “Instructive Parables!” “Thou shalt not eat of it,—for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt *surely die!*”—Gen. ii., 17.

THE OLD FALSEHOOD REPRODUCED.

In our day,—once more,—for History repeats itself,—lying voices have gone out into the World persuading to the old, old Unbelief; teaching that Sin,—after all,—is not so deadly,—a *misfortune* rather than a fault;—lulling the Conscience to sleep with the false hope that God does not

really *mean* what He says, We are now told that the "old, narrow, terrible, Gospel creed" must give way before "Modern Thought;" that we may now freely indulge in a "larger hope."

It is true that Christ tells us that the way into life is "narrow,"—that the gate is "strait," (difficult) "and few there be that find it." But we now know better! Christ did not really mean what He said! We now know God to be too merciful,—a God of love. In these days of cultivation and advanced thought, we can take broader views. We may now hope for the ultimate salvation of all Mankind, through Christ's atonement,—after,—it may be,—a certain refining Purgatory for very evil characters.

You will find,—we are told,—in the "last day, that our view is right, and Christ was wrong, and you Christians will have to be contented with merely receiving your own salvation."

Yet Christ says, "I tell you, Nay: For except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."—Luke xiii., 3. "Woe unto that man by whom the Son of God is betrayed; it had been good for that man if he had not been born!"—Matt. xxvi., 24. "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life. Ye shall die in your sins, and whither I go ye cannot come."—John vi., 40; viii., 21.

Ultimate salvation for all Mankind? Then why would it have been "good for that man if he had not been born?" Universal salvation? And some "die in their sins," and where Jesus is they "cannot come?" What does it mean? Dear Reader! You have God's word constantly placed in your hands. He has given you common sense to guide you. What does Christ mean if there is ultimate, universal, salvation for all men?

If there is,—then our Saviour's teachings,—all through His Ministry, and all His words upon this dread subject selected in this, and other Chapters of this Book, are not merely unintelligible, and meaningless,—they are *worse*,—they are designedly *false*! What about the Judgment Day? "The Books being opened? The dead judged?" *Why* a Judgment Day at all? *What* Books? *Who* is going to be "Judged?" You see, dear Reader, if there is to be universal salvation for all, the "Last Judgment" becomes an absurdity!

The shallow, sentimental, religious teachers of our day, seem incapable of intelligent reasoning upon this subject. Nothing is more amazing to the thoughtful Christian than that men who presume to teach Religion to others, cannot,

—or *will* not,—see the destructive consequences that follow their “larger hope” delusions.

BELIEF IN THE BIBLE IS DESTROYED.

The sneer that the Christian Believer “will have at last to be content at receiving his own salvation,” is an unworthy one. The Believer is the last person in the World to feel disappointed in finding that all men are to be finally saved, but he is the *first* to see that this false hope, and modern delusion, strikes at the root of all *belief* in the *truth* of God’s Holy Word! For if the Last day will prove that there is ultimate salvation for all men, then that Terrible Day will also prove that there *was not one word of truth*, in all the solemn texts selected in this Chapter from the Word of God; and that God and Christ wilfully deceived Mankind upon this Subject for nigh two thousand years! Are you prepared to commence Eternity upon *that discovery*? Prove God and Christ to be untruthful in *one* Subject, *why not in others*? If the *Warnings* of God, and Christ are false, why may not their *Promises* be equally so? Either the Bible, or the “larger hope” must go! They are irreconcilable! They mutually destroy each other!

UNBELIEF IN THE PULPIT.

One more fatal consequence of this new phase of old Unbelief in God’s warnings, we must all have noticed already, namely; its *effect* upon the *Pulpit*! Dear Reader! You must have noticed it yourself! In our churches and chapels we find excellent Music,—tasteful interiors,—altars,—surplices,—Anthems,—genuflexions,—interminable repetitions of the old, old responses, ejaculations, collects, and prayers, gabbled over by well-dressed audiences, for the thousandth time,—about equivalent to the “Praying Wheel.” But what is there in all this to awaken the sinner, or urge to a new life? How seldom do we now hear earnest, awakening, Gospel sermons,—urging the speechless importance of obtaining an interest in Christ’s atonement, while the opportunity is ours,—the absolute necessity of the great change from a Christless, to a pious Life? That “without holiness, no man shall see the Lord?” How should we? How “warn men to flee from the wrath to come.”—(Matt. iii., 7.) when the Minister does not believe that there is any “wrath,” from which to “flee?”

“We admit that the Sermons are poor; but in our Church, we come for the Service, and not for the Sermon.” No doubt! When the Minister has instituted his “Eternal

Hope" Delusion, for the teachings of Jesus Christ, how expect him to preach as if to dying men? Holding that all men will be saved, what is there left for him to say? "I thought,"—candidly confesses an honest Rector, "that certain difficulties I felt, when at College,—in the doctrines of the Church, would disappear, as I grew older. Many young men,—intended—like myself,—for the Church,—I know had the same hope. But as years have passed, instead of disappearing, those difficulties have become more pronounced. I candidly admit that I do not believe what I am expected to preach to others; I do not believe in the doctrine of the Eternal Punishment of the Wicked,—and I am sorry to say that my unbelief does not end *there*. I have my own views upon Inspiration,—the Doctrine of the Atonement,—and the truth of many portions of the Bible. As an honest man, I know that I ought to resign my position; but then there is my family and livelihood to consider. I decline to preach for others whenever I can, and in my own Sermons and teaching I keep as much as possible to Morality."

Dear Reader! What a state of things! *Unbelief* in the *Pulpit*? How many totally unregenerate persons might attend the "Religious performances" at such a church for years, with nothing to rouse them from a sleep of spiritual death?"

What possible edification can be expected from listening to an Unbelieving,—or Christless,—Ministry?

"What part hath he that believeth with an Infidel?" "Be ye not unequally yoked together with Unbelievers, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness?"—2 Cor. vi., 14.

It is remarkable to notice, when Christ is not preached, and the Gospel is absent, how Vestments, Intonations, Processions, and (probably soon) Wax Candles come in. The more worthless the Ministry, the greater the anxiety to hide deficiencies by Externals, the outward Symbols, or Shell of Religion. The more *empty* the Priest or Minister, the greater importance he seems to assume in virtue of his sacred office, in order to disguise the deficiency!

The true Christian soon finds such a Minister out, and,—if he be wise,—withdraws his Family to another Church or Chapel.

Nothing can be more deadening to Spiritual life than to listen to an evidently Christless person pretending to be a Religious Teacher of others. Under such a Minister the audience return,—like the French Lady,—from the weekly

performance,—with a sense of hearty relief,—unaroused by any Religious exhortation, to their *real life*,—where their *heart* is fixed,—the life of money getting,—frivolous amusement,—the Theatre,—Concerts,—Dress,—Dances,—Comic Operas,—Cards,—endless chatter, and small talk,—Trashy Novels (in which immorality, murder, and Religion are mixed up to suit the times),—in a word, as Christless a life,—that is as unlike Christ,—and as opposed to His commands,—as if they had never heard of Christ at all!

Yet venture a remonstrance,—express a doubt,—whether such a life can be a safe one,—and it is like touching an ulcer,—or open sore!—"Safe? What do you mean? There is no danger whatever! Oh! you are evidently one of the obsolete believers in the old creed. Our Minister teaches the new doctrine! We do not recognize those old, narrow, dogmas now, we have,—you know,—the 'larger hope' to trust in."

THE FRENCH LADY.

Like the old French lady,—who,—having lived a gay, frivolous,—not to say immoral,—life, and was now fading into age,—on being expostulated with,—exclaimed,—in a tone of astonished contempt, "What *Religion*? Oh! *my Priest sees to all that!*"

It was no business of *hers!* Never had been! It was not *her* department! She had paid her fees,—she attended Mass,—she threw all responsibility—(and how many are there like her?)—upon the *System*,—*the Church*. She declined all responsibility in the matter; her spiritual advisers, and religious teachers, must "see to all that!"

THE PRAYING WHEEL.

The "Praying Wheels," or "Praying Machines," met with in the Bhuddist Idol houses, or temples of Thibet, and India, are surely but *an expansion* of the French lady's idea.

Having paid the fee to the Priests,—which will be found essential in all Countries, and without which nothing can be done,—you write your prayers on slips of paper,—and go about your daily affairs. These praying Wheels work upright on a pivot and have wooden projecting cross-bars to work them by, not unlike the movement of a Ship's Capstan. Water-power is sometimes employed, at others they are turned by the wind. It is, however, the Priest's duty to keep the wheel going,—not yours,—"*they see to all that.*"

What a relief to be able to see to other things,—go about your Business,—and yet to know that your *prayers* are *at work*,—satisfactorily, spinning round,—at so many revolutions to the minute!

Is not the religion of many modern so-called Christians, and the heathen Buddhists, pretty much on a par? The melancholy,—deplorable,—thing,—noticeable in both cases, is the *dense* stupidity such worshippers *must attribute* to their Gods, to suppose the latter capable of being “bamboozled” in this childish manner!

THE GOSPEL NOT REACHING THOUSANDS.

Our English Churches and Chapels seem quite ineffectual in carrying Religious Teaching amongst the Masses. Take all the Sittings of EVERY CHURCH OR CHAPEL in any one of our large Towns you like,—then obtain the Population! TENS OF THOUSANDS could not be got in, any Sunday, even if they desired. But they do not desire. Fancy, dear Reader, a party of Bricklayers’ Labourers entering and taking good seats in one of our modern, fashionable Churches or Chapels, filled with stylishly-dressed worshippers! You know, dear Reader, that such *cannot come*! Then where do hundreds of thousands of our Labouring Population go every Sunday? Why the majority go *nowhere*,—never hear the Bible, or the Gospel; whole streets never attend any Place of Worship! “I deny it!” *Do you!* Then go amongst them *next Sunday!*

“Canvass” one Back Street; it will be enough! “The Church” of our day fails to reach them; they are filled with too well-dressed folks to permit the Poor to venture in. The Services are infinitely too long for an uneducated person to stand,—much less to follow. It needs an education to go through the Service of the Church of England, Sunday after Sunday, and it has proved too much for the poorer and uneducated classes. Come in their Masses, the Working Classes *never have done*, and, unless some vast change is made, they *never will!*

RESPONSIBILITY OF MINISTERS.

May not one cause be the Universal Unbelief that is falling, like a blight, upon our Religious Teachers? There must be some reason for the unbelief, on the part of our Ministers, in the truth of God’s distinct warnings to Mankind, in regard to Eternal punishment. It seems to argue a secret enmity against God as the Eternal Punisher,—not only of the outwardly wicked,—but of outwardly respect-

able, but Christless, and Unbelieving persons. It would appear to need *very* little to induce many of the Ministers of our day, openly to reject the authority of the New Testament, and Christ's words altogether! They have evidently no conception what *Sin really is*, and what the unholy and Christless soul, which *loves*, and harbours it,—*deserves*.

They preach a God of their *own creation*, certainly not the God of the Bible! The Christian is spoken of with gentle sarcasm, as to his coming disappointment at finding at the last, all men saved. His reply is, what rather will be the disappointment,—nay, the agony, of self-deluded Teachers of a false hope, and their victims,—when,—too late,—they find that Christ's words, and the Bible, are *after all, true!* What will it be for some, who have forced themselves into the position of Ministers,—uncalled by God,—who, in the end, find themselves utterly rejected by Him?

“Depart from Me! I never knew you!”

What! reject us! *We* who have been consecrated by Bishops,—have written popular books upon Theology,—have taught such large audiences,—and in Thy name done so “many wonderful works!” (Matt. vii., 22).

FALSE TEACHERS.

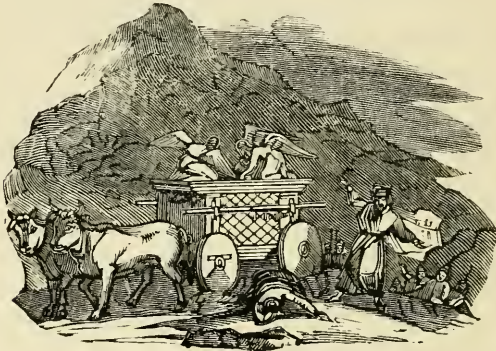
“I never knew you! I never called you! You wrote your ‘wonderful works’ not at the dictate of God the Holy Spirit, but in your own pride of reason, and self-conceit. My ‘Life’ and teachings were written already in the New Testament. Pretending to know more about Me than others, you taught a false hope to the People, in direct opposition to My express words and teaching.

You employed your time, talents, and influence, in throwing doubt upon the Inspiration of My Holy Book,—and My sacrifice for Mankind. I placed you in a position in which, had you preached My Gospel earnestly, and faithfully,—instead of being lulled to sleep by your false teaching,—multitudes might have been roused, convicted, alarmed, and fled to Me, their Saviour!”

Disappointment? Let but these sentimental teachers of a false hope,—who now talk so glibly of a “God of Love,”—clearly understand that *they* and their life's work,—not being of Christ,—are alike rejected of God; and how,—in a moment will they be filled with speechless rage and hatred against both God, and Christ,—throughout Eternity!

Reader! If you do not believe in the Divinity of Jesus Christ,—and in His teachings in regard to His Atonement,—His precious Blood,—and the Eternal loss of a Christless, and unbelieving, unregenerate soul,—leave Religious teaching alone! Why pretend to teach others, when you are an Unbeliever yourself? Do not touch the sacred ark; it is ill playing with Divine things!

TOUCHING THE SACRED ARK.



“Uzzah put forth his hand to the Ark of God, and took hold of it; for the Oxen shook it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and God smote him there for his error: and there he died by the Ark of God.” (Severity to the disobedient).

“And the Ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obededom, the Gittite, three months; and the Lord blessed Obededom,—his house, and all that pertained unto him, because of the Ark of God.” (Blessing, and comfort, to the obedient).—2 *Samuel* vi., 6-11.

If you are not a Believer in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, why “touch the Sacred Ark” at all? Why attempt to teach Religion to others?—“What hast thou to do to declare My Statutes, or that thou shouldest take My Covenant in thy mouth; seeing that thou castest My words behind thee?”

And, dear Reader, why so ready to bow down to the opinions of others,—and follow them in any new error, why not study the “Life of Christ,”—in His *own* Holy Book *for yourself*?

There are Ministers of our day who are no longer to be trusted; many of them do not preach the Gospel, and are totally unsuited for the sacred office. Our Saviour’s “Life” was one long protest against the assumptions of false Priests, who, pretending to be the Religious Teachers of the people, were themselves hateful to,—and utterly rejected by God. “Ye have taken away the key of

knowledge; ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered."—Luke xii., 52.

TRUE WORSHIP.

Instead of,—“My priest sees to all that,”—study His Word, and come to Christ for *yourself*! One hour's quiet communion with God in the “pathless wood,” or the “lonely shore,” is more to the mind of “Him with Whom we have to do,”—than all the Gothic windows,—Organs, Music, Priests, and “Praying Machines,” in the World! “Man looketh at the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the *heart*!”

Those who read the hints to Youths in Part II. of this Book, upon the importance of attending regularly a Place of Worship, will not understand the above as intended to dissuade them from hearing the Gospel faithfully preached in Church or Chapel. But the truth still remains that,—

“The Most High dwelleth not in Temples made with hands; Heaven is My throne, and earth is My footstool; what House will ye build Me, saith the Lord?”—*Acts. vii.*, 48-49.

“But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father, in spirit, and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him.” “God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him, must worship Him in Spirit and in Truth.”—*John vi.*, 23-24.

MODERN TEACHERS AVOID CHRIST'S WORDS.

Our Lord assures us that,—

“The Son of Man shall send forth His Angels, and they shall gather out of His Kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the Righteous shine forth as the sun in the Kingdom of their Father. Who hath *ears to hear* let *him hear*.”—*Matt. xiii.*, 41-43.

There are teachers in our day who have ears to hear Christ's word, but they *resolutely close* them.

The followers of the “Larger Hope” delusion resolutely *avoid* every text in the New Testament, by which our Lord *emphatically* teaches the Eternal Punishment of Unbelievers. The Author of the “Larger Hope,”—Mr. W. J. Accomb;—quotes George Macdonald, Socrates, Carlyle, J. S. Mill, H. W. Beecher, George Dawson, Charles Dickens, Bhuddha, Mother Shipton, and Virgil! But he does *not* quote the sayings and warnings of *Jesus Christ*. In not one of the above authorities—quoted by Mr. Accomb,—has the Christian Believer the *slightest* confidence, but he has the greatest confidence in the words and distinct warnings of Jesus Christ. In not one single instance throughout the 276 pages of his Book, does Mr. Accomb venture to quote,

—or attempt to explain—one Text of our Blessed Lord,—out of a score,—warning Mankind of the inevitable “Wrath to come.” In a similar evasive manner does the “Universalist,” Rev. T. Allin, in his Bristol Tracts, studiously avoid giving one single text of our Saviour’s solemn warnings, or attempting any explanation of them. They *know well* the *weak point*; they know that they cannot *assail* the *truthfulness*, and *authority* of our Lord’s teachings, therefore they studiously *avoid* them!

Print a collection of the distinct warnings of Christ, on this Subject, in bold type, place them in his hands, and the follower of this “Larger Hope” delusion, must proceed thus,—either he must decline to discuss, or listen to them, or, he asserts that they are not correctly translated; or, he maintains that Jesus does not mean His words to be taken as true, but as Metaphor; or,—that they are now obsolete, and must give way before “Modern Thought.”

If he be driven from all these evasions, and it comes to accepting Christ’s words on the Subject, or rejecting them, he will choose the latter resource; and rather than believe in the Eternal Punishment of the Impenitent he will throw Christ and His words behind him. “I do not choose to believe it!” Thus *ending*,—where it *began* in “Unbelief.”

No advancement of “Modern Thought” will ever render Christ’s words “obsolete,” for he assures us that “*Heaven* and *Earth* shall pass away, but *My words* shall not pass away.”

CHRIST’S WORDS.

Once uttered, they stand for Eternity.

“The Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend,—and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.”—*Matt.* xiii., 41-42.

“And I say unto you, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But fear Him, who after He hath killed hath power to cast into hell: yea, I say unto you, Fear Him.”

“He that is unjust let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still.”

“And death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.”—*Rev.* xx., 14-15.

“But the unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and idolators, and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death.”—*Rev.* xxi., 8.

“And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.”—*Matt.* xxv., 46. (The same word *Aiōnios* “eternal” in the Greek is used *alike for both states*).

"It is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire: where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."—*Mark ix.*, 47-48. (Repeated three times).

"For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—*Mark viii.*, 36.

"Depart from Me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels."—*Matt. xxvi.*, 41.

"And the Devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire, and shall be tormented day and night, for ever and ever."—*Rev. xx.*, 10.

"For the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."—*John v.*, 28-29.

"For we must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in the body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men."—*2 Cor. v.*, 10.

"Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not enter the Kingdom of God? Be not deceived! God is not mocked! Neither fornicators, nor adulterers, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, shall inherit the Kingdom of God."—*1 Cor. vi.*, 9-10.

"Then one saith unto Him, Lord, are there few that be saved? And He saith unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait (difficult) gate; ("agonize"—to enter,—in the Greek) for many, I say unto you will seek to enter in, and shall not be able, when once the Master of the house is risen up and shut to the door."—*Luke xiii.*, 23.

"Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat. Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life and few there be that find it."—*Matt. vii.*, 13.

"If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"—*1 Peter iv.*, 18.

"But the heavens and the earth which are now are reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men."

"For we know Him that hath said Vengeance is Mine, I will recompense, saith the Lord, and again the Lord shall judge His people. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."—*Heb. x.*, 30.

Dear Reader! Accept Christ's warnings, and come to Him while time and opportunity are yours.

THE ETERNAL HOPE DELUSION.



"They be blind Leaders of the Blind! If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the Ditch."—*Matt. xv.*, 13-14; *Luke viii.* 39.

THE CONTINENT UNDER THE FRENCH.



Father drawn in the Conscription, and killed.



Farm horses "requisitioned" for the Army, and the Young Men all taken.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

WAR OF CONQUEST AND SPOILIATION.—BURNING VILLAGES.—
EVERYTHING TO BE DESTROYED.—MOSCOW AND SMOLENSKO, 1812.

IN favoured England,—Generations have come and gone, without her inhabitants having seen a Battle-field or sustained an Invasion. The English therefore, as a

Nation, know nothing,—personally,—of the Horrors of War brought home to their doors. Far otherwise has it been on the Continent. Up to the year 1812,—no European Army,—save that of Great Britain,—appeared able to stand,—in open field,—against the French,—led by that extraordinary General, Napoleon the First. We must, however, remember, that,—at the commencement of the present Century,—France was the most populous Country in Europe, now she is, happily, only fifth, and in proportion to other Countries,—is still,—fortunately for the Peace of the World,—proportionably—decreasing.

Note.—Increase of Population the past five years:—

				Increase.
Great Britain,	5,000,000
Germany,	2,285,000
Austrian Hungary,	2,250,000
Italy,	...	(including Emigration)	...	1,500,000
France,	1,000,000
Russia,	10,000,000

It is believed that the Population of India, (285,000,000, 1891), has *increased* under English Rule, the *last ten years*,—30,000,000.

It is estimated that by the year 2,000,—1,700,000,000 People will be speaking the English Language, against 500,000,000 speaking other European Tongues, Germany, and other Empires are now also well able to take care of themselves, so that the existence of such a Despotism as that of the French under Napoleon, will never again be possible.

We must also remember that Napoleon claimed all able-bodied Frenchmen, between twenty and sixty years of age, for Soldiers. Indeed,—towards the close of his terrible career, he took them all,—even mere Boys from the Schools and Colleges. The French Nation seemed to be infatuated,—to be under a strong delusion. Was it a dream of universal Empire, and pillage, and spoliation, all over the Continent? If so, the dream was indeed dispelled, when after twenty years of War, and losing the flower of their Nation, they found themselves precisely the same France, with the very same Territory as they were before, having gained nothing whatever! Still, whilst it lasted the terrible “Conscriptions” gave Napoleon an Army of some 850,000 men. It is estimated that, during Napoleon’s rule, two Millions of Frenchmen,—in the prime of life,—perished! To us,—now that eighty years have elapsed,—this frightful sacrifice of human life,—fully shared by the other Continental nations,—seems to have taken place, absolutely in vain. France, in the end, never gained an inch of Territory, and will never recover the blow those twenty years inflicted upon its Population, other Nations having naturally increased

immensely in proportion, so that it is impossible for France ever again to retake them, or to regain her position.

The Bloodshed was frightful. At the Battle of Eylau,—fought in a Snow Storm,—8th February, 1807, by Napoleon against the Russians,—from Twenty to Fifty thousand were killed, and as many wounded.

The losses were never acknowledged in the Bulletins, but it was allowed to be the most terrible Battle fought during the Empire. It was an indecisive conflict.

Even Napoleon,—accustomed to such scenes,—as shown by his letters,—felt the horrors of that Night, for a long period after. The frozen tree trunks shattered by balls, stood in the dull moonlight, amongst heaps of dead, and dying; half covered with snow, wretched creatures were dragging themselves,—with bloody trail,—to any little shelter from the cold. Such was the number of wounded that eight and forty hours after the Battle, 5,000 wounded Russians still lay on the ground! Bread and spirits only could be carried to them.

Turn, dear Reader, to our List of “One Regiment,” Page 204, and fancy *five times* that number,—5,000 poor creatures,—shattered and bleeding,—lying exposed in a severe frost, for forty-eight hours, before they could be taken into the rough shelter of the improvised hospitals!



Napoleon found the first army placed under him, by “The Directory,” impoverished, unpaid, and destitute. His very first speech to them was an appeal to their cupidity! In his first Italian Campaign he promised them

Pillage, Property, all that they needed! And, for years the "Brigand System" was systematically, and mercilessly, carried out!

Some idea of the Plunder obtained from virtually defenceless countries,—and at *what a cost it was obtained*,—came to light when that amazing "Convention of Cintra," (30th August, 1808), was entered into by that blundering General Hew Dalrymple, who was unfortunately placed in Command, and, like others, thwarted, for a time, the splendid successes, and genius of Wellington. Our Newspapers surrounded the announcement of this amazing Blunder with black lines, as in Mourning! 25,000 French,—cut off by Wellington, from all help,—on the very point of unconditional surrender,—were to be safely transported by our Ships to France with their Arms and Equipments. "Personal Baggage," was also to be included. Junot, the French General, only a common soldier by birth,—as indeed were almost all the "Princes," "Dukes," and "Marshals," of Napoleon (who was, himself, only an artilleryman a few years before)—demanded *five ships* to transport his "personal baggage" alone! He had entered Portugal with hardly a change of linen! Amongst his "personal luggage" were 53 Boxes of Indigo! Treasuries, Libraries, Museums, Churches, Convents, had been stripped of everything! The very Court of litigated Monies, awaiting decision, were robbed of £22,000 (1808). Their Military Chests were taken off with three Months' pay in them! One Regiment alone took away 100,000 crowns! And *how had it been obtained?* A horrible picture of the Desolation caused by the French cruelties was clearly confirmed by the Commissioners, who distributed the money English benevolence, as usual, sent over to the Sufferers (1813). "In the District of Leyria, the population was cut down by Famine, (all their food and property taken), from 48,000 to 16,000! In the division of Pombal the 7,000 *before* the retreat of Massena was 1,800 *after* it! Before the Invasion 200 Families at Pombal itself derived a fair subsistence from husbandry, the Commissioners only found a few starving survivors of 36 families left." In the main street only one dismantled building remained; all around were ruins, amongst which swarms of dogs, and wolves, boldly attacked the Commissioners! The wretched people were found *boiling grass* to check the cravings of hunger!

And this was French "Glory!" The Field of Vittoria,

June 21st, 1813, was strewn, for Miles, with Pillage torn from all parts of Spain and Portugal. The French lost everything! There lay the wreck of a mighty army! Plunder accumulated for years with unsparing rapacity. 5½ million dollars were in the Military chests, verified by the French accounts. In Joseph Buonaparte's travelling carriage Paintings of inestimable value (one "Murillo" was sold for £50,000 (?) in 1884) (?) to our Government)—were found stuffed into the imperials in canvas rolls, cut from their frames from the Palaces, &c., of Spain! They were *all alike* from the Private to the Marshal! It was indeed about time for Europe to put down a Race of Brigands!

SACK. PILLAGE.

Massena's final retreat from Spain, before Wellington,—was one dreadful track of Villages wantonly burnt,—the inhabitants killed,—the whole country ravaged, and swept of everything! Yet "Glory" has ever been claimed! What "glory?" Glory in what?

Surely there exists no Nation which has been subjected to such complete defeats, and humiliations as the French! No Nation whose "glory" has been of a more temporary, and doubtful character! After all this useless bloodshed, *what has France gained?* Nothing!

The wanton setting on fire, and destruction of a Village or Town by Soldiers,—or by an officer's orders,—should be made a criminal offence, especially when it serves no purpose of the War.



The poorer inhabitants,—their little possessions, in this world, all destroyed,—the aged poor,—defenceless children,

—and the sick, were driven out before the storm of War,—which the French carried over Europe,—to perish as they might!



The frightful cruelties practised upon the Spanish Nation during the Invasion of that virtually defenceless country, by the trained legions of Napoleon, from 1808, till the decisive victory of Vittoria, 21st June, 1813, by Wellington, ended their reign of terror,—will never be fully known. Towns and villages burnt,—massacres “*en-masse*,”—the wretched peasantry stripped of everything;—“a system of organized rapine and plunder, enabling their armies to subsist, at the expense of the total ruin of the country in which they operated.” On one occasion, the French General Dupont, for certain offences committed by the small, but heroic Spanish town of Jaen,—(18th July, 1808) “Despatched a battalion of Infantry and one of Cavalry to punish it. These soldiers stealing on their prey by night, like a herd of wild beasts, committed atrocities on the wretched inhabitants, at the bare idea of which humanity shudders!”

Dear Reader! This was not “War!” It was cowardly Murder!

The Spanish, though heroic in their resistance, could not oppose untrained mobs of Peasants against Napoleon’s veterans. They were ruthlessly shot and cut down by thousands. There is a tendency in our day,—now 80 years have elapsed,—to detract from the influence of Wellington’s campaigns in Spain, and Portugal. Had we lived in those



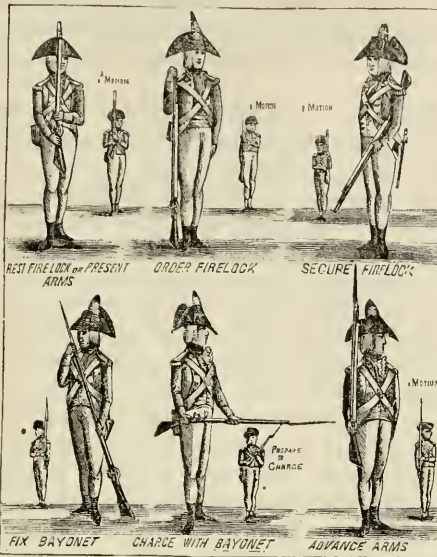
The French in Spain.

days we should understand better how his victories first proved to *Europe* that Napoleon's legions were not *invincible*. They inspired the Allies with new life. Had there been no Battle of Vittoria in June, 1813, there would have been no Battle of Leipsic in October. The French never got over the Battle of Leipsic.

In one case, Savary, describing one of Massena's battles, says,—“The carnage was dreadful,—the town was set on fire;—the wounded were burnt to death,—and lay scorched,—the artillery and cavalry passing over, crushed them into appalling masses of horror! So intolerable a stench came from the mass of corruption, that it became necessary to procure *spades*, such as are used for clearing *mud from the streets*, to remove this *fœtid mass!*”

Still,—while Napoleon's destructive System prevailed,—great temporary results were,—no doubt,—obtained. Jena, Wigram,—Austerlitz,—Dresden,—crushing defeats of their opponents,—seemed to follow the French efforts,—one after another! It seemed to be one long tale of Armies cut in two just at the critical moment. Empires conquered, and

forced to employ their armies for the time to assist the French.



“ 1792.”

Taken from an old Book of 1792 ; showing the unfortunate British Soldier of that Period with the horrible stiff, choking, “stock” to his collar—the dreadful tight straps (“Pipe Clayed”) across the breast,—and the absurd cocked hat ! How they could March, and exert themselves as they did in the Great Contests of that Period in such a Costume, seems now mysterious !

Napoleon’s System,—which he adhered to down to the final scene at Waterloo, was, *Concentration,—Massing*. Batteries of eighty cannon acting all together ;—charges of dense masses of Cavalry ;—Infantry sent into the Battle in solid columns. The Duke of Wellington thoroughly understood Napoleon’s System,—knew,—and exposed its weak points, when firmly met,—and opposed to it the resolute, stubborn, cool, determined character of the Scotch, Irish, and English Infantry,—with invariable success.

Wellington never lost a Battle. Every one of Napoleon’s Marshals, sent against the Duke were defeated in turn, the last being Marshal Soult, who, issuing a vainglorious proclamation dealing ungenerously with the previous failures of his fellow Marshals, announced his intention of surpassing them all. He failed completely,—was driven across the Pyrenees,—never having, during nine days’ fighting, made the slightest impression,—and, after years

of toil and combats,—which had been rather admired than understood,—the great English General emerging from the chaos of the long Peninsular Struggle,—clearing Spain and Portugal entirely of their cruel and oppressive assailants,—stood on the Summit of the Pyrenees,—an acknowledged Conqueror!

Unable to strike at England effectively, owing to our Fleets sweeping all before them at Sea,—the Campaign of 1812, had for its avowed object,—the Conquest,—or destruction of Russia ;—a *War of spoliation*.

At one time serious thoughts of the invasion of England were entertained. Fleets of flat-bottomed boats were collected at Boulogne,—and troops exercised in their use. Could he once land 50,000 of his “Veterans,” and *take London*,—all our immense National Treasures and Resources would be at Napoleon’s disposal. Medals anticipatory of the taking of London were actually struck,—and are still to be seen in collections, bearing the rather premature assertion, “*Frappé à Londres*,”—(Struck at London).

One of them is in the writer’s hand ; it represents two gladiators ; one completely vanquishing the other, with the words, “*Descente en Angleterre*.” At St. Helena, Napoleon was understood to say that he really, at one time, was in favour of the attempt, but acknowledged that the chances of success were immensely against him.

When we consider the power of broadsides,—delivered alternately,—by our old “Three Deckers,”—firing chain shot, and canister,—amongst a fleet of flat-bottomed boats,—crammed with Men and Horses, the figure they would have cut, in their attempt to reach England, would have been indeed a sorry one ! The entire army would have been blown to pieces ! The idea was abandoned, and when, at last,—Napoleon and Wellington met,—opposed to each other,—for the first,—and the *last*,—time,—the Medal might, perhaps, with a little alteration, have read,—“*Frappé à Waterloo !*”

MOSCOW, 1812.

The Storm then was to burst upon Russia. After sanguinary engagements, inflicting frightful slaughter on both sides, the French forced their way,—first to Smolensko,—which,—after a terrible struggle was taken. But, adhering to their deeply sagacious system, the Russian army was always retreating,—decoying,—drawing the French onward, leaving them nothing but burning ruins,

and fruitless victories. They passed over the smoking and bloody ruins of Smolensko, in martial order, with all the pomp of military music and banners, a triumph over deserted ruins, the solitary witnesses of their own "glory." A spectacle without spectators, a glory steeped in blood, a fruitless victory!

"With gloomy and mute rage," one of the Officers narrates,— "Napoleon,—bitterly disappointed at the retreat of the Russian Army,—sat down before the Citadel, on a mat of a house door, and held forth to us for nearly an hour, on the cowardice of the Russian Generals,—the fine chances of a brilliant action he had offered them,—their disgrace in thus delivering up Russia, &c., &c.,—he thus continued to sit, venting his passionate disappointment; uttering bitter sarcasms on the Russians." He was not yet in the secret of their deep policy! One of the Marshals,—who knew Napoleon well,—observed, "If the Russians were so very wrong in refusing that Battle, the Emperor would not have been so long trying to convince us of it." After a dreadful Battle,—Borodino,—Moscow lay before the French! Napoleon confidently expected on entering the conquered Capital, to be received by the usual abject deputations of Mayors, and leading Citizens,—upon whom,—as he was long accustomed to do, he would proceed to levy his cruel and terrible "requisitions." "War must be made to support War,"—was one of his dreadful maxims,—and, throughout the campaigns he led, Plunder was certainly an acknowledged, and important item,—never, for a moment, forgotten. He did not know the Russians! For once no one appeared! Reports came that the City was deserted! Napoleon, at first, absolutely refused to believe it! At length the truth dawned upon him! Drawn into the centre of Russia, far from supplies, and Winter approaching! For once,—they entered a City without a single creature to meet them;—it was a City of empty streets, and houses,—which, in a day or two, burst forth, in all directions,—into all devouring flames,—the work of organized bands of concealed Russian incendiaries. The ancient City,—save its vast Palaces and Churches,—was built largely of wood,—and, for two entire days, burnt like, a furnace,—fanned by a storm. It was known that at least 6,000 wounded and helpless Russians, and probably some French, were lying in the Hospitals after the Fires broke out, and there can be little doubt as to the dreadful fate of these poor creatures. In fact, the sacrifice of life

throughout this Invasion of Russia was enormous;—never fully known. The desertion,—and burning of their Capital by the Russians,—when they found themselves unable to cope with their Invaders, in the open Field,—has,—for its devotion,—no parallel in History! “Sire!” said the Russian Merchants to their Emperor, Alexander,—“Ask all!” “It is yours! Take all!” The detestation of the French was universal, they were resolved to make any sacrifices. At one of their patriotic meetings, the President put down his name for an immense sum; it was half his fortune! One of the Russian Princes wrote to the French,—“I leave you two Palaces in Moscow, which,—with their furniture, cost half a million of roubles, but before you enter them they will be in ashes.” Napoleon at St. Helena, contended that he could be no more expected as a General, to have foreseen,—and provided against,—so tremendous an expedient as the desertion and burning of their Capital by the Russians, than he could be expected to have foreseen an earthquake!

Doubtless, all the wealthier inhabitants had left Moscow, after the taking of Smolensko,—and had removed their chief valuables which could be carried away. It is known that the Magazines, Public Archives, &c.,—as in the case of Smolensko,—had been safely removed. But the distress caused to the poorer inhabitants left to evacuate the city without any means of subsistence, will never be known. Napoleon calculated, (let us hope with some exaggeration), that 100,000 of these poor creatures perished from want and exposure in the Forests and Wilderness round Moscow!

THE POORER INHABITANTS DURING WAR.

Thus it always is in War,—whoever may be victorious, the wretched poorer inhabitants suffer more than the trained soldiers, who, as a rule, are systematically provided for. Thus, at San Sebastian, when the French soldiers had defended the breaches to the last, dealing fearful destruction upon our troops, *they* retired to the Citadel, leaving the maddened soldiers,—as at Badajoz,—infuriated by their losses, to fall upon the defenceless inhabitants. So many of our corporals, sergeants, &c., had fallen, that Wellington, for once, lost control of the men. When discipline had been resumed, the French soldiers capitulated, and were allowed to march out unharmed. War is ruin to all, but most of all it is ruin to the poorer classes. The wealthy

lose a portion of their goods,—but,—from the poor it takes their all. The Generals who escape,—and they generally are seen on the hills at a respectful distance from “the front,”—may return to receive honours and emoluments, but the working classes, from whose ranks the common soldiers are drawn,—have to go into the battle, and get, for *their* reward, death or a wooden leg!

The burning of Moscow was then a frightful expedient,—but it proved also the ruin of the French!

Napoleon entered the Kremlin at Moscow, on the 20th September, after the flames had raged for two entire days; it then lulled for want of fuel, the churches and buildings of stone alone remaining.

SPOLIATION. RUIN.

To reach it he passed through the camps of his soldiers forced to remain outside the burning city in the dismal rain and cold mire. Around immense fires, fed by rich mahogany furniture and gilt doors, the soldiers splashed with mud, were lying in wet straw sheltered by a few planks, and around them, in heaps, lay superb arm chairs, damask silk sofas, costly Cashmere shawls, gold stuffs from Persia, and even dishes of solid silver rescued before the fires broke out. Yet the soldiers, as yet, had nothing to eat but black dough, and half-broiled horseflesh. No doubt the pillage secured during the past two days had been very large, but it is doubtful if any portion of it eventually crossed the Beresina in their flight.

Up to the middle of October, 1812, the weather remained open, but during an armistice many warnings of what was before them were given by the Cossacks to the French Sentinels. “What does your Emperor mean?” they would say,—“In three weeks your fingers will be dropping off with the cold! Were there not corn, air, and graves enough in your own Country, that you must come to fatten our soil?”

Beguiled by the wily foe,—Napoleon,—hoping from day to day to receive the submission of the Russian Emperor Alexander,—lingered on five weeks in Moscow. But on the 13th of October the *first sudden fall of snow occurred* in Moscow,—and, *from that moment*,—the only thought was of retreat! As in Spain,—it was the old tale,—everything they could not carry away was to be destroyed.

EVERYTHING TO BE DESTROYED AS USUAL.

The Splendid Kremlin was blown to pieces, and the massive iron cross carried away as a trophy! It never, however,

reached the frontier, being, with everything else, abandoned in the flight. Of course, only a very small portion of Napoleon's immense armies,—occupied as they were in every part of Europe, ever actually entered Russia,—much less reached Moscow. Probably 100,000 effective men marched out of Moscow with 550 cannon, 200 artillery wagons, and followed by an immense train of Camp followers with the sick and wounded, and with carts, carriages, and even wheelbarrows laden with spoil. Many more might have crossed the Beresina the day before the Bridge broke, but, with the instinct of Bandits, they clung to their spoil with desperate tenacity, and refused to abandon it. But fully half perished before they had even reached Smolensko! The scene,—says an eye witness,—resembled a vast horde of Tartars returning from a successful foray. *Were they anything better?* By the 12th of November, the Imperial Guard,—with Napoleon,—after fighting some terrible Battles against the Russians who endeavoured to cut off their retreat,—reached Smolensko. Behind them awful scenes were already going on,—for on the 6th of November, the weather had suddenly changed to frightful cold,—in fact, a Russian Winter had begun! Napoleon ordered the wounded in these battles to be taken up by the Camp followers,—and, in some cases, stopped to see it done,—but no sooner had Napoleon and the Guard left, than the Camp followers threw out these poor creatures into the ditches to perish miserably. A French officer relates seeing their dead bodies, lying in rows as they rode up from the rear, the cold being ten to twenty degrees below Zero! In fact, it soon became a mad struggle for life and self alone,—the one thought during those terrible days and dreadful nights was to reach Smolensko! Around the drifting snow, and wilderness with gloomy pines,—horses and men dying by hundreds,—the wretched host struggled through the Wilderness of snow,—through these terrible days,—and awful nights of a Russian Winter!

The provisions failed;—the damp forest trees would not burn;—and the packs of starving fierce dogs from the Villages cruelly burnt,—as usual, by the French, as in their retreats from Spain,—followed the host day and night, fiercely disputing with the Soldiers the flesh of the fallen horses. Behind these came the wolves and the Cossacks. It is believed that only some 50,000 of the entire host ever reached even Smolensko, to say nothing of the Beresina and the Frontiers! It really reminds us of our Saviour's



THE END OF A WAR OF SPOLIATION AND INVASION.

“They that take the Sword, shall perish with the Sword.”—*Matt.* xxvi., 52.

words, " Pray ye that your flight be not in the Winter, for then shall be great tribulation, &c."

Meanwhile, the Imperial Guard,—with Napoleon,—had fought their way back to Smolensko, where they expected to find the immense stores,—twenty-five days' provisions,—Napoleon had ordered to be stored up there,—for 100,000 men. Instead of this he found a mere nothing! No Meat,—only Rice, Flour, and Brandy! Napoleon rarely allowed,—even in the most terrible scenes,—his outward calm to be disturbed,—or to exhibit any outward signs of emotion. Thus, when the Couriers and officers came in bringing the report of the awful scenes going on in the rear, Napoleon cut them short by calmly saying,—“ Why do you attempt to rob me of my serenity?” And on their attempting to continue,—repeated, “ I ask you, gentlemen,—why do you thus attempt to rob me of my serenity?”

Long accustomed to every detail of the movement of vast armies, he knew,—after his fatal delay in Moscow,—as a General,—what would follow. But this unlooked for collapse at Smolensko,—which he knew must prove fatal,—was too much, even for that iron nerve! For once even Napoleon's habitual calmness gave way, and his trembling officers from without, heard the Emperor's voice in frantic tones,—furiously upbraiding the Army Contractors, and Commissariat Agents,—who only saved their lives by piteous appeals,—on their knees,—pleading that what with convoys of provisions cut off by the Cossacks,—the Country, swept clear of cattle and provender, and irregularities and disorder in everything,—they had really done all that was possible; and they were probably right. The Guards,—with Napoleon,—left Smolensko on the 14th November,—the second day after arriving. The Russians,—although it is believed 90,000 strong,—attempted in vain, to cut off their retreat;—in open field they could never stand against Napoleon's “ veterans,” and after Battles on the 16th, 17th, and 28th, they at length reached the Beresina River, which was to prove so fatal to many.

SMOLENSKO.

Hardly had they quitted Smolensko, than there began to pour into it the survivors from Moscow,—the remaining army;—they dropped in in detached Bands,—starving,—fierce,—desperate men,—many with limbs frost-bitten (whom nothing but amputation could now save,)—half-dead with exhaustion,—many wounded, and half-naked. Already

there were 15 Hospitals in Smolensko,—and one of these had been entirely *forgotten for three days!*

Fancy, dear Reader, in that cold,—many degrees below Zero,—a *hospital forgotten for three days*,—without *food*,—*fire*,—*light*,—or *attendance!* Imagination recoils from the picture the French General,—Rapp,—gives, on his accidentally discovering this Hospital! Into Smolensko,—already thus crowded,—continued to pour the wretched stream of famished, and desperate, survivors from Moscow! A French officer,—like the one in the picture,—one of their number, says,—“We were buoyed up, during those dreadful days, and nights, by the one thought to reach Smolensko! *Once* we lived to reach that city, and the immense stores of provisions we were told had been collected in its Magazines, we should be saved! Imagine then our feelings,—when still two leagues off,—reports reached us that the provisions had failed;—that the Emperor and the Guards had already left for the Beresina, and that the 9th Corps had not even entered Smolensko, but had followed them! After all our dreadful sufferings there remained nothing before us but another terrible march towards the Frontier! It was with difficulty that we reached the City; the Cossacks fell upon us, and the steep rocky roads leading to the city were so covered with ice that numbers already exhausted, fell and died that night from exposure. I was told that the cold that day was 22 degrees below Zero! Once in,—I found the streets filled with haggard, worn-out, despairing men, without food, or shelter. There was no one to see to them and no supplies given out. The Churches and stone buildings which had survived the first terrible Siege,—were crammed with the sick, wounded, and dying. Multitudes died that night by the fires they had lit in the wide open exposed streets. During the night the cry suddenly arose,—“To the Magazines!”—“They have begun to pillage!” Away we went, seizing sacks, baskets,—anything we could,—and presently crowds of Soldiers were seen with Flour, Biscuits, and Brandy! There were terrible scenes! We left on the 15th. After all the survivors from Moscow who were thought likely to have survived the march,—were supposed to have come in,—(there was no time for great delay),—the Emperor’s cruel orders to fire, and blow up Smolensko before they left,—were carried out by the sanguinary Davoust. The wretched inhabitants,—who had not quitted the City before the first Siege of Smolenskso,—had been already treated during its occupation by the French

with great tyranny and cruelty. This was before the Retreat from Russia, but the few days of the French occupation, during their retreat, were marked by every outrage, and wanton cruelty, which depraved, disappointed, drunken, revengeful, deeply chagrined, Soldiers could suggest,—resolved to ruin, and destroy everything they could before leaving the Country; blood flowed in torrents.

HOW DIFFERENTLY DID THE ALLIES DEAL WITH PARIS.

Eighteen Months after (31 March, 1814). The Emperor of Russia, with the Prussians, and English,—entered the conquered city of Paris; had they chosen to retaliate the ruin done in Russia, Paris could have been blown to pieces! Again, after Waterloo,—the 7th July, 1815, found the English Army, with the Duke of Wellington, in the Bois de Boulogne, and Blucher, with the Prussian Army, bivouacing in the Churches, Streets, and Quays of conquered Paris; again, terrible reprisals might have taken place. Yet all that was suggested was the blowing up,—by the Prussians,—that night,—of the “Bridge of Jena,”—across which so many thousands of sightseers have passed during the Great Paris Exhibitions of 1867, 1878, and 1889. The hated name of Jena,—perpetuated the memory of that disastrous Battle, by which Napoleon broke up, *for a time*, the Prussian Monarchy,—and the heart of its fair Queen,—*for ever!* But even here, our good Duke of Wellington,—ever generous to a conquered foe, and always opposed to reprisals,—wrote the admirable letter, at midnight, still extant, calmly asking his admirer, and fellow victor at Waterloo,—to stay his hand, till the morning. It was enough! Blucher, to please the Duke, spared the Bridge, though scarred himself with the wounds received in that terrible Jena campaign.

SMOLENSKO.

No such feelings of moderation influenced the French. Mines were established throughout the already ruined Smolensko,—and filled with 800 immense cases of combustibles,—and, when all who could follow the retreat were *supposed* to have come in; the City was fired! What became of the contents of the 15 Hospitals? Put into open carts to follow the retreat to the Frontier, with the cold at twenty degrees below Zero, to perish miserably, and to be thrown out to the wolves;—or were they left behind?

One of the French Officers describes the sight from a distance.—“I had gone a few miles out of the City with my men,”—he narrates,—“when all at once we heard a roar behind us! It seemed to us as if a Volcano had suddenly burst forth! Flames shot up into the air, and burning masses seemed to fall back into the ruined city,”—and thus, from the blazing suburbs the sanguinary Davoust issued with his soldiers,—having executed this last totally needless act of cruelty and revenge, leaving the miserable surviving inhabitants,—provisions, shelter, everything destroyed,—to perish in the midst of a Russian winter, in the Wilderness round Smolensko!

NAPOLEON'S ARMIES WERE “GANGRENED.”

The fact is Napoleon's atrocious system of warfare, had utterly demoralized the French Army! He had left them to support themselves by a system of Rapine and Pillage upon the unoffending non-fighting population,—so long,—that his armies had lost all the common feelings of humanity,—and rules of humane and legitimate Warfare! The “Grand Army,” says, one of their own officers,—“was *gangrened*;—it was not fit to live!”—and,—as a matter of fact, very little of it *did* live to reach the Frontier! The intense cold was followed by an exceptionally warm Spring (1813), and this unhealthy warmth killed off vast numbers who had reached the Towns and Hospitals.

Sample of Napoleon's harangues to his Troops (September, 1808) before marching 200,000 of his selected Veterans into Spain,—the choicest of his Soldiers,—the Veterans of Jena, Austerlitz, and Friedland, of confirmed hardihood,—chosen from every part of Europe, to complete the Conquest of Spain, and to drive the English out of the Peninsula.

“Soldiers! after having triumphed on the banks of the Danube, and Vistula, you have passed through Germany by forced marches! Soldiers, I have occasion for you! The hideous presence of the Leopard,”—(The Ancient Arms of England represent a Leopard, not a *Lion*)—“contaminates the Continent of Spain!”

(Note.—It was our presence that alone *saved* it.)

“Let your aspect terrify and drive him from thence!”

(Note.—It did *neither*! Vast numbers of those “Veterans” never saw France again!)

“Let us carry our conquering Eagles even to the Pillars of Hercules, and there also we have an injury to avenge! You

have covered yourselves with Glory ! You have placed yourselves upon a level with the Roman Legions which, &c., &c., &c."

(Note.—How his Troops *could*, for years, "take in" all this "clap-trap," like silly children, seems amazing !)

Yet, to show the duplicity of the man, no sooner had he started them off to Spain, than Napoleon hurried off to Germany to meet the Russian Emperor Alexander, at Erfurth, where they both,—in a joint letter, dictated by Napoleon,—proposed a general peace to the English Government, who, upon the terms suggested, firmly declined it !

Enraged at a power he could neither delude nor intimidate, Napoleon (December, 1808) followed the Troops into Spain, issuing the following despatch.

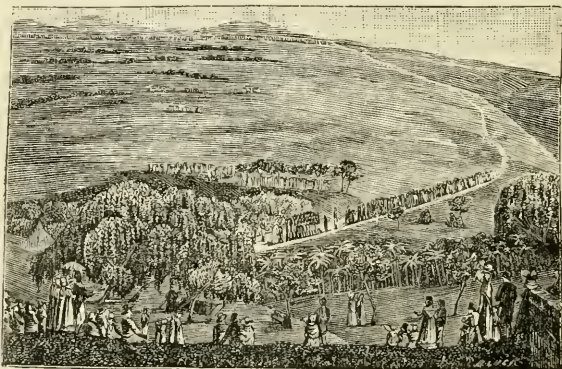
"The day wherein we succeed in seeing these English"—(They enjoyed that privilege for *10 years* after)—"will be a day of Jubilee for the French Army,"—(It proved a *very serious* day of "Jubilee,"—and a *long* one,—terminating only in *Waterloo* !)

"Oh ! that they may dye with their blood this Continent, which they have desolated (!) with their intrigues (!) their monopolies (!) and their frightful selfishness (!)" (No Monster in History was a better judge, or exponent of, "frightful selfishness," than *himself* !)

"Oh ! that they might be met with to the number of 80,000 or 100,000 instead of 20,000 ! Then English Mothers would feel the evils of War (!) and the English Government cease to sport with the lives, and blood of the Continental Nations (!) All the Plagues which can afflict the Human Race come from London !"

Note.—He found the "20,000" quite as many as he, and his Marshals, could, conveniently, interview, as it was ! Twelve years after the above amiable, and *truthful* (?) Remarks, a Party of English "Red Jackets," were respectfully carrying Napoleon's Coffin to his Grave at St. Helena, and *all* the Survivors of *his Family*, have, more or less, since found a safe Asylum in *England* ! He purposely chose to surrender to our Nation, knowing our character, and that he *would be safe*, for, after Waterloo, the other "Continental Nations" would have made *short work of him*, as an outlaw !

St. Helena.



English "Red Jackets" carrying Napoleon to his Grave, 5th May, 1821.

A few days after this despatch (December 1808) Napoleon received, by a Courier, the most important Despatch he *ever received* in his life! The news that Austria had, *once more*, decided upon War! From this moment the *tide turned*! From it may be traced every disaster that subsequently befel him! It hurried him back from Spain,—never again to enter it,—it saved the Peninsula, influenced other Nations,—and led, by a remarkable chain of circumstances,—indirectly, but *surely*,—to the Russian War, the fatal Battle of Leipsic, to Elba, Waterloo, and St. Helena!

As a Christian Believer,—the Writer throughout this Book has never disguised for a moment the fact, that, while allowing perfect “Freewill” to every living creature, and *Nation*,—the hand of God works,—ever has worked,—and *ever will* work through History! Napoleon, like too many of his Countrymen, was an Atheist, totally devoid of all Religion, or Religious Principle! *That* is certainly not the Ruler, *or the Nation*, to whom Almighty God has the slightest intention of permanently allowing supremacy!

Let no one think it! God’s will will eventually be done! Those Nations only, who obey, and extend, the Kingdom, and the Religion, of Jesus Christ, will in the end prosper!

A CONTRAST.

General orders of the Duke of Wellington upon entering France, as a Conqueror, with an Army, “with which I could *go anywhere and do anything!*” “As the Army is now about to enter French Territory, the Troops of the Nations under the command of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, are desired to recollect that their respective Sovereigns are not at War with, but are the allies of, His Majesty the King of France.” (Note.—*After Elba* the allies ignored Buonaparte altogether as an outlaw, and refused to treat with, or recognise him in any way, having broken his Parole, Treaties, and Faith), “And that France, therefore, is to be treated as a friendly Country. It is therefore required that nothing shall be taken,—either by officers, or soldiers, for which payment be not made. It is not permitted either to soldiers or officers to extort Contributions. This order will be strictly enforced, and they will be held *personally* responsible for whatever they obtain in way of supplies from the inhabitants of France, &c., &c.”

What a Contrast to the frightful System pursued for 17 years (to use his own words) by that “frightfully selfish” man,—who during those terrible years never “ceased to sport with the Lives, and Blood of the Continental Nations!”

It was not the Millions of human beings, whom that extraordinary man Napoleon deluded,—or forced,—to lay down their lives to satisfy his own selfish, and mad ambition; how many more did he *demoralize for life*, by scenes of Pillage, Ruin, and reckless bloodshed with which his terrible rule of fifteen years half ruined Europe? How many Millions of men but for him, might have led useful, honourable lives, dying in happy homes with children around their beds? He has bequeathed a legacy of hatred to, and want of confidence in French Rule, which still threatens to plunge all Europe, at any time, into War once more.

Merely speaking of them as a Nation,—and cheerfully allowing their ingenuity and ability, in other directions,—the French,—as a Nation,—are not suited for *Conquerors*,—or for Colonizing. The “irresistible logic of facts,”—past History,—proves it. How can a Nation which cannot govern itself rule over others? They lack the attributes indispensable to a truly great Nation. They lack generosity as Conquerors, — Wisdom, — Self-command, — Justice, — True Freedom,—Religious toleration, and, above all, true Religion and *Principle*. Their frightful cruelties, treachery, and war of extermination, towards their best and noblest fellow-citizens, the Huguenôts,—can never be forgotten! The treacherous, and awful Massacre of St. Bartholomew, with its hundred thousand innocent and helpless victims, treacherously taken advantage of, and murdered by Night, —and that still greater atrocity the “Revocation of the Edict of Nantes,” the dying legacy to Mankind of that wretched, worn-out, old Debauchee, Louis XIV,—are National Crimes,—considering the enlightenment and civilisation in defiance of which they were committed, —unparalleled in the History of Mankind! They were Crimes which it seems, as if “Heaven cannot pardon.” Not only were 400,000 of their worthiest citizens driven from their Country, and Property, but twice that number were *forbidden to fly*, and there is no doubt that 400,000 of these unfortunate,—unoffending,—helpless,—creatures were sabred by the trained army,—executed,—destroyed, in prison, or the Galleys, by dreadful cruelties, —their churches demolished,—their property confiscated,—all merely for their Religion.

A Nation capable of such a past,—capable of permitting such National Crimes,—must not complain of the universal hatred and dread felt for their rule. The great Reformation, bringing with it its speechless blessings to Mankind,—came to France,—and was resolutely rejected. *It passed by*,—and left them a Godless, immoral, frivolous, Nation, without Ballast,—Faith,—or Religious Principle, and, for the sake of Mankind, it is devoutly to be hoped that France may never again regain her former power on the Continent, which she once possessed,—only to abuse.

WAR IN DEFENCE OF FREEDOM.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY,—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,—
HIS WAR SYSTEM CONTRASTED WITH NAPOLEON’S.

What an amazing contrast to the above frightful scenes of ruin and spoliation,—did the System of Warfare, carried on by our great Duke,—uniformly present!

Vanquishing,—in turn,—every one of Napoleon's Marshals sent against him ;—never losing a Battle throughout his entire career, Wellington, at length, cleared all Spain and Portugal of their cruel oppressors,—the French ;—and with an Army,—“with which I could go anywhere,—and do anything,”—the Duke quietly entered and occupied the South of France,—with the entire Country at his mercy. Then followed Burning Villages,—Pillage,—Wretched Peasants, “Requisitions,”—the Country laid waste? *Nothing of the kind!*

Some of the Spanish auxiliaries,—after the horrors their own unfortunate country had endured,—for years,—under the French ;—their country laid waste,—their treasures,—priceless Pictures from their Cathedrals, &c.,—all swept away to Paris,—could not restrain a disposition to pillage,—if not destroy,—in return. But Wellington,—the Iron Duke,—firm as a rock,—would allow nothing of the kind for a moment! The offending troops were ordered home to Spain. “Where I command,”—the Duke's despatch to the Spanish Generals, runs,—“I declare that no one shall plunder. If plunder is commenced then another must command. You have now large armies in Spain, and if it is wished to plunder the French peasantry, you may enter France, but then the Spanish Government must remove me from the command of their armies. While I command there must be no plunder.” (Dispatches Vol. XI., p. 395). It was against the Duke's *System of War*. We were not fighting against France, *our duty* was to deliver her from the tyranny of the Despot, Buonaparte. Everything,—as usual, was paid for,—the Country people, gaining courage, brought their produce to the Camp,—mixing unarmed, and socially, with our Soldiers. Indeed,—so completely, at home, did they all make themselves, that our good Duke, and officers,—followed the hounds, like Country gentlemen,—while we were awaiting news from our Allies,—and the issue of that,—to the French,—terrible and fatal, campaign of Leipsic.

“What is this that I hear?” said Napoleon,—“Wellington settled in France! and they call themselves Frenchmen? War! War to the Knife!” But even the French had had enough of that frightful System: and were getting sick of their Idol!

If we are to have War at all, let it be the *humane, just, civilized*, War, ever practised by the Duke of Wellington; a noble exponent of a generous Nation! Actuated by

“duty,”—never by “glory.” Persistent ;—irrepressible ; never relinquishing his hold of a country, when once that hold was established ;—calm ;—ever on the side of moderation, and mercy,—as a Conqueror ;—he exhibited every type of a true Englishman.

The Duke was of Irish extraction. Although unhappily estranged from us by miserable politics how many gallant Irishmen have fought by our side,—for old England,—and mingled their blood with ours upon *many* an heroic, and Historic Field ! Pity that our Sister Isle,—which has given us such splendid Soldiers,—should not feel proud of the Nation whose greatness they have so greatly assisted in establishing,—and hand and hand with the *English-speaking Race* in America, Australia, and the Colonies—join them in their *Grand Mission* in carrying Freedom, true Religion, and Justice, to countries and nations still groaning under Despotism, Superstition, and evil Government !

Waterloo was fought on Sunday, the 18th June, 1815. Napoleon only survived it six years,—dying at St. Helena, 5th May, 1821. He could not,—in any case,—have lived, for his suspicion that he was suffering from the disease, which had killed his father, proved only too true. The interior of the stomach, after death, was found to be almost entirely filled with a cancerous ulcer.

The Duke of Wellington lived many a long year after Waterloo, namely till 14th September, 1852 ;—37 years after the great Battle, which gave the continent fifty years' repose from War.

It is estimated that the mad ambition, of the French, and their frightful System of Warfare, in 17 years, caused the lives of Five-and-a-half Millions of Human Beings ; all for absolutely, no results ; (for the Napoleon family have now disappeared), except it be the fatal, and hateful, results of an enmity between Nations, which,—not ending with Sedan,—unfortunately remains to this day.

CONCLUSION.

The Christian Believer,—to whom Christ's commands, and example are final ;—firmly maintains that all War is absolutely opposed to every precept,—and to the entire spirit,—of the Gospel. The only solution of the problem, how the present vast Armies of Europe can avoid inevitable collision, and future terrible War,—seems to be their mutual consent to a partial, general disarmament,—each Country alone retaining an army,—proportionate to its

size,—sufficient to suppress internal disorders,—but not, happily,—powerful enough to attack any other Country. Believing that all War,—especially a War of Conquest,—and spoliation,—is a monstrous iniquity, still, regarding Arthur Wellesley,—apart from the War System,—*as a man*, his noble example, in desiring always to lessen the Horrors of War,—his unflinching duty to his Country,—his abhorrence of cruelty and pillage, and his ever being on the side of moderation to the vanquished,—we may be allowed to *lose sight* of the *System*,—for a moment,—in the *noble, calm, and gallant, man*, and may,—without inconsistency,—close with the lines written at the death of the great Duke:—

Mourn for the mighty dead,
Mourn for the Spirit fled,
Mourn for the lofty head
Low in the Grave!

Tears such as *Nations* weep,
Hallow the Hero's sleep,
Calm be thy rest, and deep,
ARTHUR the Brave!

THE FRENCH EXCELLENT NATIONAL TRAITS.

Our,—now,—(1891) good Friends, and Neighbours, the French, possess excellent traits, as a Nation. Would that we would follow their example on these points! For instance, our National, and degrading, Sin of Drunkenness, is almost unknown to them!

The French,—as a Nation,—can enjoy themselves thoroughly without incessant Drinking. Again, the Oaths, disgusting language, and vile words, too common amongst our Working Classes, are practically unknown, across the Channel! A worthy English Clergyman, living, for years, near one of the great Paris Railway Stations, accustomed to the sight of many thousands leaving every Sunday in Summer, and returning after a day's "outing," in the evening, could hardly recall an instance of Drunkenness, or having heard an oath!

Again the French are a thrifty, saving Nation, not given to squandering their hard-earned wages as the English Workmen do. This enables them to retain self-respect, and independence of character, and saves them from the terrible pauperism, and abject Poverty, too often seen in England.

Their National Sin is a restless Ambition, and extraordinary love of War, which has never yet given them any return.

With a splendid climate, and a Country immensely rich in its Vineyards, all would be well could they rest contented.

Surely the past 90 years must have stripped aggressive Warfare of its false colours, and shown the Nations the folly of a delusive, false, "Glory," which consists in the attempted Conquest of, and pillage of neighbouring Countries, and the Murder of their Inhabitants!

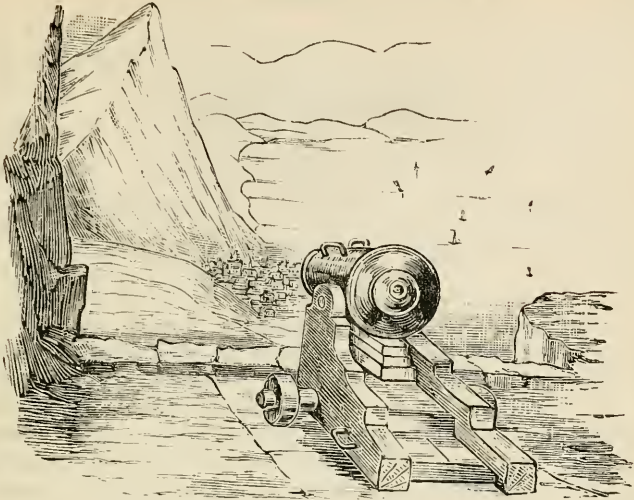
In vain did Napoleon attempt to reproduce the terrible Past;—The "Glory" of the old Heathen Times!

Before the advent of our Lord,—before Christianity dawned upon the World,—Military "Glory" took the place of Religion! The Ancients,—being Heathens,—and the vast majority of them practically Atheists, (despising, as well they might, the Deities they pretended to Worship)—knew no other Hero but the successful Warrior! Their highest ideal of the heroic, consisted in Conquest, Bloodshed and Plunder! Napoleon came into the World too late! Those Heathen Times are passed for ever! In vain did he "pose" as a second Alexander the Great, and liken his horde of marauding Soldiers to the Legions of Heathen Rome! What could be done in a Heathen World, is now simply impossible after the advent of Jesus Christ! Society, Civilization, Christianity, were dead against him!

The old false tinsel, and the delusion of the old cuckoo cry "Glory," is worn out! Mankind do not go back! They have a higher Standard now! The Spirit of the Times has changed! The Nations now recognize that Wealth, and Power, have their Duties, as well as their Privileges, and insist upon those Duties being performed! Otherwise they will decline such Rulers, and Rule themselves, by enlightened Republics.

Thanks to CHRISTIANITY, the Future demands of all Nations, Justice to others,—Peace,—Freedom,—and a universal Brotherhood! It takes time,—for the Passion for false "Glory," (so called) is still strong,—but its Doom is certain!

Through the dark Future,—through long Generations,
The sounds of War grow fainter,—and then cease,
And, like a Bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,—
I hear the voice of CHRIST once more say "PEACE!"



EDUCATION. CHRIST'S COMMANDS.

Were *half* the Power which holds the World in terror,—
 Were *half* the Wealth,—bestowed on Camps and Courts,
 Given,—to redeem the Human Mind from error,
There were no need of Arsenals, or Forts !

LEAVE REVENGE TO WILD ANIMALS.



A sagacious Elephant, in the pursuit of knowledge,—introducing his inquiring trunk into the Window of a Tailor's—the latter injudiciously pricked the end of it with a needle. The Animal quietly retired,—filled his trunk with dirty water from a puddle outside,—returned to the window,—and calmly discharged the whole over the cruel Tailor, and his valuable cloth. We may hope that this "water cure," taught the Tailor the important lesson,—“To do unto others as you would others should do unto you.”

CHAPTER XLIII.

DRINK.—THE CURSE OF ENGLAND.

“DEACON OF CHRIST'S CHURCH, WHO WAS IT SOLD THEM THE DRINK?”

ON one occasion the Inhabitants of a thriving Borough in Pennsylvania were met to decide whether they should petition the County Courts to issue the usual number of Licences to sell Intoxicating drinks during the coming year. A respectable magistrate of the Borough presided; and, upon the platform, were seated, amongst others, the Minister of the Village,—one of his Deacons,—(who was a spirit merchant)—and the Physician. A most respectable Citizen rose to propose that the Meeting should petition for the usual number of Licenses for the ensuing year. His idea was that it was far better to license a certain number of respectable men, and let them sell, than that people of whom they knew nothing, should open Dram Shops.

This proposition seemed to meet with general favour, and the Chairman was about to put the question to the meeting, when a woman rose in a distant part of the Hall, and all eyes were turned in that direction.

She was an elderly-looking woman, poorly clad, and grey with sorrow, and yet there was something in her manner which showed she had not always been as she now was. Many present seemed to know her, and they whispered to each other, while she addressed the President, and asked his permission to say a few words to the Meeting. “You know,—many of you,—who I am,” she said. “You once knew me the mistress of one of the best Farms in the District. I once had a husband and two sons, and woman never had better husband or boys till the Dram Shop opened ten years ago near our home. Doctor——, Deacon——, I see you both on the Platform, and I ask you *where are they now?* In the Burying Ground, close by, are three graves—my husband and sons all lie there,—and they are all three drunkards' graves! Doctor! You would come and take a glass with them, and you often said that moderate drinking did no one any harm! And you, sir,” she said, addressing the Minister, “when you called, would take a

glass with my husband, and when you were gone the boys would say, 'there can't be anything wrong in it, for they say *you* drink.' You taught them in the Sabbath School; we attended, at one time, your church, and they thought that whatever you did must be right! And, Deacon of Christ's Church, *who was it* that sold them the Rum? You have got on well since you came here; you are said to be a 'successful man!' You have got all our Property, and the Property of many another poor Family,—(God help them), about this place, and you got it all by Rum!"

"And now," said the old woman, "I have done my errand! I go back to the Workhouse, for that is my home! You, Rev. Sir, and you, Deacon, I may never meet till I meet you at the bar of God,—where there will be also my ruined husband, and my two sons,—who,—through your example, and influence, fill the drunkard's grave."

The lonely old woman hobbled slowly away, wiping her eyes with the corner of her tattered shawl. A complete silence for some time prevailed. The Chairman was evidently greatly embarrassed. At length he rose, and in a nervous voice put the usual question to the meeting: "Shall we petition the Courts to issue the following Licenses to this Borough for the ensuing year?" When one unbroken—indignant—and determined roar of "No!" made the walls re-echo, and showed the results of the old woman's appeal!

If anyone had cut out of our English papers for the past forty years, all the awful scenes,—drunken crimes and cruelties caused by Drink,—what a mass of misery, and ruin, would be placed before the Public!

A GIN PALACE.

A celebrated dram and beershop in one of our large Towns, was watched during the whole of Saturday, the 13th of July, 1872, and the number of persons who entered was carefully counted. It was one of what was called "hard" ale shops—that is, the drink is drugged, so as to enable a person to *get drunk cheaply*. A veteran drunkard acknowledged that "even he could not stand above three pennyworth of ale at this house; if followed by three pennyworth of spirits, it stupified even him." The following were the numbers that entered:—

	Men.	Women.
From 8 to 9 o'clock	100	38
„ 9 to 10 „	120	65
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Carried forward	220	103

			Men.	Women.
	Brought forward		220	103
From	10 to 11	o'clock	90	40
"	11 to 12	"	110	48
"	12 to 1	"	85	56
"	1 to 2	"	100	60
"	2 to 3	"	115	60
"	3 to 4	"	112	60
"	4 to 5	"	67	43
"	5 to 6	"	108	47
"	6 to 7	"	128	50
"	7 to 8	"	75	50
"	8 to 9	"	120	55
"	9 to 10	"	100	55
"	10 to 11	"	81	43
			1,511	770

If the publican only made $\frac{1}{2}$ d. profit on each individual, he made a profit of £4 15s. a day, or £1,482 a year; and what did he give the working classes in exchange? What does that thousand pounds mean but ruined homes,—miserable neglected children,—drunken parents—and the long train of ruin which that deadly curse—drunkenness—brings with it? The beershops and saloons are the retail shops by which our great brewers and distillers pass off their goods. Why are thousands of families to be ruined to make the fortunes of a few? Knowing that drink is the weak point of the English—at least of the working population (and the upper classes were as bad forty years ago)—is that any reason why we should have a gin palace at the corner of almost every street, in order, apparently, to present as much temptation as possible to those who, their homes being close by, cannot avoid constantly passing them? The upper classes in this country, half a century ago, drank to a degree perfectly incredible to the present generation. For a gentleman to be drunk was a usual, ordinary occurrence; it was then the custom!

As regards the upper classes, public opinion has changed. To see a gentleman or a gentleman's son drunk would now excite disgust and contempt amongst his associates. It would brand his character! No gentleman could indulge in this vice without loss of his character and position. Yet what tales men still living can tell of the old drinking days!

It is *public opinion*—Religion—*enlightened* ideas of what is

right, which has wrought the change for the upper classes. Let us hope that it will do the same for the hard-working labouring classes in England.

Every youth who reads this book has his influence, and will have more. Will you not use it—use it aright—when you feel that your example affects others?

Some of the finest specimens of manhood are to be found in England, who never take drink of any kind. It is utterly false to maintain that tipping at the public-house or gin palace is a necessity to the health of a workman.

The following is from the excellent work by Mr. Hoyle, "Our National Resources, and how they are wasted;" the statistics are taken from the official Government reports.

The Statistics are *decidedly Ancient* ones, but will perhaps serve as illustrations, what the 1891 return would show must be conjectured.

"We are acknowledged to be by far the richest nation in the world; and yet a great portion of our population are in rags! Why is this? Is it because they get insufficient wages to buy clothing? No; for wages are relatively higher in England than in almost any country in the world. It is because they squander their earnings upon things that are not only needless, but useless and hurtful, especially in their enormous expenditure upon intoxicating drinks. Let us see how far this assertion is borne out by facts.

During the four years ending 1861, the expenditure upon intoxicating liquors in the United Kingdom was as follows:—

1858	£91,049,911
1859	95,887,393
1860	86,897,683
1861	94,942,107
Total	<u>£368,777,094</u>

Annual average £92,194,273

NOTE.—The "Drink Bill" for 1889 was £132,213,236! a "Record!"

During the four years ending 1869, the expenditure upon intoxicating drinks was as follows:—

1866	£113,925,458
1867	110,122,266
1868	113,464,874
1869	112,885,603
Total	<u>£450,398,201</u>

Annual average £112,599,550

Being an increase in the latter period, as compared with the former, of £81,621,107 or £20,405,277 per annum.

Here is an astounding fact. In four years we spent upon intoxicating drinks £450,398,201: and yet upon cotton goods, during the same period, we spent (reckoning 10 per cent. for retailers' profits) only £51,125,842.

Taking the population of the United Kingdom as given in the Statistical Abstract for 1869, at 30,838,210, it gives for each man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom, for the four years, £14 12s. 1d. as spent on drink, and only £1 13s. 1¾d. on cotton goods; or, if we take the one year, 1869, we have £3 13s. 2½d. per head spent on drink, and 6s. 0½d. on cotton goods; or, taking a family of five persons, we have only £1 10s. 2½d. spent on cotton goods, and £18 6s. 0½d. on drink during the year.

Here is the secret of pauperism and rags! People cannot pour their money down their throats, and put it on their backs at the same time! During the four years ending 1869, we swallowed 658,347,826 *gallons* more of beer, spirits, wine, &c., than we did the four years ending 1861.

Now for the temptation offered to drink.

From the report of the Commissioners on Inland Revenue (published in Feb., 1870), I find that the number of persons engaged in selling intoxicating liquors was as follows:—

Publicans	98,009
Beersellers	52,520
					<hr/>
Total	150,599

Making a total of 150,599, being one to every 204 of the population, or about one to every 40 houses. No Marvel, that with such an overwhelming amount of temptation, and with such an enormous number of people interested in pushing the sale of liquor, there should be such a large and increasing amount of drunkenness. But this is not all.

In the same report, and on the same page, is given a list of *auxiliary* sellers of intoxicating drinks, the influence of some of which is proving to be even more pernicious than the public-houses or beershops. The following is the list:—

DEALERS—

Spirit Dealers	5,894
Beer Dealers	5,952
Wine Dealers	3,639
Sweets (Dealers and Makers)	123
					<hr/>

Carried forward 15,608

	Brought forward	15,608
RETAILERS—		
Retailers of Wine (not to be consumed on the premises)		4,780
Refreshment-house Keepers selling Wine		2,274
Sweets (Retailers)		9,024
Packet-boat licenses for sale thereon...		374
Table-beer Sellers		2,720
Retail Brewers		17
		<hr/>
		3,4797
Publicans and Beersellers	150,599	

Making a grand total of Persons engaged in selling intoxicating liquors of 186,096, or one to every thirty-three houses. We have seen the business one dram-shop is doing.

The 1891 statistics would be interesting.

In addition to these overwhelming temptations, provision was made, by a law passed in 1862, whereby occasional licenses could be taken out, in order to accommodate fairs, races, shows, &c. Thus every facility has been given to spread intemperance, and every possible temptation has been placed in the way of the people, in order to lure them into habits of drunkenness.

The invention of the Steam Engine, the Spinning-jenny, the Loom, and other valuable machines, has, for a long time placed in our hands a monopoly of wealth; our coal-fields, iron mines, &c., have supplemented these; and had we been wise, and, during the last fifty years, properly husbanded and used the wealth thus placed within our reach, our people to-day would universally have been in easy circumstances, and we should have been far from the fearful pauperism that marks us as a disgrace among the Nations of the earth.

There has never been a Nation in the world's history whose opportunities for acquiring wealth have been equal to those possessed by ourselves! Enjoying, as we do, a vast commerce with every region of the globe, and possessing manufacturing advantages, and facilities, far surpassing those of any other nation, this Country has to a great extent, become the Workshop of the World! When a Nation possesses no resources but such as are within itself, it may even then, if it uses those resources aright, rapidly accumulate wealth; but when in addition to its own resources, it enjoys advantages of being enriched by the trade of every country in the world, its progress ought to

be such as to lift it far above the regions of want : and such would be ours if it were not for the fearful drawbacks and waste of Intemperance.

The burden of taxation, crime, pauperism, and demoralization that results from the liquor traffic, every day becomes more and more oppressive, and the time is fast hastening when, if we do not grapple with the evil, we shall sink beneath its weight, and take our place in the second or third rank among the nations of the earth. Persia, Babylon, Carthage, Greece, Rome, Spain, and other kingdoms, which once were in the front rank, have played their part, and now are scarcely known, except in history. It was their profligacy, extravagance, and debauchery, which sank them ; and ours will sink us, not only commercially, but morally and religiously, unless we adopt means to prevent them !

The remedy then, lies with ourselves. If we think we can continue to squander one hundred millions yearly on drink, increasing thereby our local taxation, and sapping the foundations of industry, virtue, and morality, we shall find ourselves greatly mistaken !

England may have an abundant and prosperous trade ; we may ensure to our artisans, and our industrial population, continued and profitable employment ; we may free our country from the fearful stains of pauperism and crime, which so disfigure it ; we may have a wealthy, contented, virtuous, and happy people ; but if we are ever to secure these inestimable blessings, we must remove the Temptations to Intemperance, which are planted broadcast over the land ; and our legislature must enact such laws as “ will make it easy to do right, and difficult to do wrong ! ”

“ The disposition to be provident, I need not tell you cannot be supplied by Parliament. It may be the duty of the legislature to prohibit certain things—as so it is—which are of the nature of social abuses ; but, with regard to the general government of Man, it has pleased God to make him a free agent, and though those by whom he is ruled in this world, ought to respect that freedom—they ought to make it easy for him to do what is right, and difficult for him to do wrong.”—*Speech of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, January 4th, 1874.*





“ They had attacked the Castle in various ways.”

CHAPTER XLIV.

SHOWING HOW THE HOUSE COULD NEVER HAVE BEEN TAKEN BY THE ROBBERS, IF THERE HAD NOT BEEN A TRAITOR WITHIN.

The following is in part by Mrs. Hannah More, though altered in some respects, and the meaning of the allegory more fully explained.

HERE was once a certain Nobleman who had a large House or Castle, situated in the midst of a great Wilderness, but enclosed in a Garden. Now there was a band of Robbers who had a great mind to plunder and destroy the Castle, and bring ruin and death upon all within, but they had not succeeded in their endeavours, because the Master had given strict orders to “ Watch ;” and up to the time we are speaking of, the Enemy had been kept from obtaining any great advantage. They had, it is true, attacked the castle in various ways, had tried at every avenue ; watched to take advantage of days of carelessness and thoughtlessness, and had looked for an open door or a neglected window ! But though they often made the bolts shake, and the windows rattle, they could never greatly hurt the House, much less get into it. Do you know the reason ? It was because the Servants were not a little

frightened ; they heard the noise plainly enough, and were aware both of the strength and perseverance of their enemies ; for there were many cases, where Castles in that neighbourhood had been *entirely* and for ever ruined by letting in this band of Robbers ! It was a singular assurance that the Nobleman gave his Servants, namely, that while they continued to be afraid they would be safe ; it passed into a kind of proverb amongst them, “ Happy is he that feareth always.”

There were times when the Master could not always be near them, but whenever these times came, he used to call the servants, and speak to them of the necessity there was for them to do their part. “ I need not repeat to you the directions I have so often given you ; they are all written down in the Book of which each of you has a Copy, (the Bible). Remember, it is but a short time that you have to remain here ; soon, the need of care and watchfulness will be gone past, and you will remove to my Father’s House, to a more settled Habitation, where I shall have prepared a place for each of you ! Your care will therefore soon have an end ; the period of resistance is short, that of rest Eternal ! In that Mansion you will never more be exposed to any attack, for there ‘ the wicked cease from troubling,’ and you will enjoy rest and peace. But, mark my words—and they are written also in the Book,—whether you ever attain to that Mansion, will depend upon the manner in which you defend yourself in *this* ! A little vigilance and self-denial, will secure you certain happiness for ever ! But I solemnly assure you that everything depends on your present conduct here. You must not think me a hard Master to leave you without peace and security ; for the fact is, without this season of trial, you could never be fitted for the life you will, I trust, enjoy hereafter. I will not attempt to deny that your Enemies are, if trifled with, exceedingly powerful ; on the contrary, I cannot too earnestly warn you of letting them gain the least advantage, the least admission ; if you do, I shall almost lose hope, for, once in, they seldom depart again. But be of good courage, I shall take care you have very many helps, and many comforts to make this House pleasant, even before you reach the other Mansion. Do not think that I grudge you any gratification, but there are some pleasures you cannot now safely yield yourselves up to ; deny yourselves these, and all things will be shortly yours ! Above all, remember what I

say—I would defy all the attacks of the robbers from without, if I could depend on the fidelity of the people within! If they ever get in, and destroy this House—and remember, that destruction will be a final one—it must have been by the connivance of one of the Family. *For it is a standing law, as you all know, of this Castle, that mere outward attack can never destroy it, if there be no Traitor within.* You will stand or fall, as you observe this rule; and if you are ruined, remember it must be from some neglect or fault of your own, in not seeking my aid, and in allowing admission to my foes and yours.”

When the Nobleman had done speaking, every servant repeated his assurance of attachment and firm allegiance to his Master. But among them all, not one was so vehement and loud in his professions as Self-love!

Self-love was one of the oldest of the servants, and they all depended greatly upon him; and as he had charge of the gates, of which there were five—the five senses—he was a most important person amongst them.

Now, though he really desired the good of the House, Self-love had some weaknesses; he was, to speak the truth, a civil fellow enough, but was fond of seeking his gratifications, at whatever cost; and, though he had a great confidence in himself, which, up to a certain point was very well, and was the foremost to promise, he was sometimes the slackest to perform. His Master was more afraid of him, with all his professions, than he was of the rest, who protested less. He knew that Self-love was vain; and he apprehended more danger from his love of talk and flattery, and love of change and pleasure, than even from the stronger vices of some of the other servants.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess, that though Self-love was allowed every refreshment, and all the needful rest which the nature of his place as porter permitted, yet he often thought it very hard to be forced to be so much on duty. “Nothing but watching,” said Self-love to himself; “I have, it is true, a good many comforts, a good deal of pleasure, and meat and drink sufficient, but I find it hard this watching so narrowly, and letting in no company without orders, merely because there are said to be some straggling Robbers here in the Wilderness, with whom my Master does not choose us to be acquainted. He tells us to be thus vigilant for fear of the Robbers, but I suspect he makes them out to be more dangerous than they really are.”

Self-love, however, kept all these things to himself; he began, however, to listen with rather less alarm to the nightly whistling of the Robbers, and by giving way to such thoughts as these he became sometimes so tired of duty and watching, that he would almost rather run the risk of being robbed once, than live always in this strict manner!

Now there were certain bounds or limits in which the Nobleman told his servants they might safely walk and divert themselves at proper seasons. A large and pleasant Garden surrounded the Castle, a very thick Hedge separating this Garden from the Wilderness which was infested by the Robbers, and in this Garden the servants amused themselves.

Their Master had, however, often said to them, "You will consult your own safety, as well as your love to Me, by not venturing over to the extremity of the bounds, because he who goes as far as he dares always shows a wish to go farther than he ought, and commonly does so."

Oh! that youths would believe that this is but the natural course of things. If we allow ourselves to tamper with temptation in spite of Conscience,—that Hedge God places in the way to ruin,—and deliberately do wrong once, every following step in that deceitful path you will find to be easier than the preceding one; for sin,—some sins especially,—blind the Soul to danger. Then seeking to quiet the voice of Conscience, by which God, in his love to us, tries to warn us of our danger, by some good outward act merely, such as going to church or chapel, or reading the Bible, or some Religious Book,—in reality amounts to nothing! It may make us *feel easy*, but it imparts to us no *moral strength* to resist the next Temptation. Something *deeper* is needed. We must face it manfully: our Sin must be given up if we are ever to see God! Whatever else we may do, we can do nothing until we repent of, and are willing to give up, our Besetting Sin, whatever it may be.

What we all need is nothing short of a change of heart and life: we must pray for this in the name of Jesus Christ, and obtain from God the Blessed Holy Spirit, saving grace, and strength, to enable us to abandon our Sin for ever—that grace which our Creator, who knows us far better than we know ourselves—can alone impart.

It was remarkable that the *nearer* the servants kept to the Castle, and the farther from the *hedge*, the more ugly the Wilderness appeared; and the nearer they approached

the forbidden bounds their own home appeared more dull, and the Wilderness more delightful !

This the Nobleman knew well when he cautioned them about it, for he never said or did anything without a good reason. If the explanation was too deep for the servants quite to understand, he used to tell them that they would understand it when they came to the other Mansion, for there all the difficulties of the present one would be perfectly plain.

Now, Self-love had been among the first to promise to keep clear of the *hedge*, and yet he was often to be seen walking as near it as he durst. One day he ventured quite close up to the hedge, and, putting two stones one on another, after a few attempts, made shift to peep over the hedge ! So it is that at first we find it difficult to commit sin without compunction and sadness, but after a time we find it agreeable, conscience becomes dull, and finally sin becomes a habit, and a continued course of sins is fallen into,—seldom to be overcome.

THE VILLAIN FLATTERWELL.

It was a *singular* thing that, just as Self-love was peeping over the hedge, he saw one of the robbers strolling as near as he could to the boundary outside ! This man's name was Mr. Flatterwell,—a smooth civil man,—“whose words were softer than butter, but having *war* in his *heart*.” The moment he saw him, Mr. Flatterwell made several courteous bows to Self-love.

To employ a well-known saying, “Satan does not send fools on his errands !” The acquaintance of lively wit, of pleasing address, and kindly manners, but unprincipled in mind, without religious feeling, profligate, and caring only for pleasure in this life, is the one whom the young in years are most likely to be injured by. It is in the company of such that a cheerful but innocent and pious mind finds it impossible to retain its position. The company of such should be at once avoided by the young ; otherwise their way of thinking, of living, of speaking, will before long be your own.

Now, Self-love had the idea that all Robbers must have an ugly look, which would frighten you at once, and a coarse, brutal manner, which would, at first sight, show they were enemies. For an open enemy he would have been prepared, but Mr. Flatterwell's civility threw him off his

guard. Indeed, he had not spoken a dozen words with him before Self-love drew this conclusion,—either, that Mr. Flatterwell could not be one of the Gang, or that, if he were, the Robbers themselves, could not be such Monsters as his Master had described, and therefore it was folly to be so fearful of them. Having begun the conversation, and telling his new friend his name, and how pleased he was to have made his acquaintance, Mr. Flatterwell spoke of the Nobleman, commending him, in a general way, as a person who meant well himself, but who was rather too apt to suspect others.

MALIGNING THE FAITHFUL GOD.

To this Self-love assented. The villain then ventured by degrees to hint, that though the Nobleman might be a good Master in the main, yet he must be allowed to be a little strict, perhaps a little stingy, and not a little censorious. That he was blamed by the “Gentlemen of the Wilderness” for shutting his house against good company; and his servants were laughed at by people of spirit for submitting to the gloomy life of the Castle, and the insipid pleasures of the Garden, instead of ranging as they chose, at large, in the Wilderness.

“There is certainly some truth in what you say,” said Self-love, “My Master does seem rather harsh and close; but to tell you the truth all his precautions in telling us to watch and secure all the doors and loopholes are to keep out a number of ROBBERS, who, he assures us, are only waiting for an opportunity to destroy us! I hope no offence, but the fact is, sir, by your *livery*, I half suspect you must be one of those he is so much afraid of!”

“Afraid of me! impossible! My dear Mr. Self-love, for that I think is your name, you cannot think that I am your enemy; I am unarmed. What harm can a plain man like me do?” But the villain blushed as he spoke!

Self-love: “Well, certainly that is true enough, yet our Master says that if once we give way to you and let you into the house, we shall be ruined soul and body!”

Mr. Flatterwell: “I am sorry, Mr. Self-love, to hear so sensible a man as you appear to be on other points, so deceived in this! Your Master knows we are cheerful, entertaining people, foes indeed to gloom and superstition; I cannot but fear that he is naturally morose himself, and does not choose you to become acquainted with us.”

Self-love: "But he says that if we follow our own disposition and do as you would have us, before long, we should forget Him, and His laws altogether; that, as soon as you got all your own way, you would drop all the cheerfulness and good nature you appear to possess, and your real character would then appear; that once in your power, you would never leave us, until you had made us as wretched and wicked as yourselves, full of all that is vile and sinful; caring nothing more for Him, and blind and reckless to the utter ruin we should bring upon ourselves!"

"Really, my dear Mr. Self-love," said Flatterwell (who, however, upon this, with all his art, blushed as he spoke), "I am forced to say that all this is far from the truth, that you really must not believe Him! The worst that we should do is to enjoy ourselves. We might, perhaps, take a friendly glass with you, play an innocent game of cards together, or sing a cheerful song. Pray, can there be any harm in all this?"

"Well," said Self-love, "I must confess I think that the Master DOES judge rather harshly in these matters, I have, I own, sometimes thought that He made you out to be worse than you really are!"

THE HEDGE, CONSCIENCE, GOD'S BARRIER TO SIN.

Flatterwell, saw well by this time, that, as far as his disposition went, Self-love was already over the "HEDGE," and that he was kept on his side by fear instead of principle; from the time he saw this, he made sure of him.

He continued, "The more you see of us, the more you will have cause to think so! I only wish for my part, that there was not this ugly 'HEDGE' between us. I have several things I want to speak to you about, but, knowing in what esteem your people hold us, I really fear being overheard or seen talking with you! If you will allow me, dear Mr. Self-love, a little private conversation with you, I might, with your aid, get through the 'HEDGE,' and call under your window this evening: the fact is our whole brotherhood are desirous of obtaining your friendship. I think we shall be able to convince you, that it is mere prejudice, and not wisdom, which makes your Master thus bar His doors against us, and I shall tell you something to your advantage."

"Don't say 'we,'" said Self-love, "pray come alone; I would not see the rest of the gang for the world, I only

feel pleasure in you! I think there can be no great harm in talking to you through the bars of the door; but you must understand I am determind not to let you in; I must own I wish to know if you can tell me anything to my advantage."

Flatterwell going,—turns back,—“Dear Mr. Self-love, there is one thing we have forgotten. You know that I cannot even get over the ‘HEDGE’ *without assistance*. You are aware that there is a secret in the nature of that ‘HEDGE!’ *You* in the house may get over to us in the wilderness, of your *own accord*, but *we* cannot get to *your* side against your resolute wishes! If you will look about to see where the ‘HEDGE’ seems thinnest to you, and then set to work to clear away, here and there, a few boughs, it will do for me; it won’t be missed; and if there is but the *smallest hole* made by you, on your side, *of your own accord*, we on *our* side can get in!”

To this Self-love made some objection, but only on the ground of its being seen. Flatterwell replied that the smallest hole would be sufficient, for “he could then *work his own way!*”

“Well,” said Self-love, “I will think it over! To be sure I shall then be equally safe inside the castle, as all the bolts, bars, and locks will be between us, so it will make but little difference.”

“Certainly not!” said Flatterwell; but the villain knew well that it would make *all the difference* in the world. For after an allowed sin is wilfully committed, the HEDGE—Conscience—becomes more and more thin and weak!

MAKING THE HOLE IN THE HEDGE. (CONSCIENCE).

So they parted. Self-love went home convinced of his Master’s prejudices against the robbers, and he began to esteem them so only in name. “But for all that,” said he, “though Mr. Flatterwell is certainly an agreeable companion, he may not be perfectly safe, so that I certainly shall not let him in!” Thinking thus, Self-love did not forget the agreement he had made to thin the hedge a little; he found it easiest to do so by thinking as little as possible of the Master, and exaggerating, by dwelling upon it, the pleasure he hoped to enjoy with his new acquaintance; At first he only tore off a handful of leaves, then a little sprig; then he broke away a bough or two! It was observable that the larger the breach became, the more slightly

he began to think of his Master, and the better of himself! Every peep he took through the broken hedge increased his desire to get out into the Wilderness, and made the thoughts of the Castle more irksome to him. "I am sure," said he, "one may always stop where one will; our Master cautioned us that if we went to the bounds we should next get over the hedge. Now I have been at the utmost limits, and did not get over!" Here Conscience (for the hedge was not yet quite destroyed) put in, "Yes! but it was not from want of inclination on your part, but only because you were afraid of being seen!"

Flatterwell, in the meantime, prevailed on the rest of the robbers to make an attack on the Castle that night. "My brethren," said he, "you now and then fail in your schemes because you are for violent beginnings, while my quiet, insinuating measures hardly ever miss! You become repulsive by shocking Vices, blustering and frightening people, thus setting them on their guard. You inspire them with fear and disgust at you, and cause them to apply to their Master (whom we hate and dread) for aid, while I endeavour always to make them think *well* of *themselves* first, and then to think *ill* of the *Master*! If I once get them to entertain hard thoughts of Him, my business is *done*! This Self-love is the very one to succeed with! I am very glad I was under the Hedge while he was peeping over: he is easier managed than one of your sturdy, sensible fellows, for he has *no self-denial*, his chief object being his own gratification! With others we need strong arguments and strong temptations; but with such fellows as Self-love (and let me tell you there are very many like him), in whom vanity and sensuality are the leading qualities, flattery and assurance of pleasure and ease will do more than you can by intimidation! Only let me manage, and I will get you all into this Castle before midnight!"

PRAYER NEGLECTED.

At night the Castle was barricaded as usual, and no one had observed the hole which had been left in the Hedge. This oversight arose from the servants neglecting the Examination their Master had often encouraged them to make of what had transpired during the past day or week.

All were very cheerful within, and all was very quiet without. Some of the servants even observed to the rest, "That as they had heard no robbers that night, they

thought they might soon begin to remit some of the bolting and barring, which was troublesome, and they hoped the danger was now pretty well over." It was *remarkable* that these opinions were generally advanced when the servants had *neglected* their *private* business with their Master (Prayer).

All, however, except Self-love retired quietly to bed.

Self-love slipped down to his lodge. Conscience foreboded something ill would happen if he continued resolved to have his own way, in defiance of the Master's wise and good cautions. But then what right had he to suspect Mr. Flatterwell or anyone who appeared so obliging and civil? "Why be uncharitable, and always be kept from doing as others do? Besides, Flatterwell may really have something to tell me *much to my advantage!*"—and, to tell the truth, the prospect of pleasure to be obtained, or profit gained, weighed more with Self-love than all else! "He will be alone," continued Self-love, "what harm can he do me through the bars of the window? Our Master has taken a dislike to him and his associates, but I will prove that he has no cause to fear on my account. I can go to a certain length, and yet stop when I please, and return!"

Had Mr. Flatterwell heard this speech, he *would have been sure of his man!* Why?

THE REASON.

WHY CANNOT THE SINNER STOP?

For here let me pause an instant, and ask you in the words of one of the best and wisest of our day (Dean Trench,) to consider with me *why* it is that any allowed sin has this fearful power of enslaving those who have no intention of yielding themselves absolutely, and without reserve, to its dominion?—how it comes to pass that no one can say, "this one sin," or "this sin once more I must have, but I *go no further* ; in this, it is true, I allow myself wilfully, and deliberately, to commit a sin, but I will then stop short—I need not repeat it!" How is it that such calculations are sure to be defeated, and none can tell the amount of evil he will commit—the ruin he will bring on himself?

The reason, I think, is that no sin, however separate from other sins it may seem, can be regarded as alone, or by itself; every kind of sin is connected with a whole Spiritual

Kingdom of darkness, of which Satan is the leader and the head, from which it came forth, and with which it holds relation still, even after it has found lodgment in the sinful heart! The existence of this dark kingdom of envy and hate, of pride and lust, which is ever around us, like the Wilderness filled with Robbers, and would fain also be *within* us,—the existence of Satan and his angels (those tempters, ever watchful to find an open door in the heart, and, where that door has been opened for one pleasant besetting sin, ever watchful, by force or fraud, to make an entrance for many)—the fact that there is a Kingdom of Darkness around us, as well as a Kingdom of Light—that we have affinities with the one no less than with the other—that sins, no less than graces, are linked together by a mysterious law—explain how it is that any sin wilfully admitted into the heart cannot remain quiescent there! It will ever move onwards, casting forth its roots and fibres on every side; it must gradually vitiate and corrupt the portions hitherto nobler and purer, and sincerer in our natures!

Daily actions,—good or evil,—long continued, produce habits,—habits, confirmed,—make *the character* (for time and for Eternity), and the Character decides the Destiny, whether for weal or woe!

And oftimes a ruling Sin will have power, little by little, to colour the whole life—to assimilate everything there to itself, swallowing up, *like a whirlpool*, all that was purer, and nobler, and more Heaven-born in the man or in the youth!

There are many sins which have this absorbing character, ever encroaching more and more, to the wreck and ruin of every noble faculty and power.

Let us take but three.

1. *Vanity* is such a sin. Conceit,—Vanity,—may often seem little worse than a mere harmless foible; yet Physicians will tell you that there is no sin which makes more inmates to the Lunatic Asylum than this. And how many through it have missed the Crown of Life on the Last Day will disclose!

2. The *Love of Money* is another such sin—ever claiming a wider, fiercer, more relentless tyranny over the soul—ever resisting more and more any openness of action—ever suppressing any generosity in that mind.

3. The *Lust of the Flesh, and Drunkenness*, indulged in, and allowed, prove oftimes another such sin. They have a fearful tendency to become such! Let me imagine, for example, a youth with many capacities for a nobler and

pure life, with everything on God's part to fit him for a useful, honourable position on earth, and an eternity of bliss hereafter, who has suffered himself to be entangled in youthful lusts, has stained himself with these, and then, after a while, or, what is worse, all the while, is awakened by the Good Spirit of God to ask himself, "What have I done?" Let me ask him how fares it with him at the retrospect when he, not yet wholly laid waste in spirit, with something of good still left in him, feels, nevertheless, *mastered* by the "sins of his youth!" Though none but himself be conscious of his fall, he wanders away from his fellows; or, if with them, he is alone, for he is brooding over the awful power of evil, which, indulged and allowed, he now too dearly knows! Sins in act will, in the nature of things, be only occasional from time to time; but sins in thought and imagination may, and often will, be almost continual. What a Manufactory of unholy and impure fancies will be the heart which has given itself up to, or has allowed an entrance to this sin! In that heart what foul and ugly imaginations will be for ever fashioning! Seeking everywhere and in everything for the fuel which feeds them! You, over whose innocency a Saviour watched with hope; you, who might ere now, loved and forgiven, have been well forward on your Heavenward way, had you early repressed this vice!

Oh! that the youth timidly beginning a departure from his God, by indulging in such sins, could know the fearful condition of him for whom simple, innocent, pleasures and pure delights, exist no more—whom *nothing* now can please which has not upon it *something* of the Serpent's *slime*! To such a youth who, it may be, feels yet many restraints of conscience, of a godly education—the gentle influence, it may be, of a parent's prayers—whose mind, capable of nobler, better things, warms *still* at the thought of obtaining some distinction, I would appeal. I would remind him that Christ teaches us (and all experience confirms it) that "Whoever committeth sin is the servant of sin," so that an evil habit, which might have been but as a spider's web at first—so easily might it have been, by a vigorous effort of the will, snapped asunder,—becomes links of iron at last! He would have you know that Satan,—that tyrant of our lives,—ever puts him who has accepted his yoke to *viler drudgeries* than before! If the case is yours, I could weep to think of your one day being lost to feeling, doing things

greedily and without hesitation from which you would, at the first, have shrunk back with disgust and alarm.

But if you have already gone some way in evil, and time after time the subtle temptation is offered to you, and you have given way, let not this discourage you from attempting to throw off the yoke of sin! Be delivered from that bondage of yours—that besetting sin, so sweet now, so fearful in the end. Christ came for that very purpose, that He might deliver. Resist the Devil in the hour of temptation; resist, not leaning upon your own strength alone, but also appealing for, and leaning on, the strength of Him whose “arm is not shortened” that it cannot save you!

Do not give up as hopeless the ceaseless struggle such a prospect may present to you, with impure, covetous, or wicked thoughts. Such is not meant to be our portion. We must, indeed, always stand upon our guard from time to time during our youth and during our life; but this temptation—the Evil One, in the shape he now wears—resist him by prayerful effort, and he will presently flee from you!

Whatever else may hereafter come, the present temptation is withstood and shall have passed away. For that time you have proved faithful; one good step has been taken towards a happier and better world!

You shall know—if such as I have pictured be among my readers—you shall know something of Jehovah’s smile, something of the blessedness and joy of a trial and temptation met and overcome!

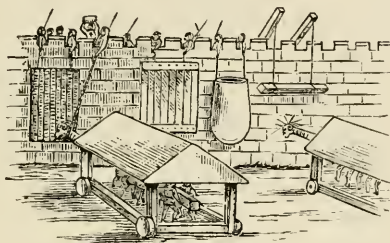
Must I say, in honesty, one other word of caution? Then I would have you remember—never again to forget it,—that it is possible to go too far; it is possible to place yourself in a condition for which, as far as regards this life, nothing can be done!

To one who has gone some length in sin—above all, one who, after having begun recovery, has turned back once more to the mire and quicksands of sin—all that is pure—the innocence of children, the holy love of sister and of mother—all that is most fair in God’s world must, at times, come to him with a shock of pain, with an INFINITE sadness, for it wakens up to him a sad image of what he is and what he might have been; but his prayer will now be sincere, “Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.”

You may have to carry—it may be to the grave—the sad effects you have brought upon yourself by sin; but though

your opportunities here may have been lost, your hopes blighted (and the past can never be recalled!)—still there is that last blessed hope left you, if penitent—forgiveness for the sake of Christ. It is not for any to judge another; He alone knows your trials and your guilt; but do not shrink from applying to Him. It is your last—I pray God it may prove your best—hope for the endless life to come! I would speak no word of censure, for to such as I have pictured there comes at times a sorrow, a despair, which is more powerful than any words of man! I would rather ask you calmly to consider what you have to gain or to hope from sin—a moment's fleeting pleasure—and then to reflect what, to obtain this, you must hazard and for ever lose; and as, without holiness, no one can ever see the great and pure God, I would urge you to waste no longer the precious, fleeting days of opportunity that are still your own. Apply to Christ betimes; throw yourself at His feet. If you can but, by earnest prayer, touch the hem of His garment, you may yet be clean. The injury you have inflicted on yourself may, I say, be carried with you to the grave; but, if you are accepted for His sake, the stains, the sins themselves can be cleansed. They can be forgiven by God for His dear sake Who, to obtain the power, had to bear the dreadful load Himself, and to die for them. If He, Who was God Himself, being in agony under the awful burden, could not but raise the cry to God the Father, “Why hast Thou forsaken Me?” I would ask you, what shall *you* do if you fail to come to Him for aid? By the unknown anguish He endured, and every one unforgiven and impenitent, will surely feel before a just Creator, I would urge upon you thus to apply at once; those sins—under which many a one has given up, and settled down into a sleep of despair, or the quiet calm of spiritual death, and under which (is it not true?) you have almost fainted—will be no longer laid upon yourself, you will be able to look upon them as laid upon another, upon Jesus Christ, upon One “mighty to save,” upon Him who did but for a moment stagger under the weight of a World's sin, and then so borne that He has borne it away for ever! Do not then say, whether older or younger, “The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved;” do not say that there was no “balm in Gilead, no physician there,” for though your sins are “like crimson, He can make them whiter than snow;” do not say that you have cried and He has not answered. “Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God,

the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?" "There is no searching of His understanding." "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall;" but they that wait upon Him in prayer shall feel that though with *man* it was "impossible," with God, if sought in the name of His dear Son, "*all things* are possible!"



The Siege begun.

About eleven, Self-love heard the signal agreed upon. It was so gentle as to cause little alarm.

Flatterwell never frightened anyone! Self-love stole softly down; planted himself at his little window; opened the casement, and saw his new friend. It was pale starlight. Self-love was a little frightened, for though he had become a little accustomed to his new acquaintance, he thought he perceived one or two *other persons* behind Flatterwell!

The latter, however, assured him that he was mistaken, that it must have been a shadow, which his fears magnified into a company. "Besides," said he, "I assure you that I have not a friend who is not as harmless as myself!"

A long conversation now followed: Flatterwell descanting upon the advantage of being free from all bounds, in the pleasures of the wilderness, ridiculing the Master, and, above all, His Book. (The Bible.)

"As to the Book, Mr. Flatterwell," said Self-love, "I do not know whether it is true or not, for to tell the truth I have rather *neglected* it, than disbelieved it. I am forced, indeed, to hear it read occasionally, but I seldom look into it myself, it has always appeared *uninteresting* to me, and I am not fond of laws and commands, and above all, of the self-denial it urges upon us."

"I cannot wonder at it, Mr. Self-love," said Flatterwell, "but I would especially desire to deny the dangers and

effects of disobedience, which it pretends to be true ; you need go no further than you wish, and a sensible man, can, at all times, return, if he thinks well. The window, however, from which you speak, is so high, that I wish you could *come to the door!* I am afraid every moment of being overheard ; besides I have brought you a vessel filled with the wine we use here in the wilderness, for I thought you might like to taste it."

"Well," said Self-love, "I see no great harm in being a little nearer ; there is a little wicket in the door, through which we can converse with more ease, and equal safety, for the same fastenings will still be between us."

"It will be *just as safe*," replied Flatterwell, but the villain signalled to his comrades, for he knew it would make *all the difference* in the world !

The little wicket being now opened, and Flatterwell close on the outside, they conversed with great ease.

"I should not take all these pains to make your acquaintance," said he, "if I did not long to prove that the Master's objections to me are unreasonable and tyrannical ; have I any appearance of hurting anyone ? Why I believe, Mr. Self-love, you could trust me inside with you, if we were to close the door directly ; if so, I should at least prove what I say, that we could pass the night sociably together. I have brought you a little of the most delicious wine that grows in the wilderness. You shall taste it, but you know I cannot give it to you unless *you put a glass* through the wicket to receive it ; you must do it with your own hand, and your own will."

"Well," said Self-love, "I can find a glass, but are you alone, Mr. Flatterwell ? I thought I saw *a number of persons* behind you."

Flatterwell swore that he was alone, and poured out a glass of that delicious wine, which has, for near six thousand years, gained the hearts, and destroyed the souls, of the keepers of many a castle, when, in defiance of the Book of Laws, they have wilfully held out their own hands to receive it. The Master knew well "what was in man," when he gave those wise laws ; it was to keep out that delicious poisonous wine, self-gratification, mingled and sweetened with *sensual pleasure*, covetousness, and flattery, that he had mainly planted the hedge and constructed the locks and bolts. For as soon as Self-love had swallowed the fatal draught, he at once lost all power of resistance ; he felt no more fear, for he was prepared for any breach !

His own safety, his good and wise Master, his *distant home* in the other country, all were forgotten! "How needless has it been," said he, "to have denied ourselves so long! I can see no danger in letting you in alone." For though the train was now increased to near a hundred robbers outside, yet so intoxicated with pleasure was Self-love that he did not see one of them except his new friend!

HE OPENS THE DOOR. ALL LOST!

He gently pulled down the bars, drew back the locks, slid the bolts, and opened the door—never, alas! again to be closed by him. But once again he said, "Though I love this one sin, I do not wish *altogether* to forsake the Good Master, nor have Him *altogether* to leave me, so I hope Mr. Flatterwell, you are *certain* no more will come in besides?"

Flatterwell protested and swore that he was alone. Self-love then opened the door (for to the last moment his obedience to the Master's rules had bid defiance to the foe without); they could not till then enter.

The *moment* it was fairly opened, *in rushed*, not only Flatterwell, but the *whole band* of Robbers, who ever lurk behind! The moment they were in sure possession, Flatterwell changed his soft tone, and cried out in a voice of thunder, "Now down with this Castle! kill, burn, and destroy!" Rapine, Murder, and Fire, one after another took place.

Self-love fell, covered with wounds. As he fell, he cried out (and oh! my dear young Reader, of either sex, who reads these words, I would ask you to mark them), "Oh! my Good Master, I die a victim to my *unbelief* in Thee. I see now that Thou deniedst me no *one* single *pleasure* to be enjoyed, if I could have had self-denial to wait till I could enjoy it *lawfully*! Thy loving laws guided me *to the last*; the other Mansion in the Better Country was ready prepared; Thy loving welcome was ready for me there. Oh! that the guardians of other Castles would hear me, with my dying breath, repeat the Good Master's words, that 'all attacks from without will not *destroy* the House, unless there be some Traitor,—some accomplice, within.' Oh! that the Keepers of other Castles would learn from my ruin that he who parleys and dallies with temptation is already undone!—that he who allows himself to go to the very bounds will soon want to pass the Hedge,

and will, before long, open the Door for the Enemy; and when he opens the Door for one *besetting sin*, all the other sins come in too, and the man perishes, as I do now!"



“And thou, my son, know thou the God of thy fathers. If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee; but if thou forsake Him, He will cast thee off *for ever*.”



Sleeping on the House tops, in the East.—(See *Dut.* xxii., 8.)

CHAPTER XLV.

A GOOD SON.

HERE was a journeyman Bricklayer in our town—an able, quick workman, when sober—but a very drunken fellow, who spent at the Alehouse almost all that he earned, and left his wife and children pretty much to shift for themselves as they could. “Nothing very unusual in this!” you will say. Unhappily there is not, nor likely to be, while there are half-a-dozen Dram Shops in every street surrounding a workman,—whose weak point is drink,—with every possible temptation that can be thrown in his way. Of all the cruelty and tyranny in the world, surely that of bad husbands, and drunken fathers, is the most frequent and the worst!

Indeed the family might have been starved but for this man’s eldest son Tom, who had been brought up to his father’s work, and who was so industrious and clever, that though only 17 or 18 years of age, he was able to earn pretty good wages; every penny of which, that he could keep out of his father’s hands, this good boy brought to his poor mother; and when his brute of a father came home drunk, cursing and swearing, and in such a humour, that his poor wife, and the other children, were in fear of their lives, this good lad, Tom, kept near him to pacify him, and get him safely to bed. However drunk and angry, he *never struck Tom*. His mother, therefore, poor woman, looked upon her good son Tom as the support of the family, and they all—even his drunken father when not intoxicated—loved Tom dearly!

It chanced that one day, the boy, whilst carrying a load of mortar up a high scaffolding, missed his hold, and fell down to the bottom, on a heap of bricks and rubbish!

The bystanders ran up to him, and found poor Tom all bloody—with his thigh broken under him! They raised him up, sprinkled water on his face, and took him in a cab to the Hospital.

I was present soon after, while the Surgeons were setting his thigh; he did not seem to regard the pain, but said to me, “Oh! what will now become of poor Mother?” And

soon after, when she came half-distracted, he said—"Don't cry! Mother, I shall get well, the doctor says, in time!" And, not to give her pain, he disguised his own; not a groan escaped him!

"A simple story enough!" you will say. Yes it is—only about a poor boy. True, Tom was only a poor lad, with a ragged coat, and he could not write or read very well, yet there are hundreds of selfish, well-dressed people, who are not half, nor a quarter, the man Tom was; and Tom, the Bricklayer's son, has always been upon my list of heroes!



They will *catch* nothing there, but "a cold!"



Transformation.—Scene in the Life of a Gnat.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A SINGULAR PAIR OF SCALES.

THE following Fable appeared many years ago in the "Contributions of Q.Q." It illustrates the value certain things have in the sight of our Creator which are not greatly esteemed by men, whilst others, which we think highly of, are in reality, comparatively worthless.

After many years of thought, toil, and research, we are told that an Ancient Philosopher invented a pair of very singular scales, by which he could test the true, real worth of everything, no matter what!

You will presently see
 That these Scales were not made to weigh sugar or tea!
 Oh, no! for such properties marvellous had they
 That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh!
 Nought was there so bulky but there it must lay,
 And nought so ethereal but there it must stay!
 The first thing he tried was the head of Voltaire,
 Which contained all the wit that had ever been there.
 As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
 Containing the Prayer of the Penitent Thief!
 When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell
 As to bound like a ball to the roof of the cell!
 Next time he put in Alexander the Great,
 With a garment that Dorcas had made for a weight!
 And, though clad in armour from sandals to crown,
 The Warrior went up and the Garment went down!
 A long row of Alms-Houses, amply endowed
 By a self-righteous Pharisee busy and proud,
 Now loaded one scale, while the other was pressed,
 By the two Mites the Widow dropped into the Chest!
Up flew his endowments, not weighing an ounce,
 And *down* came the Widow's two mites with a bounce!
 By further experiments—no matter how—
 He found ten War Chariots weighed less than one Plough!
 A Sword and a Cannon flew up in the scales,
 Though balanced by only some tenpenny nails!
 My Lord and my Lady went up in full sail,
 When a Bee chanced to light on the opposite scale!

An Attorney, ten Lawyers, two Courtiers, one Earl,
 Three Councillors, with wigs full of powder and curl,
 All heaped in one Scale, and swinging from thence,
 Weighed less than one atom of candour and sense !
 A sackful of Diamonds weighed less by one pound
 Than one good Potato just washed from the ground !
 Yet not mountains of silver or gold would suffice
 One Pearl to outweigh—'twas the "pearl of great price."

(Matt. xiii. 45-46.)

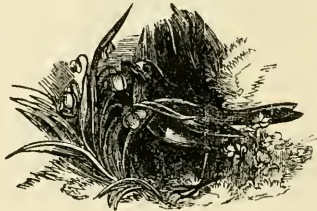
At length the *whole world* was bowled in at the grate,
 With the Soul of a Beggar to serve for a weight,
 When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff
 That it made a vast hole, and escaped from the roof !
 Whilst the scale with the Soul in so mightily fell
 That it *banged* our Philosopher out of his cell !

PARABLE OF OUR LORD.—THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.



“Again,—the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a Merchant man, seeking goodly Pearls ; who,—when he hath found one Pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.”—*Matt. xiii., 45-46.*

Let us lose everything rather than Christ.



“And one of them shall not fall on the ground, without your Father.”—*Matt. x., 29.*

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE JESTER.

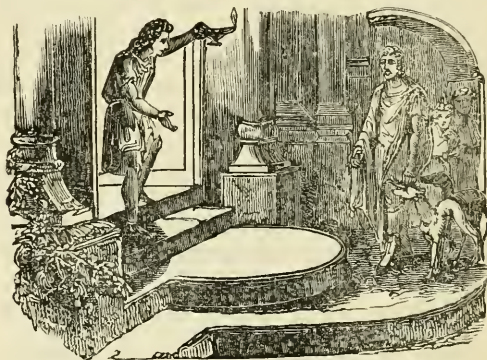
IN bygone days of English History—when the Nobles lived in Castles surrounded by their Retainers—the long Winters were dreary enough times. With the first breath of Spring came the Troubadours, with their songs of history and chivalry; and the pursuits of the chase or war were resumed; but it must have been dull work, without books or education of any kind, in those dark days. It was therefore usual, among the families of the Great, to have a man who was the Fool, Buffoon, or Jester, generally with a cap and bells, to amuse the guests, and to make merry on all occasions, Hamlet speaks of the Court Jester—during his boyhood—as a very superior man. “I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy! How often was he wont to set the table in a roar.” It is evident that these men had really some pretensions to wit and intelligence, though probably what we, in these days, should think of a very coarse character.

A certain Nobleman who kept a Fool or Jester, one day, while making merry at table with his friends, and laughing at his jests, presented the Jester with a handsome staff, or short stick of ivory, mounted with gold, telling him to keep it “until he met with a greater fool than himself.” Some years after, the Nobleman, who had lived a very indifferent life, fell ill, and felt his end approaching. He therefore took leave of his Retainers, and, amongst the others, came the Jester, looking for once, very gloomy and disconsolate. He had always been noted for his faithfulness, and although by his profession a Jester, he was greatly respected for his proper conduct and good qualities. In fact he had been a better man than his Master.

“Well! my poor Jester,” said the Nobleman, “I am going to leave you!” “Going to leave us!” said the Jester. “Why, where are you going to, Uncle?” “Into another World,” said the Nobleman. “Well! when do you return, Uncle?” asked the Fool—in a month?” “No! indeed, poor Fool!”—said the dying Baron, with a sigh; “thou dost not understand much of these things—I shall never return! “*Never return!*”—repeated the Jester;—

“Good heavens! Master! then what provision have you made for your reception where you are going to?” “Why, alas!”—exclaimed the dying Baron—“I fear my preparation has not been a good one; I have lived a bad life; I greatly fear, to tell the truth, that I have made no preparation at all!” “None at all!” repeated the Fool, solemnly producing the ivory staff—“Oh! Uncle! Uncle! Here is *your staff!* You must take it *back again!* For though I *am* a Fool, I have not been guilty of *such folly as this!*”

PARABLE OF OUR LORD.—THE HAPPY SERVANT.



“And ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord, and if he shall come in the second watch (Youth), or the third watch (Manhood), Blessed are those servants whom the Lord,—when He cometh,—shall find watching.”—*Luke xii., 36-40.*

We see others taken,—all around us;—every age is recorded on the Tombs of our Cemeteries; our own amongst them. Unless we are living an habitual Life of Prayer, how is it possible that we can be ready when God sends the Solemn Summons to us?

Men think all Men mortal but themselves!

“When,—and under *what circumstances,*—shall I also die?”



CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE YOUNG OFFICER AND THE SENTINEL.

ON one occasion, during the Peninsular War, one of our Regiments,—sent on to the Front to take up their positions for an expected encounter on the morrow,—had approached by nightfall near to the Enemy's lines. As the first movement of the latter would be in their direction, double Pickets or Sentinels were posted at every point, with injunctions to keep the strictest watch, and orders to report any movement they might observe, or hear, in the direction of the Enemy. One of the Sentinels, a fine young Soldier, recently come out from home, thought that during the night he heard sounds, as if from an advancing guard from the opposing army; but his Officer of the watch not coming round for his report, and being forbidden to leave his post on any account, he was greatly perplexed what to do. Whatever the sounds were, they were not repeated, and soon after he was relieved by the next watch. The Sentinels brought in their reports; no one else had heard anything. Being truthful and honest, the young soldier thought that he ought to mention what he had heard, and, when asked why he had not reported it before, (for it was found what he had heard was an important change on the part of the Enemy), he replied that he had no means of doing so, as no Officer had been round to his post. As his position had been an important one in advance of the others, the Commanding Officer,—greatly displeased,—sent for the young Officer whose duty it should have been. This Officer was a youth hardly out of his teens, who, through influence and good family, had bought a command over veteran soldiers old enough to be his father, who had been serving their country for years.

Alive to the disgrace of his position, at such a critical time for the army, this young Officer (who had, in fact, altogether forgotten this particular Sentinel), resolved to deny it altogether, and stated that he had not only come round, but that Henry the young Soldier, distinctly replied that all had been quiet.

He was believed; the Soldier was placed under arrest, and received a severe reprimand. This the young Officer was ordered to repeat in the morning on Parade, and the Soldier was degraded!

When the young man indignantly remonstrated with him for allowing such injustice through his fault, the young Officer, exasperated at this appeal before the other Officers, struck the Soldier in the face, calling him a "Liar!" The young man flushed crimson, but became suddenly silent. He made no further complaint, only saying in a low voice, "I will make you repent all this, sir!"

The young Officer, conscience stricken, felt very uneasy at this

threat ; but, in the excitement of the engagement now approaching, the affair was soon forgotten except by those concerned in it.

Then was fought one of those great Battles which made the name of our "Iron Duke,"—Wellington,—so celebrated.

Towards evening one of our regiments was temporarily repulsed. The young Officer, who, to do him justice, was no coward, retreated, fighting every step, till a ball broke his leg. Lying helpless, unable to move without intense pain, and expecting every instant a charge of heavy Cavalry to sweep over them, he gave himself up for lost, especially as he felt that a Surgeon alone could dress the wound, and preventing his bleeding to death. At this moment he heard his name called, and answering, he beheld, on glancing upwards through the smoke, the young Soldier whom he had treated so shamefully, at the risk of his life returning towards him !

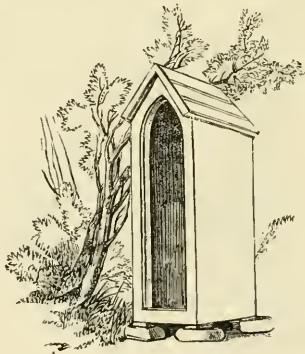
Remembering his threat, he concluded that the young man would now have his revenge ! He could only look up imploringly. Guessing what was passing through his mind, the noble fellow said, "Oh, do not fear me, sir ! I heard from the men you had fallen, and ran back to *save*, not to *hurt* you. The Hussars will charge over here directly, and our men are in Squares to receive them !"

So saying, he got the youth on to his back and,—just in time,—carried him safely off, with great exertion, and at the risk of his life !

When they were safe, and the surgeon had stopped the bleeding, overcome by his feelings, the young Officer clasped the generous Soldier,—whose hand he had not let go,—round the neck, and burst into tears !

The young Soldier understood him, and, returning the embrace, said in a low tone, "No need to tell anyone about it. I am quite satisfied with having thus made you repent it !"

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."



Sentinel Box.

CHAPTER XLIX.

PRIDE.

THE YOUNG TUTOR.

ANY years ago, in the old coaching days, a young gentleman took the remaining inside place of the North Day Mail Coach. As the scenery towards the end of their journey was fine, and as it was the Summer season, one would have thought that an outside seat would have answered his purpose as well. The fact was, however, that the young man had a great idea of his consequence, and the importance of keeping up appearances. He was quite young—indeed had only recently left one of the great Public Schools—but had distinguished himself so greatly during his stay there, and a few months spent at College, that he had been offered a situation as Tutor to the sons of a wealthy Nobleman in the North; and was now on his way there. One of a large family, and in poor circumstances, he was greatly elated at having, with great difficulty, secured this position in an Earl's family; and being a good-looking youth, and brought up, as is too often the case at our public schools, with great ideas of the distinction to be maintained between the Richer and Poorer classes of Society, his natural consequence and conceit was not a little increased by the idea of entering a Nobleman's Family. At about Noon the Coach reached the inn where dinner was provided for the passengers, and a little time given them to rest before resuming their Journey. As the youth alighted, an elderly, respectable looking, man, descended from the top of the coach, and followed him into the Room.

The vain young gentleman thought this a good opportunity to show his importance, and to impress the other passengers with a proper idea of the society he had been accustomed to, and therefore, while taking off his stylish wrapper, bran new kid gloves, &c., our elegant young gentleman, addressing the Waiter, remarked—"I thought that a separate room was provided for the outside passengers?"

The Stranger immediately rose, and, with the air of a perfect Gentleman, observed—"I beg your pardon, I can go into another room!"—and immediately retired.

The Coach soon after resumed its course, the young

gentleman being highly pleased with himself at having shown proper pride and becoming spirit.

At length the Coach stopped at the lodge gates of an evidently grand Mansion, surrounded by a noble Park and Grounds, and he was informed by the guard that this was the Nobleman's residence. A small pony carriage stood waiting, also a handsome Mail Phaeton.

"We will attend to you in a moment, sir," said the servant in charge of the pony carriage, in a whisper, coming up to the coach door—"As soon as his Lordship's things are ready!"

The next moment the Phaeton door was opened; the *elderly gentleman*, descended from the coach; obsequious Footmen handed him in; the Coachman, Guard, &c., all touched their hats; the door was slammed to; the footmen swung themselves into the rumble, and the Carriage dashed off down the Drive! "Why, that was the Earl of—— himself!" said the guard to the coachman,—pocketing the guinea he had just received,—and handing the coachman the other. "He must have gone outside *to see the view!*"

Good Heavens! the outside Passenger was the *very* Nobleman of whose family the youth hoped to become an inmate!

No sooner had he been shown his room,—to dress for Dinner,—than the poor young man sent down a message that "he felt very unwell, and begged to be excused an interview that evening."

But the Nobleman was a wise and considerate Christian man, who knew well the importance of "not letting the sun go down upon one's wrath." One in his position might well overlook the foolish pride of a young Tutor! "We must not allow the evening to pass thus," he observed to the Countess (to whom he had related the incident, to their mutual amusement;) "I like the appearance of the young gentleman, he very good-naturedly assisted a poor old lady out of the coach, I think he might suit us; you must send for him, and we will talk with him upon his conduct." Accordingly one of the boys,—a pretty little fellow,—soon came with "Mamma's compliments" to the young man's room, and the latter, seeing an interview was inevitable, descended,—with the little fellow holding his hand,—to the Dining-room. The good Nobleman, and Countess, had not to reason long with him on the wrong feeling which had induced him to act as he had done in a way calculated to hurt the feelings of another, nor to assure him that *nothing*

would induce *them*, to allow *their* children, to be taught such unkind notions, and actions, towards others,—perhaps more worthy people in God's sight than themselves,—though not placed by His Providence in possession of the same Wealth,—for the young man at once confessed the folly he had been guilty of,—pleaded his youth and inexperience, and the way youths are brought up at Public Schools; and being, in other respects, an amiable, accomplished, and agreeable, Youth, he made so good an impression that the Earl resolved to forget the unfortunate commencement of their acquaintance, and to engage him as Tutor. He had no cause ever to regret his clemency, for the latter proved himself well-adapted for the position, and remained many years in their Family.

By this Story we may learn,—first, never to despise or hurt the feelings of those whom God's Providence has not placed in an equal social position with ourselves,—and, secondly, we see the advantage of forbearance and forgiveness at the momentary folly and conceit of another, who may, in spite of it, possess an amiable character, and who had no real desire to injure or offend us. Had the Earl given way to resentment, and treated the Youth with coldness, and contempt, he would have lost the services of one who proved a valued, and faithful, attendant in after years, and would have inflicted an injury upon the young man much greater than his act of boyish conceit and pride merited.

“The Lord resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.”



“For he ne'er can be true,” she averr'd,
 “Who can rob a poor bird of its young;”—
 And I loved her the more when I heard,
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.



CHAPTER L.

INCENTIVES TO PIETY IN YOUTH.

“ And Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a boy girded with a linen ephod.

“ Moreover, his Mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year when she came up with her Husband to offer the yearly sacrifice.

“ And ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, and Samuel was laid down to sleep, the Lord called Samuel, and he answered, ‘ Here am I.’ ”—*1 Samuel* ii. and iii.

“ Cheat not yourselves, as those who do prepare for Death when life is almost turned to fume! One Thief was saved—that no man might despair;—and only one,—that no man might presume! ”—HENRY DELAUNE, 1657.

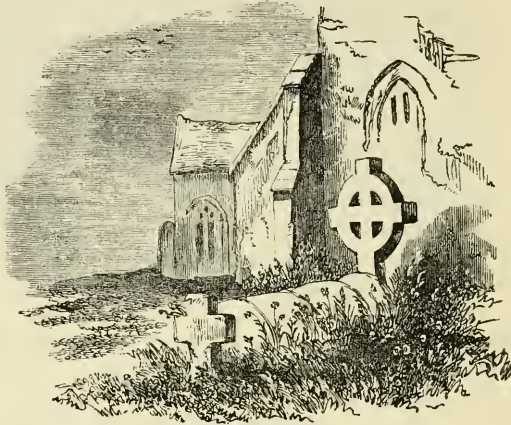
THE affection of earthly relatives and friends, and the goodwill and love of your comrades, you feel to be needful to your happiness; but I would remind you that there is one infinitely greater Friend, whose approbation is of more consequence than that of all earthly friends united. God deigns to regard piety in youth as peculiarly acceptable to Himself; if, therefore, you would secure His love here, and be happy for ever hereafter—useful and honoured on earth, and glorious in Heaven—I would, with all affection, urge you to make this blessing of youthful piety yours!

The esteem and love of friends, if obtained in youth and enjoyed through following years, if unaccompanied with

the love and favour of God, will sink into insignificance when death separates your soul from its earthly abode, and Eternity receives you to its endless existence; but to possess that early acquaintance with Christ,—that youthful piety which is so pleasing to God,—will most concern you, long after not a trace of you or yours remains on earth,—long after the graves have given up their dead, and the Judge has fixed their eternal doom! You are now, probably, vigorous and cheerful and well; but you know that it will not always be so. You know that if you weather a thousand accidents and perils, that the end must come at length,—the day, the hour will come, when it is your turn to stand before the Judgment Seat of Christ. Will it, think you, be a light thing in that dread hour to possess His affection and regard—to know that in His faithful bosom reposes, never forgotten or effaced, that youthful love you felt for Him and His—those acts of self-denial, of forgiveness done for His sake—that earnest resolution you one day made in secret to honour and serve Him for ever? Ah! sweet indeed will you find it then, when passing, like Christian and Hopeful, through the waters of the shadow of death, to know that He is near—to feel that “He is with you.” You will remember that in that wonderful book, “The Pilgrim’s Progress,” when poor Fearing, after his fears and troubles, had to pass (as all must) over the River of Death, Greatheart says that “The Water of the River was at that time *lower* than I had ever known it!” What a beautiful idea does it give us of that faithful, tender, love, and goodness, shown by God to the weak and trembling soul as it passes for ever from this earth,—to one who, in life and health has secured His regard and approbation! God can smooth your passage to the Tomb till it is as easy as to fall asleep!

Can you tell me of any Worldly concern which will be of any importance to you when the year 2,000 comes? It is not possible; you cannot. The World then, as now, may be gay and thoughtless; but to you—long, long ere that period comes—there will not remain one worldly sorrow or one pleasing worldly joy! The sun may shine as brightly then for others, the earth be as gaily dressed for them, as now for you; but, long ere that year arrives, those who are now in vigorous youth or decrepit age will be mixed alike in the same dust! The Clod of the Valley, almost for generations, will have covered both alike—forgetful of a busy, or a pleasurable, World. “The wind

passeth over us" and we are gone, and the place that once knew us shall know us again no more! The Grass of the Field,—for years and years,—will have flourished and died about the spot where you and I shall lie! The wild flower,—for years and years,—will have blossomed and faded on our forgotten Graves!



Seek, then, dear Youth who may read these words, a better portion than this world with its pleasures, or its riches, or its honours can bestow. Pursue His favour, Whose favour is better than life, when the world's gains and losses will have ceased to affect us, and the world will have passed away! The World's scenes of business, and pleasure, and sorrow, will fade from our sight, but not the gratitude or the patience, the kindness or the resignation they draw from our hearts; the noise of its restless pursuits will never more fall upon our ear when we pass to meet our God; but not one unselfish thought, not one kind and gentle word or deed, not one act of self-sacrificing love done for Jesus' sake, in the midst of our daily work, but will have left an indelible impression on the soul, which will go out with it to its eternal destiny! Our life here is but an education to fit us for the life to come!

While piety in any situation or age is pleasing to the Most High, yet youthful piety has His especial approbation. There can be no sight on this earth more lovely than that of a youth who is rich towards his God, devoting himself to his Saviour—Who died for Him—and ornamenting Religion by giving it his best years!

Religion may be accepted, at times, in God's mercy, in the aged, but it is honoured by the young—by those who are religious in the prime of their days. Youthful piety is especially pleasing to Jesus! "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find Me;" and again, "Whosoever shall offend"—[that is, in any way turn them aside from religion and piety]—"one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea;" and one of his last commands, three times repeated, was the one He gave to Peter, "Feed My Lambs." The apostle John was His young disciple, but it was he who leant upon Jesus' breast at supper, and was the "disciple whom Jesus loved."

As the young peculiarly honour God by youthful piety, He condescends, in return, especially to honour them. "He that honoureth Me, I will honour." Run over the list of names which God has honourably distinguished in His Word, and you will observe how many of them had early given their hearts and affections to Him.

It has been so in later times; it was so in olden days with the boys Joseph and Samuel, David and Josiah, and Daniel; and in our times it was no less so with Baxter and Owen, Doddridge, Watts, Wesley, the great and good Mr. Spurgeon, John Angel James, Whitfield, Chalmers, Hervey, Martyn, and very many others, who, in their day, led thousands to Heaven!

Since God, dear young reader, has thus distinguished youthful piety—since He has set such honour upon it—will you entirely neglect it? Will you delay to seek, now that it is in your power to obtain it with a little effort, that blessing for yourself?

You may easily see various reasons why the Saviour should have a peculiar fondness for his young disciples, and why the Most High should take early piety as a mark of regard to Himself, which he will distinguish with particular approbation at another day—on that day when all the pleasing delusions and vanities of this world will appear small indeed! You suppose that he loves you most who appears to care most about you, and is ready to do most for you; and depend upon it Jesus judges by a similar rule. Those who are most willing early to honour and please Him, and give Him most, show most affection for Him.

If, in God's strength, you resolve that you will give to Him

those early years which others spend in sin and folly, this will show a most decided preference for Him and His cause. "I love my Saviour much," may be said by the aged convert ; but " I have humbly *proved* that I love him," is a declaration that must be left to those who were pious in their youth. They do not give to the Lord merely the evening of a day, whose early and best hours have been devoted to folly and sin ; they present him a better offering than it would ever again be in their power to make !

While your mind is yet unoccupied with the cares of life, and your affections unchilled with age,—while health, and strength, and cheerfulness, and all the freshness and vigour of life is yours,—this is the Season in which to make the decision of God, before your soul is loaded with the dark consciousness of long years of ingratitude and sin, gone past beyond recall. You are happy in having it yet within your power ; in a few years, which will soon have passed away, you will have it no longer. As we grow older, new things, new pursuits, crowd upon us, and engross our attention. We may think more wisely, we may learn far more of worldly concerns, it is true ; but there *never comes again* that freedom from care, of boyhood, when the heart and affections might turn with an earnestness, and innocence, and a disinterestedness, to the service and love of the Saviour, which we cannot look for at a more advanced age. You have it yet within your power ; with some pains you may now acquire habits of piety ; and your faults—not yet long confirmed—would soon yield before the sweet communion with Him you will enjoy in prayer.

That some effort is needful at any period of life—that it is no slight thing to change the naturally evil heart to holiness and purity—it were false and wrong to deny ; but the commencement, at the easiest time for beginning the work, is in your power ; you can begin the needful work any day.

God, we are told, "loveth a cheerful giver." The Lord loves the cheerful docility and the affection the Young offer to Him in the bloom and vigour of their days better than the offerings of a few sad dregs of life, which are wrung, as it were, from the aged !

The affection and love of the young is commonly more fervent than that of the aged ; they resign their hearts to the impressions of Divine love when most capable of loving in return !

These love God soonest, and are we to wonder if He loves

them best? Some, like Manasseh, after long years of rebellion, are driven home at last by the heavy rod of affliction, brought low, perhaps, by illness, misfortune, or worse to bear than all, by shame!

In some way or other, mark me,—*if He has any love for you*,—He will yet drive you home by such means to your Father's House, and you will be welcome; but where is the late penitence of Manasseh celebrated as equally acceptable to God as the early piety of Abijah, Daniel, Josiah, Timothy, or John?

After a slothful, selfish life, a lifetime spent, it may be on self, and the acquisition of the things of this World, how will such a one,—*even if saved*,—bear to hear the gracious words, (a *sarcasm* upon his life),—“*Well done! good, and faithful, servant, thou hast been faithful, &c.*” What! join in the Harvest Home, and *bring no sheaf*? What! meet the Father's smile, and have done no work for Him? What! meet the Saviour's greeting, and bring no jewel for His crown?

God loves all who humbly love Him: nay, more—He loves us even while we are far from loving Him, abusing, it may be, His long-suffering and goodness by repeated sins. He loves us in spite of all; but He loves those best who, beginning soonest, merit His favour most; it is to such He says, “Son, thou art ever with Me, and *all that I have is thine!*”

Again a person setting out on a journey at Daybreak will travel further by Noon than he who sets out by Noon would be able to reach by night-time; so in religion, those who yield their hearts to Christ in youth will be much forwarder on their way to Heaven by middle life, than they could by extreme old age, if they neglected to do so till later years.

What, then, is to be the commencement of your course? Has not God done more for you than words can express? Are we not indebted to Him for life, breath, being, and all things? Through his fostering care in childhood and infancy you have now reached the vigour and bloom of youth; His creatures have, for years, ministered to your support and pleasure. What shall be your first action in return? It has been said that “He who is ungrateful has no other sin,” meaning that it is so great a one that it causes all others to sink into insignificance! Shall your first return be to neglect God and religion, and thus act towards your best and dearest Friend with base ingratitude?

THE GIFT OF A SAVIOUR.

In the estimation of God the Father, Christ was infinitely precious. Christ dwelt in the bosom of the Father from eternity. The bosom is the place of honour. To dwell in one's bosom means to be a sharer in a person's intimate affections and in his secret counsels. Of Christ we read, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

What a proof of the love of God, the Father, to us, His fallen, sinful children, that He should bear the loss of Christ when He left the bosom of His Father to come to redeem the world! Still more, that He spared not Christ, whom He so tenderly loved, but consented to His suffering and dreadful death for our sakes—the death of a *malefactor*!—though, to the eye of faith, there is a surpassing glory upon that cross! He was never so kingly as when girt about with that crown of thorns! There was never so much of royalty upon that brow as when He said, "It is finished!" and died!

As my desire is not to let the death of Christ be to you "a hundred-times told tale"—which, though you heard it a thousand times, possesses no interest to you, because you cannot comprehend it,—I would wish to make as clear as I can that great and wonderful sacrifice, and what it procured for us. Is it not true that you have formed a vague idea of our Saviour appeasing the fierce anger of God against sin, and satisfying, by His death, the wrath of God, which we should otherwise have felt?

It is an unworthy idea to entertain of God's infinite goodness and love to us. No wonder that the young are at times, unable to appreciate or understand the truths of our religion, when they are so generally presented to them in a vague and uncertain manner.

There are, it is true, difficulties; you must not expect to understand the Being of God, and of His Son, and Christ's Holy Spirit. We might as well expect to take up the great sea in the hollow of our hand as to embrace God—the whole mystery of His Being—in our minds! The finite to embrace the Infinite! The child of time to comprehend Him that is "from everlasting!" It is impossible! Still, we should endeavour to obtain some true idea of God's infinite goodness, and our Saviour's love to us.

CHRIST'S SACRIFICE WAS A WILLING ONE.

You must ever remember that the sacrifice of Christ was a willing one. In many places in the Scriptures you see

this, especially in the garden, when betrayed, His words to Peter were, "Put up thy sword into its place: thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to My Father, and He shall presently give Me more than twelve legions of Angels?" But He would not. He had come to redeem us from sin; the Sun of Righteousness had dawned upon a dead and fallen world; and, having loved us, He loved us to the end, and conquered sin and Satan!

But was it just that the Righteous should suffer for the sinful?

IT WAS BETTER THAN RIGHTEOUS!

How many an act of heroic self-forgetfulness, self-sacrifice, which it would be most unjust to *demand* from, or *force* on one reluctant, is yet most glorious in one who has freely offered himself: it is only not righteous because it is *much better* than righteous—because it moves in that higher region where law is no more known, because it has been changed into Love!

The idea of the satisfaction God had in the sufferings and death of the Saviour is an unjust one. How could God be well pleased with the sufferings and death of the innocent and the holy, and that innocent and Holy One, His own Son?

Assuredly He could have none; but He must, from the moral necessities of His being, have pleasure,—nay, the highest joy, satisfaction, and delight,—in the perfect goodness, obedience, and patience those sufferings gave Christ the opportunity of displaying. It was joy such as alone the mind and heart of God could contain, that in His Son this perfect obedience and perfect pattern of self-forgetting goodness and love was shown. Christ satisfied not the Divine anger, but God's yearning and desire after perfect holiness, righteousness, and obedience in us,—His chosen creatures—the first fruit of His creation, the last and highest work of His hands. You know how we are fallen; you know that no man ever had satisfied,—how all had disappointed,—God's desires. Everyone, instead of repairing the evil sin had brought into the world from Adam's disobedience, had left the evil only worse than he had found it! But here, at length, was a Son of Man, yet "fairer than all the Children of Men," one on whom the Father's love could rest with perfect complacency, and whose obedience was proved by the greatest proof possible—that he was "obedient unto death." It was thus by that

life of His, crowned and perfected by His death for us, that Christ satisfied to the uttermost every desire of God, every demand which all the other children of men had not satisfied for themselves. The debt of sin was contracted in the currency of earth; Christ paid it in the currency of Heaven! "*I and My Father are One.*" What mystery is here! What if Eternity discloses the solemn fact that it was *God Himself* Who died for our sins; that the Blessed God Himself died that we might live?

There was a real and intrinsic value in the offering of Christ, which enabled Him, in behalf of mankind—to whom He became thus the representative,—to claim as a right—(which the Father as joyfully conceded as the Son demanded)—the Redemption, under certain conditions, of us all, from the power and effects of Satan and sin, and opened to us all the door of eternal life. And God consented to all this because through Christ alone, the deep, eternal, love that is in the bosom of the Father to His sinful, erring, creatures, could ever have found a way to reach and redeem us.

Amazing love to us, His poor, fallen Creatures,—unparalleled, except by the love of Christ!

Thus Jesus Christ, the brightness of His Father's glory, has suffered and died to redeem our souls from eternal death. Oh! learn the worth, then, of your immortal Spirit from what passed on Calvary in its behalf!

The great and blessed God resigning His best-beloved to the shameful Cross, to stripes, to insult, and to death! The patient Saviour accomplished what none but He could perform, and bearing a load of human guilt and sorrow more vast and dreadful than any tongue can tell! And will you allow it, as far as *you* are concerned, *all* to have taken place *in vain*? Will you still choose your own way, or cling still to the loved sin, while refusing to listen to the gentle voice which strives to lead you into the path of peace? For us, in the most affecting manner, God the Father and God the Son have declared the value of the Soul. So also learn the same from all which His Blessed Spirit does for the salvation of our souls. Has He not exerted His gentle influence in your heart? Have you never felt the convictions of sin and folly, those sincere and loving desires which can only come from above? Has not His still, quiet voice, as it were, said to you at times, "Turn in affection and love to God and to the Saviour? You will not find Him a hard Master. Forsake worldliness, and folly, and sinful pleasures;

they cannot but lead to misery : follow religion, and you will be happy for ever." Have there not been times when you have slighted the warnings and the holy thoughts and desires given you thus from above? Yet has God left you to yourself? Has not your conscience been alarmed, and these holy impressions repeated again and again?

Why does the Saviour, and His Holy Spirit, thus strive with you? Why has it caused your heart almost to melt? You did not seek it. Oh! believe me it is because God "seeth not as man seeth." His eye alone can look into Eternity. He alone knows what Eternity means! It is because God knows the prospect before you is, indeed, a LONG one, that He would not have you, or any, perish!

Shall God the Father, our Saviour, and His Holy Spirit, all express such concern for the welfare of your soul, and will you slight and neglect that soul yourself?

PRACTICAL PIETY.

But do not let your piety be as transient as the morning cloud—as quickly passing away as a watch in the night. Do not draw near at one time of your life to the Saviour, and then pass on again once more into greater alienation from Him than ever!

Acquire by earnest, daily prayers, in Jesus' name, and by quiet reading and thought, fixed habits of piety, a true and lasting turning of the mind and affections towards God. If difficulties meet you in religion, or anything which you fail to understand, never neglect to seek the aid of those whom you have reason to believe wish you well; and do not fancy by their manner that they fail to feel these things earnestly. Only mention your wants, and you will meet with earnest and ready sympathy. We are only standing on the shore of the boundless ocean of eternal life, and are daily acquiring habits both for bad and for good which the stroke of death will rivet beyond the power of an eternity—endless though it is—to loosen! Do not fear then to determine upon the acquirement of any good habit: remember it *can* be obtained by you; contemplate the desirableness of it; and begin at once its formation; let *some* effort, however slight, be made every day; go on in spite of defeat—by repetition it will become a *habit*. Let us take one or two.

(1) Be worthy of trust: never attempt to deceive or impose on another; when found out in anything wrong, never allow yourself to give way to evasion—prevarication! half

the truth told to satisfy conscience, the other half kept back, to falsify the whole; but speak the truth boldly out at once—to steer dexterously between the two is impossible, for the desire to deceive, or make another believe what is not true, constitutes a lie as much as an open falsehood. When Washington was a boy his father possessed a particularly fine young fruit tree, of which he was very fond. Young Washington thoughtlessly tried his axe against it so vigorously as to reduce it to a sad condition: his father, on his return, enquired of each who had been guilty of its destruction, for the tree was ruined; all protested their innocence until it came to Washington's turn, when, after a pause, he burst into tears, saying, "I did it, father—I cannot tell a lie!" His father took him in his arms, exclaiming with delight—that he "would sooner lose a dozen such trees than have a son who was a Liar!" And though it may happen that no such approval, but even punishment, may follow confession in your case, permit me to remind you that the approval of One has been gained, more important and precious far, than that of any earthly parent—your Heavenly Father, before whose eye it has not passed unnoticed, nor will He, who has all things in His hand in Heaven and in Earth allow it, or similar actions done to please Him, by any means to pass away forgotten or unrewarded!

(2) Check those feelings of resentment for any injury, and the resolve to avenge it either now or at some other time; try to learn that blessed lesson, really to *forgive* an offence.

(3) Remember, also, that no habit is more easily learned, or more difficult to break than idleness; the first time a youth refuses to try to do anything on account of its trouble, he has begun this fatal habit, and its effects will be bitterly felt when you come into actual contact with the world!

(4) Above all, shun, as you value your eternal happiness, and your health, and vigour of mind and body while living, those ideas, those books, that company, which tend—indeed, whose very object it is—to ruin and pollute! They are the most awful scourges with which our world has ever been visited! They dig graves so deep that they reach to hell. I cannot say more on this subject; but having seen and known what I have of the freshness of early youth tainted, the spirit soiled, I cannot say less! Bright prospects of future promise lost irrevocably; the haze of indistinctness thrown over the acquirements, and the pure feelings, of

earlier and better days; the gradual benumbing and palsying of the intellectual faculties, and *for what?*

Unquestionably, the time of life you have arrived at is a dangerous one, when the appetites are keen, and the *moral strength* to resist them extremely small; later, you will indeed be exposed to even greater temptation, but you will have gained more experience, and more strength of mind. Remember, your only safety is in flight; sermons, prayers even, will otherwise avail nothing, for if you pause, you are lost! "A heavier curse," as the Rev. John Todd observes in his excellent "Manual," "can hardly be imagined for a youth, than that of a polluted imagination; on that mind what degrading ideas will be for ever fashioning themselves, defiling that temple where God's Holy Spirit would have dwelt! Time only increases it; the unclean spirit is seldom cast out; much more commonly does he find the abode swept, and garnished for his reception; much more commonly does he take to himself spirits more wicked than himself to go out no more! The mind is debilitated, and rendered incapable, in a great degree, of exertion, self-denial, and self-improvement, and the soul is disfigured by stains which, it is to be feared, tears cannot wholly wash out, and which the power of the Gospel can seldom do more than restrain, without subduing, when the disease is once fixed."

REMEMBER THEN THY CREATOR IN YOUTH.

If,—then,—you would have your piety especially pleasing to God, apply to Him for grace betimes; let it be the piety, the "kindness of your youth." Would you thank anyone to offer you a purse without the money, the shell without the kernel, or a stalk on which the flower has withered? And even were it possible, would you be willing to offer to the Lord only the remains of a life spent in the miserable and dreadful service of Satan? That eye which kindles so brightly at the prospect of earthly pleasure, or at the words of approbation from those whose opinion you value, shall it never brighten at the thought of gaining the approving smile of a gracious Saviour? Is a youth to feel interest in everything else, yet the moment His name is mentioned—his best and dearest Friend—is he always to yawn and turn away? That active step, so light, so tireless now, shall it never take ONE step to please or to serve One who has done so much for you? And after your health, and strength, and prime have faded, would you willingly tender only the refuse to Christ? I do not think you wish to act so base a part!

Seek, then, the love and friendship of Christ, in your early days ; then they will indeed be your best days ; every year that departs will bring on a happier one, and the last will be the happiest of all ! Believe me, it is no vain promise of God's—"they that seek me early shall find me." He indeed looks with gracious approval upon a blameless, pious, dutiful boyhood, as it blossoms into a graceful manhood ; and if miracles are not wrought for his reward even in this life, if purer gales do not breathe to preserve his health, nor softer suns arise, nor more timely rains descend to ripen his harvest ; if in this life the tares grow side by side with the wheat, and God allows the good things of this life to fall on the evil and on the good—yet of this we are confident, that God is pleased with him ! In times of distress, of danger, where human aid is vain, comes that gracious whisper, "Because thou hast kept the word of My patience"—believed in My love when there was much to sadden, much to perplex,—“I also will keep thee in the hour of temptation.” With Him there is no past ; in His faithful remembrance will still be fresh,—when years have passed,—that early love to Him,—that honest resolution one day made !

At unexpected seasons, in unforeseen ways, and without effort on your part, tokens of God's goodwill will come dropping in upon you—as richly laden vessels come dropping into a sheltered harbour with the tide !

I have thus endeavoured to show that God's love calls for thankfulness more deep than any imagination can conceive ; but, that by devoting your youth to Him, you may now give the best expression of gratitude in your power ! Soon, very soon—in a few more years—your youth will be gone past, never again to return, and the opportunity will be yours no more ! How happy are you in having it in your power now to say, "Great God, I owe Thee more than it is in my power even to understand, or to express ! I have but one way of showing gratitude equal to my obligations ; help me to make the best returns I can ; the warmest will be cold, the most will be but little ; but such as I am, accept me ; and by the offering of my youth, may I show to Thee—and to Thy dear Son—that I am thankful ; it is but little that I can offer, but that little—with thy help—I will."

CONCLUSION.—HOW FEW CHOOSE CHRIST !

To conclude, one more circumstance may be mentioned, as rendering early piety especially acceptable to God, and

that is its *rareness* ! Most who come to Christ at all, come to Him in the prime of life ; but how small is their number compared to the multitudes who are strangers to Him !

Among the great, how many families are there in which the life of a Christian would be considered *insupportable* ! Among the poorer classes the case is the same. Look at youths in the factories, works and mills, where twenty, fifty, or even hundreds are employed. Is the language commonly heard from these, or the habits of the workpeople, when they leave work, worthy of those whom the great and blessed God would fain call His children, and for whom a Saviour died ? Among scores, perhaps but one will be found who loves and serves Christ. Whatever changes are made, one thing seems unaltered—Religion was never in fashion upon Earth ! In Youth, even when free from what the world calls vice, there is often little to be found besides Pride, Vanity, and Folly. That fair morning of life, which a few happily improve for the service of God and their own eternal welfare, most youths spend as if their eternal welfare was no concern of theirs—as if they had no interest in the matter—no Heaven to gain, no Hell to shun ! Thus the *rareness* of early religion may well make it peculiarly pleasing in the sight of Jesus. He sees the greater part of the young utterly careless of His dying love, and treating religion as a thing unsuitable to youthful gaiety ; but here and there we behold a few youths who are offering to Him their best years. He beholds them with pleasure, and will remember the “kindness of their youth.” He (who will remember even a cup of cold water given with love to Himself) will never forget the humble resolutions of that Youth who says to Him, “I would be more Thy friend because Thou hast so few that are Thy friends at all ! Few youths can be found to offer Thee any of their time, so I would offer Thee all the best of mine ! Few show any gratitude for Thy many mercies, Thy loving kindness, or Thy dying love ; take, therefore, O Thou compassionate Saviour, my youngest and best years, that Thou mayest have all my life, since Thou hast none of theirs !”

THE SAVIOUR NEGLECTED.

“Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests ; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head !”

Birds have their silent nests—

Foxes their holes—and man his peaceful bed,

All have their rest from care,

But *Jesus* had not where to lay His head !

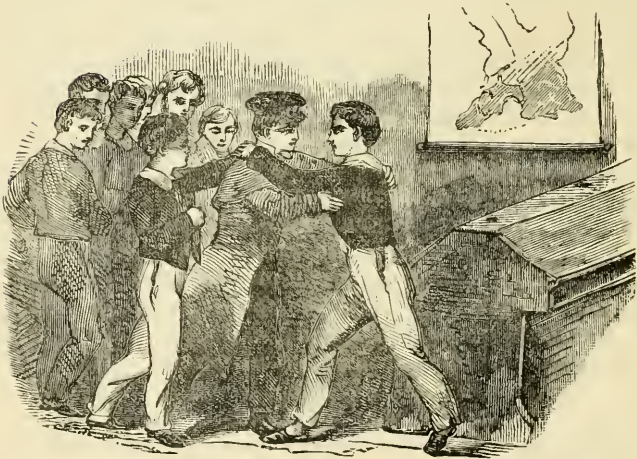
The wild deer hath his lair,
 The homeward flocks the shelter of their shed,
All have their rest from care,
 But Jesus had not where to lay His head !

Why then should *we* have rest,
 Why doth He stand and knock with ceaseless love ?
 That cannot—*will*—not cease,
 Until He makes us heirs of joy above !

Let the Birds seek their nests,
 On Earth Thou loved'st to dwell,
 In contrite hearts that sorrowed for their sin,
 Oh ! deign to take Thy rest,
 Our humbled, contritè, loving hearts, within !

“ Remember, death may find you
 While you're young !
 For friends are often weeping,
 And the stars their watch are keeping
 O'er their graves, where sleeping,
 Lie the young !

“ Oh ! seek the path to glory
 While you're young !
 And Jesus will befriend you,
 And peace Divine will send you,
 And from danger will defend you
 While you're young !”



“ I love them that love Me, and they that seek Me early shall find Me.”
 “ His Ways are ways of Pleasantness, and all His Paths are Peace !”

CHAPTER LI.

THE SPIDER AND THE TOAD.

THE FIGHT AND THE ANTIDOTE.

HERE is in India a small animal called the Ichneumon, noted for the courage and extraordinary audacity with which it attacks the most venomous serpent. It will spring, without the slightest hesitation, upon the back of even the dreaded Cobra,—whose bite is death,—and, fixing its teeth in the back of the serpent's neck, seldom, if ever relinquishes the contest till the latter is killed !

When wounded, the Ichneumon invariably *goes aside*—retires for a short time ; *what it does* naturalists have never been able satisfactorily to decide. The general belief is that the Ichneumon sucks the leaf of a plant which it knows to be an antidote for the serpent's poison. Certain it is that the Ichneumon shortly returns,—with renewed vigour, to the encounter—the poison, apparently, having had no effect. The toad was formerly said to have also an antidote in case of poison, to which it resorted when wounded.

THE FIGHT.

Some author—no great matter who,
 Provided what he says is true—
 Relates he saw, in hostile rage,
 A *spider* and a *toad* engage :
 For though with poison both are stored,
 Each by the other is abhorred.
 It seems as if the common venom
 Provoked an enmity between 'em !
 Implacable, malicious, cruel—
 Like modern hero in a duel !
 The spider darted on his foe,
 In-fixing death at every blow !
 The toad, by ready instinct taught,
 An *antidote*, when wounded, sought
 From the herb plantain growing near,
 Well-known to toads, its virtues rare
 The spider's poison to repel—
 It cropped a leaf and soon was well !
 This remedy it often tried,
 And all the spider's rage defied !
 The person who the contest viewed,
 While yet the battle doubtful stood,
 Removed the healing plant away—
 And thus the spider gained the day.

For when the toad returned once more,
Wounded as it had been before,
To seek relief, and found it not,
It swelled and died upon the spot!

SATAN.

The Toad's an emblem of our heart,
And Satan acts the spider's part,
But He who died upon the tree,
From guilt and woe to set us free,
Is like the plantain's leaf to me!
To Him our wounded souls repair,
He knows our wants and hears our prayer!
From Him fresh life and strength we gain,
And Satan spends his rage in vain!

THE ANTIDOTE.

A thoughtful youth will sometimes ask the question, "How am I to know that I am a Christian youth? What test is there by which I may decide whether I have an interest in Christ, and the good things of God, and have some hopes of a happy Eternity?" There is *one* infallible sign by which a Christian youth may always be distinguished; namely what he does when he *sins*! All youths sin; Satan and temptation prove too much, at times, for them all, but it is what he does after he has sinned, which distinguishes the Christian youth from others! No sooner has a Christian youth committed a sin, than he wishes to *go aside* to ask God's forgiveness, in the Saviour's name. He feels instinctively that he has been bitten by that monster sin, which has caused every curse and evil which has come upon our race, from the Creation downwards! The Christian youth knows an antidote for the poison he has inhaled; he knows also that there is *but one*;—application, in Jesus' name, for renewed reconciliation with God. He therefore *goes aside* as soon as possible—avails himself of the antidote; obtains forgiveness, and fresh resolution and strength, and then returns;—to sin afresh? God forbid! No! to re-commence, with fresh vigour and watchfulness, that great fight against Satan and sin, which every Christian youth makes it the chief business of his early life to wage!

Conquer our sins, in this great, life-long, fight, *we must*, or they conquer us for ever.

The Antidote will never fail us, no matter how frequently we apply it, so that we choose to avail ourselves of it! It is therefore, what he does after he has sinned, that proves whether a youth is a Christian or not! If he is one, he

applies at once to the antidote; whereas the Godless, worldly, man, and the Christless youth, never do *anything of the kind!*

No doubt a Young Christian feels these falls into sin,—after all his prayers, and resolutions,—very keenly! Some sins especially seem to shock and dismay the Soul! But, depend upon it, dear Reader, these trials of our faith in God are needed. How gratifying it would be if we were able to be, as it were, our own Saviour! But *it cannot be!* “Thou shalt call His name Jesus”—(Saviour, in the Hebrew)—“for He shall save His people from their sins”—Matt. i., 21.

These falls are permitted—who can doubt it?—in many cases,—to drive us to the only true Saviour! “Blessed God”—a Christian Youth prays,—“I have fallen again! But I shall *return at once* to Thee! Nothing shall ever prevent me from doing so!

I distrust myself entirely, but I will never distrust Thee! I turn once more to the all-availing Antidote, and I shall do so to my last breath! Forgive,—therefore,—Blessed God,—once more, for Christ’s sake,—not only this sin but all my sins up to *this very hour!* I know that Thou can’st do this,—if approached in Thy own appointed way,—in Jesus’ name.

Thus I *start anew*,—craving, for Christ’s sake,—more of the precious influence of God the Holy Spirit,—in my future Christian course, that these falls may occur less and less frequently, until that happy day, when the very desire after, and love for, any sin may die away,—fade completely away from my thoughts and life! Hasten that day, Blessed God, when I may love only what Thou lovest, and may hate what Thou hatest!”

This, dear Reader, appears to be the true Christian Life,—returning again, and again, to God,—through Christ the Antidote,—all our lives long,—and drawing fresh supplies of Grace, fresh pardon, forgiveness, reconciliation, and blessing from Him! Only let such a Christian Life be steadily continued, and salvation, and ultimate sanctification, *must* follow! *Why!* Because God’s promises never fail! It is merely a question of time! “Just, and true, are all Thy ways!”

JESUS, THE ANTIDOTE.

“Verily I say unto you, He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.”

“And this is the will of Him that sent Me, that everyone which seeketh the Son, and believeth on Him may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day.”

“I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.”

“And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.”

“Thou shalt call his name *Jesus*: for he shall save his people from their sins.”—Matt. i. 21.

A Friend in need.



No cure for the bite of the Cobra is known.

CHAPTER LII.

THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

AN ADDRESS TO YOUTHS AND YOUNG MEN.

“ Seek ye the Lord while He may be found ; call ye upon Him while He is near.”

“ Strive to enter in at the strait (difficult) gate ; for many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able.”

[Those who still remember the sermons delivered many years ago to the boys at Rugby School, will recognise, in portions of these addresses, the teachings and the master hand, of that great and good man, Dr. Arnold.]

IN order to understand the full meaning of these and similar words of our Lord, we must remember that our besetting fault, especially in youth, is in thinking very lightly of sin ; and even when we feel conscious that we are not seeking, nor caring for God’s approval, we satisfy ourselves with the prospect of having such abundance of time for all these things still before us.

AFFLUENCE OF TIME.

We are in Youth,—in health,—looking forward, it may be, to many years of health, and pleasure, and advancement. God has brought us into this World ; His kind providence has brought us through the dangers, the helplessness of childhood and infancy ; a hundred circumstances have procured for us our present position and comfort, and our future prospects. He has spared us through illness. His creatures have days, and months, and years supported and nourished us ; we have probably twenty or even forty years to remain here ; our influence over others must be felt ; our words, our lives during all these years will either honour Him, and lead others to do so also, or will encourage others, by our example, to neglect and dishonour our Heavenly Father.

But though we feel the duty, and see the reasons for commencing a prayerful and Christian life, and intend to commence it some day, there comes the thought of the great time yet before us ; we fancy—and Satan is ever ready to whisper—“ Time enough yet,” and that there are things in this world more sure to satisfy us and to give us pleasure than a life of piety, and affection, and love to God. We

even may wrongly think that such a life is of itself enough to damp all gaiety and pleasure; but is it *really* so? Are those, then, alone happy who live without God in the world, neither thinking nor caring for Him in Whom they live, and move, and have their being, and from whom, repulsed again and again, His Holy Spirit has silently withdrawn, to trouble them again no more? As that great and good man, Dr. Arnold, remarks in one of his admirable sermons to the boys at Rugby:—

“Surely when He, the source of life and happiness, has at length departed, must there not rather come over that soul something of the deadness, the silence, the loneliness of the tomb?”

Our Saviour tells us that “God is not the God of the dead, but of the living,” and that “He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.” He would teach us that those who are not yet banished entirely from God must feel the virtue of His gracious presence penetrating their whole nature; and because He lives, they must live also.

LIFE AND DEATH.

If, then, to be dead,—(in the language of Scripture),—and to be living without God, are but the same thing, then even now we must be either alive unto God or dead to Him. For, let me ask those who think least of God,—who live, year after year, most separate from Him,—whether there is not now actually perceptible in their state something of the loneliness, the fearfulness of death? It is not that they fear God’s anger, for those who fear God are not dead to Him. The thought of God gives them no disquiet at all; every transient fear on this score is soon got over in the pleasures and pursuits of the world. But are not these conscious that, in all these pursuits and pleasures, there is something wanting, that they have to go from one pleasure to another, or from vice to vice, to prevent themselves becoming unhappy? If in times of sorrow, such as all must have, or misfortune, or danger,—I care not what,—if in these times they have never known what it is to feel God’s hand is over them,—if, in sickness or danger, we have never known what it is to feel that His Almighty hand is near, and that He is with us, and will be with us to the end,—or again, in seasons of pleasure, and happiness, and success, and enjoyment, such as we all so often share,—if, in all these, there has never been any voice to answer us,

no one to care whether we had them or not, no one to thank for our prosperity, no one to call upon in distress,—if, in God's world, we are thus left to enjoy as we can, to bear as we can,—if we have never known that we are even here tasting the kindness, the goodness of our Heavenly Father, and that these things are but an infinitely small foretaste of His love,—surely then, there is in all this—in this life without God in His world, let us stifle it as we may by friendly intercourse with others, by the pursuits and interests of a worldly life—already something of the coldness, and loneliness of the Grave!

And this coldness and loneliness will be felt, more and more, with advancing years; with every loss of a friend of our early days; with every feeling of loss of that strength and vigour, and health we once had, the deathlike feeling will be felt more and more! The misery, the loneliness, the despair of that state when God and Christ are for ever gone, is not to be conceived of, nor understood; greatly indeed do we deceive ourselves, if we think we can comprehend the heights and depths contained in those little words *Life* and *Death*! They are far higher, far deeper, than ever thought or fancy of man ever reached; but at the confines,—the commencement,—of that never-ending descent from God,—that being for evermore banished from His presence,—we can gain a faint gleam from His absence in our present lives! Why then, in early life do we not unite the thought of our Heavenly Father with our pleasures and pursuits, and learn to ask His presence and blessing upon them all; enjoying them, not as stolen, but as His free gift; and, instead of a life of piety and loving services to Him being a dull and dreary one, find the pleasure—the greatest this earth can afford—of having His approving smile upon all that we do?

TIME ENOUGH YET.

But alas! we think differently, and as we grow older new pursuits and occupations crowd upon us! We may gain more skill and more knowledge in the things of this life, as years pass by, but there never comes again that freedom from care, that freshness of early days, when the ability to choose our course of life, the opportunity of giving our youth to God, is ours, and which, when once passed away, comes again no more! Weeks and months glide past, we feel that we are as far as ever from holiness and from God; but we have formed, it may be, acquaintance

with companions, who either know nothing, or care nothing, about Religion.

We feel it unpleasant to appear to care so much about these things before them ; we think, as we get older, we shall be able to take our stand, and begin anew, and thus avoid the awkwardness of a change ; and as all around us seems just the same, we do not notice the gradual ever-advancing, change which is taking place in OURSELVES ! We are not the same ! The Spring, the Summer, and the Winter come again and again ; the same sights and sounds come back once more ; the Primrose, the Blue-bell, and the Rose, come back again ; even the very same shadows are cast around us by the rising or the setting Sun—but *we* are not the same ! We are not in the same position we once were ; we hold a different position in the eye of God to what we once did ; we are not the same by possibility ; it is not in vain that a Year passes over any of us ; we are either better or worse, softer or harder towards God ! We can now see more clearly the meaning of those words of our Saviour. " Strive to enter in at the Strait Gate, for many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able ; when once the Master of the House has shut to the Door."

THE DOOR CLOSING.

It may be shut, not suddenly, but gradually ; Sin, and a life without God, becoming more and more habitual to us, and long habits of prayerlessness stealing upon us more and more ! It is not that God is not able and ready to save, and to change the hearts of *all* men ; it is because Sin,—owing to repeated, wilful, acts of known sin or carelessness,—has, at length, come to seem not so *very dreadful* a thing to them ! It is because they have at last got to think very lightly, very slightingly, of Sin,—of Sin, which ruined a World made by God, and required a Saviour's death to counteract ! This is the reason why God's promise that " They that seek Me early shall find Me " is only distinctly given to those in comparatively early life. Christ calls upon all alike to repent, His gentle voice may still try to draw our hearts to Him ; He is still ready to receive us with forgiveness and love ; but indeed, those who have long heard Christ's call, should make haste to obey it ! Indeed we should strive earnestly to enter into His presence, before the Door is shut to *us* ! You may think lightly of my words now, *see if you will do so* when your hairs are grey ! For I am not speaking of the uncertainty of life ; for in youth,

especially, we ever think the chances of a long life are in our favour. In that sense the Door may be open to us for many years; yet indeed there is a danger, and a great one too, that to those who delay for the present to answer Christ's call, that *strait* (that is at any time narrow, difficult) gate,—the door of eternal life,—may be to them for ever closed; as year after year sin gets a more confirmed hold on us, and the many enjoyments and pursuits we meet with, engross more and more our affections and thoughts! The longer we postpone commencing a life of piety, the harder it seems to make a stand for ourselves regardless of what others may think; and the more we are ourselves becoming used to the idea of living without God.

CHRIST'S FORBEARANCE.

How gently does Christ bear with us! He is full of long-suffering! For days, and weeks, and years, we slight and grieve Him, still He endures and spares, still He entreats us to be His, still He gives us Sabbath after Sabbath; He gives us teachers and His Holy Bible, and is ever ready to teach us to love Him! There are some who may go on thus grieving Him for as many as fifty or even seventy years, and Christ will bear with them all that time! Day by day will His sun shine upon them; day by day will His creatures administer to their support and pleasure! He Himself will but entreat us to watch over our lives, to see if we have done well or ill the day, or the week past, whether we think Christ loves us better or worse, or whether we are more or less hard, towards Him! Christ may still spare us; but oh! remember that as these months and years pass on, His voice of entreaty will be less, and less often heard, the distance between Him and us, will be consciously widened! There were periods while we were young, when sometimes, at least, we felt inclined to pray; when our hearts were tender towards God, and we felt really disposed to love, and do our little for that Saviour who had done so much for us; but those times do not come to us now! From *one* place after another, where we used sometimes to think of Him, and where, had we but sought Him, He would have been found, He will have departed! One spot after another which used *once* to catch the light of Heaven—felt once the sweet influence of His presence,—will now lie constantly in gloom! If sorrow, or any softening feelings turn our hearts towards Christ, we shall be startled at perceiving that we do not feel towards Him as we once

did, that there is something which keeps us back from Him!

When we speak of loving Him, our hearts, which have so long loved earthly things, feel the words are but mockery! What words are "Redemption" and "Salvation" to one whose life has passed away, while he is left unredeemed, and unchanged, whom carelessness and sin have ruined, whose heart has lost all taste for heavenly things, and even the disposition to seek them?

MISSING THE TIDE.

Not "past feeling" in the sense that, with increasing age, religious impressions are less felt, and the tear flows less readily at the Gospel message, but "past feeling," that now, to all the expostulations of Christ's Ministers, the invitations and solemn warnings of Almighty God, the ear may still listen with listless attention, but the heart feel them no more than if it were a stone!

Such know already all that the Christian Minister can say to them; they believe it all; it has been presented to them a hundred times, in all conceivable forms, and urged upon them by all conceivable arguments and considerations; but it now no longer produces any impression!

You may remember that a faithful and earnest Minister tells us of a conversation he had with a respectable, decent, man, who, at an advanced age, bore a good character, and was never absent from church. While on a call at his house, the earnest Minister took an opportunity of addressing him, and his family, on the importance of piety, and the need of gaining the love and approbation of God, by heartily accepting the Salvation He offers through His Son Jesus Christ. After affectionately urging them to a consideration of the Eternity before each of us, and the importance of applying in earnest prayer, to Christ betimes, he finished what he had to say, and left the house, this man following him; when they were alone together, the latter said something like this—"I would have you spend your strength upon the *young*; labour to bring them to Jesus, for, to tell the truth, I fear it is too late for such as me!" "I have known, for many years," he continued, "that I have never been a Christian; I have slighted *many* convictions; I fully believe that when I die I shall go to perdition; yet somehow, though I know all this, and try to think seriously of it, of late years *I do not seem to care*: I know perfectly well all that you will say, I can tell the very texts you will repeat, I have listened to them for a hundred times; but

the truth is, for some years past, I have felt them no more than if I *were a stone!*" And this man died, we are told, with similar words on his lips! We do not know *how* many a time he had slighted, and rejected, Divine love and goodness, but there was doubtless, here, a *long, sad, tale of warnings* in youth neglected; amusements, and pursuit of earthly things, taking the Saviour's place in the heart, just at the "accepted time," when his heart should have melted, and yearned after a Saviour's love and favour; a *long sad tale* of pride in outward appearance of godliness, inducing him (and how many are there like him?) to keep up a life-long, weary, disguise of love, never really felt, a Religion never heartily embraced! He had lost the Spring-time of his life; he had *missed the tide* that would have borne him to the Heavenly Home!

That Tide is flowing now, for you dear Young Reader, as it flowed once for him! Let it bear you to the Heavenly Shore!

ACT FOR YOURSELF.

Will you allow the rude jests, or the quiet sneer of a companion, make you feel ashamed of showing your concern after a noble and godly life? May not the calm recklessness, the cool indifference you observe in him and others like him—in those who know perfectly well that there is but a step between them and death, and that Death to them means Eternal misery, and yet who live on quite quietly and comfortably, attending to their business, enjoying their comforts, and *do not care*—be the sign that God's Holy Spirit has ceased attempting to find an entrance into that cold, proud, unyielding, unloving, heart?

Do we not see in that cool, composed, polite indifference, or that rude sneer, one who is utterly heedless, because God's Spirit has left him, as he wished,—alone,—and will strive with him *no more?* But you, dear young Reader, are yet young, with a heart not yet hardened to a Saviour's love. His loving presence may now, at times, in spite of your coldness and unworthiness, reach your heart, and is not entirely unwelcome there! Oh! cherish such moments while they are yet your own; indeed, they are not at our command! There is much in you now that He may love; for the temper of the mind in youth is soft and tender, and prone to love. It is a period of docility and good-humoured acquiescence; do not, then, let pride hinder you from opening your heart to God, and learning, in spite of all

who may try to hinder you, to pray to him in Jesus' name. If the past years of your life cause you to look back with sorrow and regret,—if, young as you are, there are sins you would not willingly have known to another, let us take heed that it is not so with us when our life is drawing towards a close ; for the despair which would be sinful now will be only too natural, and too certain, then ! But it would be sinful now, for it is the Morning of Life with you ; you may still be His Who died for you on Calvary's mount ; your eyes may yet behold “that land which is very far off !” You have much to do—it would be false to deny it ; it is no light thing to have our sinful natures changed by God's blessed Spirit to what He would have us to be ! It is the work of many an effort, of many a prayer ; but you may begin this needful work any day ! True, the path may not at first seem so inviting as that of careless ease and selfish pleasure ; but only tread it for but a little distance, and you will experience that it causes you to shun all that is impure and displeasing to God. There is no true, lasting pleasure and happiness it will not secure for you ; and, above all, that pleasure God alone can bestow—the pleasure of having the approving smile of the Almighty rest upon your souls !

Surely everyone knows, upon a very little thought, what are his most besetting faults and sins ; and do we not all feel in our hearts that if we are ever to be with God and our Saviour, these *must* be forsaken and overcome ? And in what way can we forsake them but by fixing upon them, and naming them to God in our prayers ?—asking Him, for Christ's sake, for the strength and faith we need to overcome them, and being watchful and resolute when the time of actual trial comes !

We must ever remember, dear Youths who read this Book, that we are but passing through an education and trial, designed, if we do our part manfully, to fit us for the real, and endless, life to come. We are in life and being—never, no, never to go out of it again ; there is no going back !

If any of us were, however, thus to pray, and, by being careful, were to go through our work and amusements as Christ's servants,—if conscience said to us, “I have tried to act this day as in God's sight ; I have tried to do my work honestly and cheerfully ; I have tried to keep myself free from profane and impure thoughts and words, from ill temper, from selfishness,”—suppose, I say, that conscience said this to us at night, should we *then* be unwilling to present ourselves before Christ ?—should we

still look upon prayer with weariness?—should we still feel reluctant to be grateful to God when successful and happy, or to turn to Him when in sorrow and misfortune, or even when falling into sin, as to our best and dearest Friend?

Surely we should rather pray at night that Christ^d would be present with us also on the morrow! You shall feel, if you continue to do this, that the great God who made Heaven and Earth, and the host of Worlds we see around us every starlight night, will love even *me*, will grant His blessing to follow me through all the changes of my life here; and when it comes to my turn to leave this world, the Saviour will welcome *me* with those words (precious words to us when that time really has come)—“Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a very little—enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!”

AN AMAZING PROMISE.

“He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me; and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father and *We will come unto him, and make our abode with him.*”

Christian at the Wicket Gate.



The “Strait Gate” at the Commencement of a Christian’s Life.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S DIFFICULTIES:
THE CAUSE OF THEM, AND THE VICTORY
GAINED.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FALL.—SATAN.—FREEWILL.—THE
COUNTERACTING SCHEME.—CHRIST IS BORN.—JESUS
DIES!—THE RELENTING PERSECUTOR.

“Thou shalt call His name JESUS,”—(Saviour,—in the Hebrew)—“for He shall save His People from their sins.”—Matt. i. 21.

WHAT I have said in this and other addresses has been on the supposition (and I believe it to be a true one) that amongst the number assembled here there are always some—God only knows who they are—who, amidst their various occupations and amusements, which hide God altogether from the eyes of many, do yet believe that it is their business in life, as well as their happiness, to come to Him, to find Him, and to walk in His fear all their lives; but they do not see their way clearly, nor is the presence of God, and His love, clearly felt by them. On the contrary, they struggle on, as I think, amidst great difficulties and frequent relapses: sometimes they feel cold and hardened, sometimes careless and indolent, doing what they would not, and neglecting that which they would wish to do. These may have felt the truth of religion, and are ready to begin some attempts and make some steps heavenward, who are in the greatest danger of giving up all these attempts at improvement, and falling back to what Satan would have us all remain,—far from happiness and from God. These I would ask to consider carefully the reasons for this needful struggle. I will endeavour to present the cause to their minds, at the same time endeavouring to encourage them in their efforts. Our greatest danger of giving up all attempts, all thoughts of God and our Saviour, is at the beginning of our course. It is not he who has long tasted the happiness of religion—who, through many a time of danger, sorrow, or sin, has felt that in spite of unworthiness, and coldness, on his part, the Saviour to Whom he tendered

his service and youthful love, in days long since past, bears him in remembrance, and, having loved him then, loves him still,—it is not such who are likely to throw all aside as hopeless! But how can any help feeling for such as I have described who in early youth are struggling with the first, and, to them, great difficulties of a Christian life, especially if their success or failure may be helped by what we do or leave undone?

It is natural, therefore, to think much of their case. The last command given by our Saviour, in the most affecting way, to His strong, impetuous follower, Peter, was, “Simon, lovest thou me?” Three times did He, who spoke as never man spoke, whose every word had its solemn meaning, impress upon him the care of such as I have spoken of—the young and inexperienced!

It is natural, therefore, to urge them to go on in spite of all discouragement; to remind them that the door of eternal life must ever be, from the constitution of things, “strait” (difficult) and narrow, and that many a weary day may, perhaps, have to be spent before we can sit down safe at our journey’s end!

The apostle just alluded to was upon the mount with Christ, and was in company with Moses and Elijah—translated, as it were, for a moment into Heaven itself; but Peter had to come down from that mount, and many a weary day, had he to pass before he reached that heavenly kingdom. He had his Master’s work to perform, and so it is with us all! You will have many a struggle to pass through in this world, whatever may be your position, in your desire after the things of time. Do you then grudge the efforts God asks you to attempt in advancing His kingdom, and in beginning—where we must all begin—with your own faults and sins? It is natural to remind you that you are not uncared for, as you may be at times tempted to think is the case,—that there is One who is watching anxiously over you when you think yourself most forsaken!

The reason of the difficulties the young Believer meets with are varied, according to your position, your companions, and your natural disposition; but everyone arrived at years of reflection will readily acknowledge that though, if sought in prayer, God’s Holy Spirit is near them, enabling them to feel at peace with all men, to feel goodwill to all, to desire to please, and love, and serve God, yet that there is, at the same time, another power—*mysterious* (as is the

impression of God's Holy Spirit upon our hearts), it is true, but nevertheless plainly to be felt—ever tending to erase every good impression which God, in His mercy, has at length made on our hearts,—ever ready to lead us into sinful, polluting pleasures, ever ready to embolden us in sin, ever ready to lead us to live carelessly, and without God, deepening every spiritual slumber! It is because of the presence of this Evil Power,—Satan,—(who is described as going about as a wild and savage animal, “seeking whom he may devour,”) that our Lord warns us to “Watch and pray lest ye fall into temptation;” and his apostle encourages us with the words, “Draw near to God, and He will draw nigh unto you; resist the Devil, and he will flee from you.”

SATAN.

You know that Satan himself was once an inhabitant of the realms of glory, but was cast out of them for disobedience and pride; and fell—fell, so as to become the Enemy of Almighty God Himself, and the great enemy of our souls! Do you ask what Satan gains by our ruin, what pleasure he can obtain from it? I would ask what other pleasure has he left? Having, for ever, lost all himself, he vents his rage, envy, malice, and hatred, to God, in endeavouring—alas! too often successfully, (when aided by our carelessness and sin)—in thwarting the designs of a loving Creator! Without our assistance,—unless we “open the Door,”—unless “there is a traitor within,” (see Chapter XLIV.) he can do nothing; with our consent and aid, he can ruin us for ever with himself! Add to this that the pride and love of power which caused his own fall *must* find some satisfaction—miserable, wretched, devilish, though it be—in the ruin he has caused, and causes still! And, finally, I would ask you to observe in the very worst of your acquaintances (I will not say *companions*) he who shews most signs of a wicked, abandoned, and proud, character, if you do not mark in his contempt for Religion—contempt akin to despair at that blessedness he never hopes for, and therefore, never tries to attain to;—in that malice and dislike to those he cannot but feel, are purer, nobler, of more worth, and more esteemed, than himself;—in that longing for power, and the wretched applause of the vilest and the worst, now that he has lost the esteem and regard of all that are worthy and good;—cannot we mark, in all this, *something* of the *attributes* which constitute the Evil

One himself, the commencement of that awful decline, I have already spoken of, as caused by the departure of God? Satan, actuated with such feelings towards God and His Creation, was permitted to put to the test our first parents, Adam and Eve, in the Garden of Eden; with the full knowledge on their part, of the consequence of that one sin,—the commencement of all others,—namely disobedience to a Great, and All-wise, and Just, God.

DIFFICULTIES. FREEWILL.

I will not attempt, as is often done, to evade the difficulty which ever comes over the subject, to an honest, thoughtful mind,—often asked by the most flippant scoffer, and seldom answered by the learned, and the pious,—if God with His all-seeing eye perceived the result, which, down to all time, would, by this beginning of sin,—this departure from Him, entail upon all who should come after our first parents;—if before Him was clearly present, the world, rendered by sin, so vile, that even His long-suffering found its almost entire destruction best, and “it repented *Him* that He had made man;”—if before His eye passed in slow procession, the tears, the groans, the imprecations of thousands of years, why was that temptation permitted? Although I would warn you, that he who asks such questions cannot expect to be fully answered;—(for how can the creature comprehend the Creator?)—although I would warn you that, unless we stood upon the platform of *infinite* wisdom, goodness, and power, we should fail to understand the answer even if given, still, as I know, such thoughts, will come to many a noble, thoughtful youth, and are too often wrongly and foolishly reprov'd, I will say a word in reply. God, who is all goodness, all wisdom, all love, all justice, saw fit that this trial should be theirs. Of no moral crime, in the ordinary meaning of the word, could they have been guilty! With the whole world in their possession, they could neither steal, nor even covet. It was impossible that they could commit adultery!—for deceit, hatred, anger, or fraud, there was no room or object! In a word, their purity and innocence were so great, that before they ate of that forbidden fruit—the fruit which caused them to know evil from good (knowledge alas! paid for dearly indeed in all time)—they were even ignorant of the difference between the two; sin was not yet known, and it was only by an act of *disobedience*, no matter in what way

it was shown, that they could *begin* to sin! God could, of course,—had He seen fit,—created Man a *mere machine*,—created us so good, and holy, that *we could not be otherwise*, if we desired it. But let me ask the Reader “However awful have been the consequences to Mankind of wilful sin,—*would you yourself* like to have been created a mere machine, with *no will of your own—no choice?* A good and perfect machine doubtless, but still a machine *unable to think, or to do anything* of your own *freewill?*” I believe most will reply,—“No! I should not! I elect Freewill!”

Freedom of will is, by necessity, allied to *liability* to sin; and, as it is *absolutely essential* to Eternal reward and happiness, it was a necessity that an opportunity of exercising that freedom of will should have been afforded them, as it is to each of us.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

Man was, by the bounty of his Creator, not only called into existence and placed in a delightful Paradise, but was made the heir, should he prove himself, not unworthy of such kindness, to the inestimable gift of an immortality of bliss; though it rested with himself, as it does now, either to obtain the promised inheritance by obedience, or to forfeit it by a contrary line of conduct. “Paradise,” or the “Garden of Eden,” appears to have



Eden.

been stocked with everything calculated to delight and gratify the senses,—birds, trees, flowers, and fruits, and a

cloudless and eternal spring, and summer, probably added to its delights. Nothing was wanting which the taste of creatures, pure and untouched by sin or sinful desires, could possibly wish for.

Surrounded by such evidences of God's goodness and love, the first pair dwelt for some time, and, had they continued so, we, their descendants, should also have thus lived, and death, and sin, and misery would have never entered our world!

God Himself was their Director and Friend. He conversed with them familiarly; He instructed them in their duty towards Him and each other. On their part perfect happiness prevailed, for the strict prohibition not to eat the fruit of ONE out of the multitude of the trees of the garden was, we may well believe, not very difficult to obey!

Subject to no rebellious or wicked passions, docile, pious, and grateful—as what else should they have been?—their life was a continued succession of innocent delights! Had they retained their innocence, children would have been born to them in due time, pure and innocent as themselves, and, when Mankind became too numerous for the narrow compass of Paradise on earth, generation after generation, as each was prepared for it, would have been translated into the abodes of the blessed! But you know that such was not the case. You feel too clearly for yourself in your struggles to do well,—in the difficulties which beset every path of improvement, and wisdom, and goodness,—that those loving designs were thwarted; that Satan's temptation found in Eve, as the weaker of the two, a successful issue, even,—one would be inclined to believe, viewing the awful results to this world of ours—in a degree above what even Satan *anticipated!* The first pair were tempted to disobey their Creator's loving, holy will, and—as you and I have done, not *once* only, but many and many a time,—they *gave way*, as you and I, and all have done (how often?) to Satan's wretched miserable temptation, and fell! *Why* they gave way, and fell;—and *why* myriads for whom Christ died, reject Him, and His love and atonement, and perish, —Eternity alone will disclose! These are mysteries God alone can fathom, we only know *that it is so*,—we see it *for ourselves*. Some may think the mere eating of an apple, in disobedience to the command of God, an offence of light nature; but such forget that disobedience in the *least* command would necessarily be the first step to *all disobedience*

and all sin; (*Why* should we *stop*? See page 370,) they forget that the moment Evil was entertained, and Temptation yielded to, there entered into human nature,—before this so innocent,—the disposition of Satan himself, prepared, if not withstood, for greater crimes as occasion offered,—for any infraction, indeed, of the laws of God. And it is striking that at the same moment the command of God was violated, the knowledge of good and evil—the knowledge and consciousness that they deserved God's punishment—was felt; they were afraid of, and tried to hide from Him! We hear of no command that the first pair should not have eaten of the fruit of the other tree in the centre of the garden,—the Tree of Life. Probably God's design was that they should eat of it to renew their lives incessantly; for if they had not sinned they would never have seen death.

PARADISE LOST.

It was in mercy that He now drove them forth, after the Fall, for fear they should also eat of the other tree after their act of sin, and the wonderful Scheme for the Redemption of Mankind would then have been frustrated, and God's word would not have come to pass, namely, that if they disobeyed His command, "they should surely die!" Alas! what were their thoughts when banished from that sweet spot,—banished from God's immediate and actual



Eden.

presence by the necessary results of their own sin—and all for *what*? So it is with us; it will be the keenest pang we shall ever feel, that it was our own perverse, wilful, wicked wills, which withstood and thwarted the schemes

of infinite wisdom, and goodness, and love which the Almighty had in store for us; and all for WHAT in return? Hence it was by yielding to Satan's temptation that the way was thrown open to him to enter.

SATAN ENTERS THE WORLD.

And hither, alas! he came, with all his sad and fearful train, endeavouring to enthrone himself in our hearts! The result,—the disposition for any infraction of God's laws—was shown by the first murder—that of Abel by his own brother! The consequence of the fall presents, indeed, a degradation grievous to behold! Our affections, which once soared upwards to the Creator, and to things of a higher and purer life, now cleave to Worldly objects—things of Earth which must, from their very nature, perish with the using; the passions and will, which were inclined to good, are now fierce and greedy after sinful and self-destroying pleasures! It is first Earthly, scraping its goods, its pleasures, or its fame, together; then, as like grows to like, it expands into its master's image; the mark of the Beast becomes more distinct; first Earthly, then Sensual, then Devilish, until *Satan's obscene and loathsome likeness stands confessed!*

You can see now what makes me desirous that those whom I have described as commencing the struggle for God, and against Satan and all sin, should be encouraged to press onwards! I do not wish to throw one cloud upon your cheerfulness, your allowable and healthful pleasures and joys, I would not have you think that God grudges you one of them, I would not willingly cause you a tear, or cast a shadow over the lively, cheerful, mind, so becoming and proper in the young; but I would have you ponder on *the results of a departure from God*, of receiving the pleasures you enjoy as a matter of course, without remembering Him, the Giver of them all. I would warn you early to remember Him, to receive them all as from God,—not stolen, but His free gift; and I would also have you bear in mind your liability to fall into Satan's snares, unless you seek betimes for God's blessing, for Almighty strength to aid you in your pleasures and in your work.

THE MARK OF THE BEAST.

Ah! you see it may be (alas! it is no uncommon sight) one who was once a pure and innocent child, one on whom a Saviour looked with love and hope, one in whom were

capacities for much that was good,—you see him in his drunken revelry, or his midnight crime, his vile language, his filthy life, and conversation; you see clearly enough the *degradation* of the Nature *that once bore the image of God*, that should by this time have been going on upwards and onwards towards Him the source of life and light; you can mark clearly enough the desecration of those wonderful powers, that wonderful Being we all alike enjoy! but you cannot see the *exulting, mocking* Demon that is *behind!* when one hears the thoughtless, light, way of speaking of youthful sins, such as—“He is sowing his wild oats,”—“Boys will be boys.” Could those who speak thus—as they may one day have to do in their own case—but trace the ceaseless, ever increasing power of Satan, and of permitted sin, they would recall these thoughtless words! I sicken when I think of the depths of degradation, and of the shameful, ignominious, slavery Satan will lead you into, *ever leading his Votaries to viler drudgery than before;* first tempting to sin by employing and desecrating the precious, wonderful, gifts of Almighty goodness, to serve his ends, and giving a transient pleasure to excite to a repetition; but as the evil Habits are formed, he offers less and less pleasures, till you will look around upon a blighted, woeful, and polluted past life, and ask, “What urged me on to this madness of folly, and has induced me to sacrifice *all things*, everything in this World, everything in the World to come, and *for what?* What indeed, but Sin and Satan, who madden the Sinner through life, unless repelled and conquered, and only leave him sober, when too late, in his last, and dreadful, hours!

AN ALLOWED SIN IS A WHIRLPOOL.

Pity that experience and knowledge, in our dangers, come too often at the wrong end of life,—when advice has been spurned,—till the lesson has, at last, reached our proud, wilful natures, but the time, and opportunities, to profit by it are no more ours; when before our eyes, our past woeful life floats like a dreadful Dream or Phantom; when life, like a rushing torrent, with its hopes, and fears, and pursuits, and opportunities, are past to us for ever—and we are left to groan out of the depths of our hearts, “Watchman, will the night *soon end?* Watchman, will the night *soon end?*”

So long as Satan sees we let our days go by, without a thought of God and our duty and love to Him, *he is quiet and well content;* but once let good and earnest thoughts

begin to spring up in our hearts,—desires to know more of and love more our Saviour, and our Heavenly Father, and to feel some desire to serve him and to be His,—then Satan feels that his power over us by Nature will soon be set at defiance. *Everything he can do* to predjudice our minds against God, to make the thought of Him *feel irksome and distasteful*,—to *distract* our thoughts by *new pursuits and companions*,—he will not *fail to attempt*; while he magnifies, at the same time, the enjoyment of sinful, and transient, and unsatisfying pleasures, on which he would have us waste the short time we have to prepare for Eternity, by learning to know and love our God.

THE GREAT COUNTERACTING SCHEME OF CHRIST.

I would not have dwelt so long on this Subject did I not know that it is a lesson hard to learn. I have dwelt upon it, however, with pain, with sadness, and sorrow, and turn gladly to brighter hopes yet in your power to realize. I would not ask you to begin this needful work, this attempt after a good and holy life, if I had one doubt of your success. I would not ask you to commence such a work *by yourself*. It would be useless, indeed, unless the Saviour had lived, and died, that He might deliver us from the power of Satan. No! I would have you apply in the first place to Him. To lean upon His strength. Christ has come down from Heaven—He left the bosom of the Father on purpose to deliver and ransom us, and He “goeth forth conquering and to conquer!” “Thou shalt call His name Jesus (Hebrew for the ‘Saviour,’) for He shall save His people from their sins.”

In the Counsels of the Eternal God—in foresight of the power of Satan and the depravity of man,—this wonderful Counteracting Scheme had been arranged! Wonderful, because it enables God, who is all Justice—to execute His punishment against Sin to the very uttermost—and yet to pardon and save the repenting Sinner!

The first intimation of this gracious purpose was given just when the first Shadow of Sin had swept over the World, just when our first parents heard the righteous sentence, the consequence of their sin,—that of Death,—passed on them; it was given in the words “The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent’s head;” and so it has come to pass! Our Saviour, when He came, told His disciples that—“Many Prophets and Kings have desired to see these things which ye see, and have not seen them.” What was it those Prophets

and Kings desired, and had not, which we have? It was this,—a Saviour and a Saviour's Kingdom. All wise and holy hearts for ages, Heathens as well as Jews, longed for this,—for One Who should free them from sin and conquer evil,—One Who would explain the evil and wrong that were in the world. And now this Kingdom is come, and the King of it,—the Saviour of men,—Jesus Christ!

Long, men waited and prayed, and at last in God's good time, just when Religion, Honesty, and Common Decency, seemed to have died out, when things were at their very worst, under the Roman Empire—the Sun of Righteousness rose on a dead and rotten World!

JESUS IS BORN.

“Because there was no room for them in the Inn.”—*Luke ii., 7.*

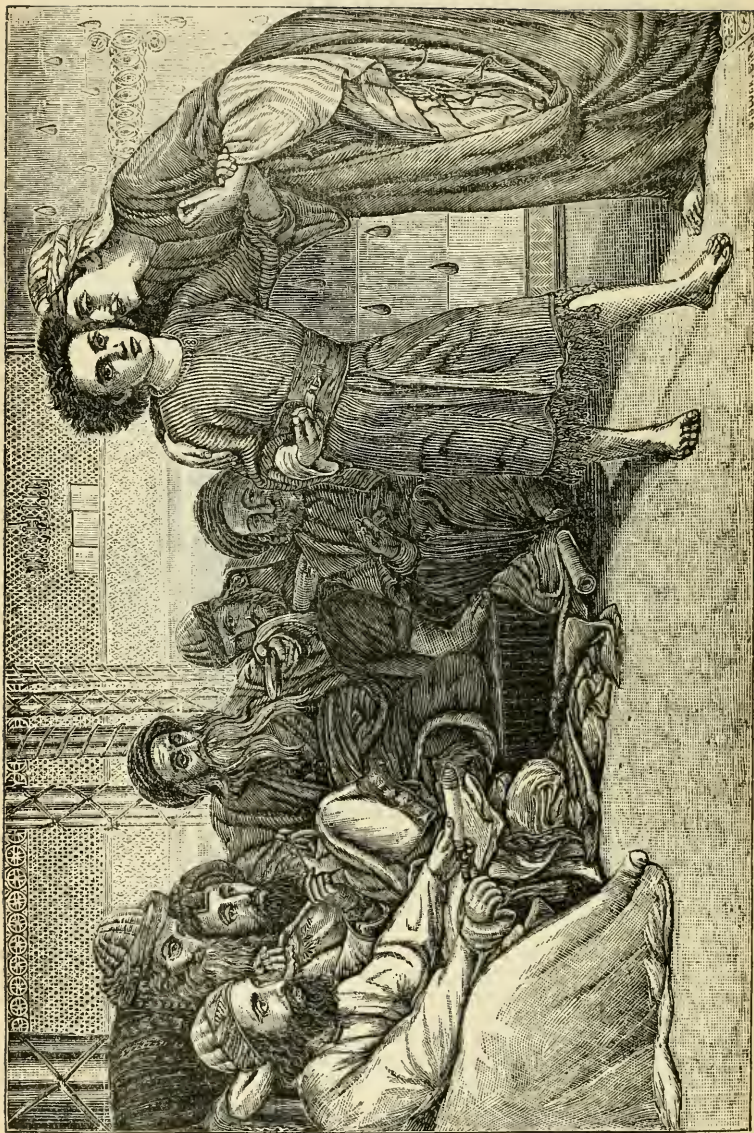


Ye shall find the babe wrapped up in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was, with the angel, a multitude of the Heavenly Host, praising God, and saying, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men!”

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young Child with Mary his Mother, and fell down, and worshipped Him,—and when they had opened their treasures, they presented Him with gifts,—gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.—*Luke ii., 12-14. Matt. ii., 11.*

And thou shalt call His name Jesus (Saviour in the Hebrew), for He shall save His people from their sins. For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the Government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace! Of the increase of His Government there shall be no end.—*Isaiah ix., 6.*

Who was “Jesus Christ.” “*I and My Father are one,*”—What mystery is here! What if Eternity should gradually disclose the solemn fact that it was the *Blessed God Himself* who died for our sins,—died that we might live?



JESUS AS A BOY IN THE TEMPLE.

“And the Child grew,—and waxed strong in spirit,—filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon Him.”—*Luke ii, 42-52.*

And when Jesus was twelve years old His parents went up to Jerusalem; and it came to pass that after three days they found Him in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the Doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard Him were astonished at His understanding and answers.

He came to feel our temptations, and Satan’s power, for Himself. He passed through infancy, through boyhood and youth, and manhood, that we might have “One who is touched with a feeling of our infirmity,”—our liability to go wrong. “He was in all points tempted like as we are,” that He might succour those who are tempted.



JESUS ENTERS JERUSALEM.

“And they brought the colt to Jesus, and He sat upon him. And a great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way, and the whole multitude began to rejoice, and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen, saying, ‘Hosanna! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!’ And all the city was moved, saying, ‘Who is this?’ And the multitude said, ‘This is Jesus, the Prophet of Nazareth.’ Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by the prophet, saying, ‘Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion: behold thy King cometh unto thee: He is just, and having Salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass.’”—*Zechariah ix., 9.*

NOTE.—In Judea there were few horses,—and these were chiefly employed in War.

Indeed to ride on a horse was taken as an emblem of War,—or its approach,—whilst to ride on a Mule denoted a Period of Peace, repose, and peaceful intentions.

Therefore Kings and Princes were accustomed to ride on the Mule in times of Peace. It was an act of Policy,—and though it is true our Blessed Lord was foretold by ancient Prophecy as coming “lowly,”—the riding on a Mule was by no means, in itself, necessarily an act, of humility, or degradation,—but rather the reverse. It is, indeed, alluded to in several places as a mark of Dignity, and Rank. In Judges x. 4; xii. 14., &c.,—we learn that the sons of the former Judges of Israel rode on “ass colts.”

Solomon,—certainly second to no ancient Monarch in Rank or Riches,—rode on a Mule (1 Kings, i. 33). Emblem of that Period of profound Repose God gave to him in which he might build the Great Temple. (See Page 212). His Father,—King David,—wishing to do his son due honour expressly charges his servants to “cause Solomon my son to ride upon *mine own* Mule.”

SATAN.

But meanwhile Satan was not idle! He was not going to give up his Reign without a struggle!

The first victory over Satan, who had held his power over Mankind for so long,—was Jesus' temptation in the wilderness. Satan seems to *have been aware*, that a great Prophet and Teacher had come into the World, although, up to this time, he might not have known that it was the Son of God. Satan therefore hoped to tempt the “second Adam,” as he had tempted the “first;” so, when wearied and exhausted with hunger, he brought before Jesus a not very dissimilar temptation to that which had been so successful in the garden of Eden so many Centuries before. But ah!—thanks be to God!—there was a mightier Adam in human form—, this time—with Whom he had to deal! He had come Who was to “take away the prey from the spoiler!” He Who was “to bruise the Serpent's head;” and as “by one man's sin, death and sin had entered the world,” so, at length He had come, who was to redeem the world from sin! Grasping the sword of the Spirit, he cut asunder the temptations of the Evil One, and the Demon went baffled away, But the conquest was no light one, for Angels, we read, came to minister to Jesus,—to employ their offices of kindness upon His fatigued and sorrowing Soul. But Satan felt the repulse! He who had lorded it over a ruined world so long, had now to find his servants, the evil spirits, cast out! We can trace the confession of their defeat,—and also that at length, the powers of evil knew against whom they were now madly contending, in their despairing cry, “What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? art thou come to torment us before the time?” That time when they, and all like them, shall be cast into “The lake of fire,” to tempt others no more for ever!

But, although defeated, the Enemy was not conquered, and returned to the charge; and, seeing that the rule he

had usurped so long was about to be overthrown, Satan seems to have mustered the whole of his strength, "entering," we read,— "into Judas Iscariot,"—and making him further his end.

GETHSEMANE.

Then entered Satan into Judas, surnamed Iscariot, being one of the twelve.

When Jesus had spoken these words He went forth with His disciples over the brook, Cedron, where was a garden called Gethsemane, into the which He entered with His disciples. And Judas which betrayed Him knew the place, for Jesus oftentimes resorted thither with His disciples. And He saith unto them, "Sleep on now and take your rest. Behold he is at hand that doth betray Me."

Judas then having received a band of men and officers, from the Chief Priest, cometh thither with torches and weapons. And Judas had given them a sign, saying, "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is He." And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, "Hail, Master," and kissed Him.



Gethsemane.

We cannot tell much of the attack which took place in the garden of Gethsemane, for it was a conflict by night, and took place in darkness; but we may be sure that both here,—and at the Cross,—Satan was not absent! So great was that trial,—so dreadful the feeling of some impending horror,—that our Lord desired His disciples to watch with

Him, and doubtless assist Him by their prayers. But alas! they who might have enjoyed that honour,—to be enjoyed by no created beings again,—of assisting in person and watching with the Son of God in His conflict with evil,—were weary and drowsy, and could not do so! How touching those words of our Lord when the time had passed—“Sleep on now and take your rest.” It is as if He had said “It is useless now; the time when you might have aided Me is gone past! Once you might have watched with Me, but you have allowed it to go by and left Me alone in that hour of trial!” Oh! that it may not be so with us,—that our Lord may not have to address those solemn words to us in the *evening* of our lives—“Sleep on *now* and take your rest!” “*Once*, when you were young, with much power and influence with those around you, and *all life before you*, I asked you to espouse My cause, to give Me your service, your heart,—to live to Me, and not yourself alone—but you did not do so! Those opportunities are past, those times gone by! The work was done by others. ‘You can sleep on now and take your rest,’ until that day, when, alas! you must awake from that sleep of sloth, and selfishness, but to wake only to the consciousness of a *lost Eternity!*”

We read that the agony of our Lord, in that dark conflict, was so great, that “His sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground.”

When tempted to any sin, let us think for a moment, what it is to add, for a trifling gratification by sin, to the pain a loving Saviour has already suffered for us all!

JESUS DIES.



CALVARY.

Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour. * And about the ninth hour Jesus cried in a loud voice, saying "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthau,"—that is to say, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" After this Jesus knowing that all things were accomplished, saith "I thirst." And straightway one of them ran and took a sponge and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink. When Jesus had received the vinegar He cried "It is finished," and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost.

And behold the veil of the Temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom ; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent.

But when they came to Jesus and saw that He was dead already, they broke not His legs, but one of the Soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came there out Blood and water.

CHRIST'S VICTORY.

Thus ended the last contest—the Death upon the Cross !

And had Satan's designs at length succeeded ? Had he made the wicked leaders of the Jews,—God's own people,—into whose hands his accomplice Judas had betrayed Him,—the destroyers of their own Redeemer from Misery and Sin ? And was the Champion at length smitten ? Was there victory at last for the powers of Hell ?

Imagine, if you can, the joy in the breast of the Evil One when the Saviour expired !—How he would exult at the Victory which had more than recompensed the struggle of four thousand years ! Exulting Demons are with him, flushed with high hopes they *dare not name*, that boast of a ruined World and a peopled Hell ! Hours roll on ; He makes no sign, save that there was darkness over the whole Earth, as if the Sun of God's Creation refused, for a time, to cast its beams of life-giving light, and warmth, upon so guilty, so sad, a Scene !

Day and night succeed each other ; the victory of Evil appears complete and final ! Shall no one undeceive those Evil Ones ? No ! let them enjoy their triumph while they may ! It were cruel to disturb a Dream like that, which will have so terrible an awakening !

THE VICTORY OF CHRIST.

But we, dear Reader, with the light of more than eighteen hundred years shining upon that Mount of Calvary, *understand the matter better !*

Our Saviour died,—it is true,—for thus only could sin be forgiven. He bore the penalty of God's righteous, but dreadful, punishment for the Sins of the World, of course ;

—because He alone could by death atone for them, and open to Mankind the way once more to God through Him! Oh! to the eye of faith there is a *surpassing* Glory upon that Cross! He was never so Kingly as when girt about with that crown of thorns: there was never so much Royalty upon His brow as when He said “It is finished!” and He died!

Yes! the conflict with sin and Satan was over! It was “finished” when He said it was—upon the Cross! The penalty of God’s anger against Sin had been borne by One who did but once stagger under the weight of a World’s sin when He cried, “My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken Me!” and then so bore that He bore it away for ever! The hatred and persecutions of the wicked Jews,—His own peculiar people,—the efforts of Satan, and a cruel and dishonoured death, had been borne without a word of pain; it was only when that departure of God Himself,—that awful consciousness that His blessed presence is leaving, or has left, the Soul, was felt, that this cry was raised! But it was “finished” now, and the way to Eternal Life is opened to us all! Poor sinners,—blinded by Satan and their own evil passions and sin,—can now approach God through the Saviour; and those very Jews who stood round the cross, and brought about His death, were the first invited to come! Yes; Christ had become obedient unto death in the love He bore to us, even such a death as that of the Cross; therefore God also “hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow.”

The words of Scripture almost allow us to follow our Lord, who, in His perfect obedience,—perfect goodness,—“went forth conquering and to conquer!” We can almost follow Him as He ascends to the right hand of his God and our God—His Father, and now *our* reconciled Father in Heaven! The question is asked in the beautiful words of His inspired Psalmist, as he nears the Celestial City, and passes through the blessed ranks of the Redeemed, “Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, travelling in the greatness of His might?” And then comes the joyful command, “Lift up your heads, O ye gates! and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may come in!” For God has now put all things under His feet!

JESUS THE SAVIOUR OF THE YOUNG.

Be of good courage then, as many of you, dear Youths, who have begun to pray to Him,—but pray with effort,—who resist sin, but too often give way to it! From our cradle to our grave, Christ the King is ever ready to guide, to teach, to deliver us. Whatever your age,—whatever your wants,—He gives you leave to think of Him as taking our nature, our temptations upon Him—as knowing us altogether. All of us can say, “What I am, Christ has been.” He was a Child once—a Boy—a Youth. Thus you may be sure He loves and can aid you, for He has passed through every age, with its temptations!

Wait patiently, then dear Youth, if your Prayers are cold, if your Faith is but weak, if your sins seem many. Pray still! Believe in God’s love and power amidst Unbelief; struggle still with your sins, however often they may overcome you! In your perseverance—in your hoping against hope—is the sign that you are Christ’s! Only wait and be not weary, and the night will come to an end at last! How delightful is the early dawn in the Summer Season, when the forms first, then the colour of things, begin to appear, and there is a stillness over everything, as if preparing for the heat and the noise of the coming day! So it is with the Dawn of our Spiritual life! That is the Dawn,—*the Dawn of an Eternal Day!*—to those who have been thus waiting, when Prayer at last becomes welcome, when we begin to think of God as our loving Father, and begin to feel as His children! For “a little season” He may seem “to hide His face” from you, to try your faith and confidence in Him; but, “with everlasting kindness,” He will have mercy upon you!

Therefore take courage, you who believe in God’s love and power, and yet at times are ready to doubt it! Still pray to Him, and try to weed out whatever sin you observe in yourself. Oh! do not be persuaded to give up the point you have attained to, and before long, the night—your time of trial and darkness—will come to an end, and you shall know something of those things which God has prepared for those who love Him!

JESUS THE SAVIOUR OF THE OLD.

To the older Reader. Although this Book is intended for the Young,—the writer cannot leave the subject of the

Cross of Christ, without the following appeal to the *older*,—and perhaps, unconverted, Reader.

“And, straightway, one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink.”—Matt. xxvii., 46-48. “When Jesus had received the vinegar, He said, ‘It is finished,’—and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost.”—John xix., 30.

Mankind have ever to be grateful to this unknown man, for this *one* act of kindness shown to our Blessed Lord in His last agony,—amidst a scene of outrage and cruelty. Even Pilate,—corrupt, and unjust, as we learn from History, though he was,—had his compunctions too; he had striven hard, and long, with the Jews, to save “this just Person.” He had taken a Basin!—He had washed his hands before them all, saying, “*I am innocent of the blood of this just Person,—see ye to it!*”

Thank God, *some* little sense of justice and feeling—representative of our common humanity,—was shown by some! Moved by the terrible cry from the Cross,—this unknown,—late repenting,—persecutor, ran to the Cross, and performed *one* act of kindness to the dying Saviour! It was almost too late!—Matt. xxvii. 49,—tells us that “The rest said, ‘Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save Him!’”—misunderstanding our Saviour’s words to the last. But this late repentant persecutor,—seized with remorse,—runs,—and with trembling haste,—holds up the sponge to Christ! He repented late, but he was just in time! Matt. xxvii., 34, tells us that the coarse Roman Soldiers had offered our Lord,—as usual at their Executions, to deaden the criminal’s pain,—the “vinegar and gall;” but our Lord refused it, He had come to suffer the penalty of Human Sin,—and He would drink the bitter cup to the dregs! But now, that this repentant one, offers it with eager solicitude, the Blessed one,—gracious to the last, does not refuse the last kindly act of Man to his dying Saviour!

Is there no lesson here? It may be that some older Reader, after, perchance, a Christless,—perhaps woeful,—past life,—the Harvest past, the Summer ended,—may take up this Book intended for the young. “You speak well,”—such a one may say,—“but speak you *to the young*,—you speak *too late for me!*”

O! say not so, Brother! O! say not so, Sister!—limit not the saving power of Christ! O! say not so, Brother!—

while that precious blood is flowing still for us! O! say not so, Sister! The voice of Jesus cries, "*Yet there is room for thee!*"

"My life speaks to me of nothing but a neglected Saviour, —a neglected God!" Then *try the last!* Haste like this unknown, repenting, man, to the Saviour upon His Cross, —hold up with trembling sorrow the offering of a contrite heart, and see if the Blessed One will reject you! "I am too old now to change; I have nothing now to offer Christ!" Well! some of us never expected much from our characters by nature,—and we have not been disappointed! *Little* indeed have we to look back upon with satisfaction! But some of us,—however poor, and deplorable, may have been our past lives,—do *yet* expect a *great deal* from our *belief* in *Christ!* Nay!—we expect *all things* from our belief in Him! The Christian's hopes are not fixed upon the merits of his own past life,—his own good deeds, and virtues,—real, or *supposed*,—but on the precious and availing sacrifice of Jesus Christ!

Those regrets at our past,—too often,—woeful and unprofitable life,—our past sins,—are they not too much like regrets that we could not *save ourselves?*

Come then, to Christ, my Brother! Come then, my Sister! The shades of night will soon be closing o'er the Scene! The Sun is sinking, and to some, the Night seems dark! Come then, my brother! Come then, my sister! They are not my poor words! It is the MASTER calls! Our past life has gone,—it is true,—but JESUS *still remains!* Like the man who, repenting late,—ran to the Lord, and, though late, *was just in time*,—let us, also, hasten to that Cross, while Time, and Opportunity *are ours!*

CHRIST.

Hath He diadem as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
Yea! a Crown,—in very surety,—
But,—*of Thorns!*

Hark! hark! my soul! Angelic songs are swelling,
O'er Earth's green Fields,—and Ocean's wave-beat Shore;
How sweet the Truth those Heavenly strains are telling,
Of that Bright World,—where sin shall be no more?

Far,—far,—away,—like Bells at Evening pealing,
The Voice of JESUS sounds o'er Land and Sea!
And Laden Souls,—by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd!—turn their weary steps to THEE!



“Whosoever drinketh of the Water that I shall give him, shall never thirst.”

“For God so loved the World that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life!”

“I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.”

“Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die!”

“They that are whole need not a Physician,—but they that are Sick!”

“I came not to call the Righteous,—but Sinners to Repentance!”

“Wherefore He is able to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by Him!”—*Heb. vii., 25.*

Despondency. The “Slough of Despond.”



Christian struggles to the side of the Slough nearest to “the Wicket Gate,”—and is helped out of the Slough. *Pliable* goes back to the “City of Destruction.”



The Hid Treasure.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE HID TREASURE.

IN your story books you have read many things which have greatly pleased and amused you. You have read of Travels, and Shipwrecks, and Adventures in distant lands, and the wonderful things to be seen in them; you have been, no doubt, with Robinsn Crusoe on his desert island, and pondered over the "Arabian Nights;" you have read of hidden treasures and gems, carefully guarded by magicians, necromancers, and dragons that never slept. It is really but a short time ago, and it seems less still, since I was reading, like you, the same stories; the same youthful blood flows in me as in you; the same fancies and desires dance in my bosom as in yours: so that when I would speak to you of a Treasure real and actual, and to be obtained by you,—far richer than all the riches and treasures that fairy tales ever pictured,—which, once obtained will indeed make you happy for ever; you must not think of me as old and grave, and placed by age out of all fellow-feeling or sympathy with you. No! I am almost as much a boy as you are,—as fond of seeing all that is to be seen as yourself!

But is it not true that when you have read such stories as I have spoken of, through many a sunny and happy hour, they have, after all, proved but pleasing tales—pleasant fables—day dreams of imagination—clouds with a sunbeam, or a rainbow, brightening for a moment upon them? And have you not had to come back to sober every-day life, to work cheerfully and constantly, if you would get money or make your way in the world? So that when I would persuade you to secure with me the treasure I speak of, to come to the same Saviour, and endeavour to walk in His love and favour during our lives—surely I am not persuading you to anything beyond your years and understanding! Work as cheerfully and constantly as you will, it may not happen that you will succeed in obtaining great riches for yourself in this world: but though success in life is not always to be commanded, and worldly prosperity and riches may never be yours, it *does* depend upon your efforts in order to obtain this treasure for your own; and if you do but become possessor of it, it will make you good and happy in this world; rich, in having the favour of Him to whom belong all things in heaven and on earth: and it will lead you safely through the dangers and pollution of a sinful world, until it at length secures for you a joyful, loving welcome amongst the blessed ones in the Paradise of God.

HID TREASURE.

Treasure, hid years ago, is still, at times, found in old walls, ruins, &c. When War is in a Country, it is a ruinous thing; men's lives are not safe, men's property is not secure; armed plunderers go about searching for it; they seize whatever they can! The more each gets, the better is he pleased. In such times, men who had money or other valuable things, used often to gather all together, bundle it up, dig in the ground, and hide it there; this they did to secure it, so that when the War was over they might dig it up again, and enjoy it. It sometimes happened that they were disappointed; the man who hid the Treasure in his field was slain, or died before the return of peace. No one but himself knew about this hidden Treasure, and so no more was heard about it for a long time.

It would sometimes happen that, long after, some one ploughing in the earth, or turning it over with his spade, would stumble upon the Treasure so carefully hidden. As the gold and precious stones, and caskets of jewels, and

vases of gold and silver, glittered before him, in the sunshine, he would lift up his hands in joy, and count himself happy indeed !

It seems thus to have happened with a man we are told of, in a parable of our Lord Jesus Christ. Digging in a field he came upon an hidden Treasure. But the field was not then his own ; he concluded therefore, that until it was, he had not a just claim to the Treasure. The present owner of the field knew nothing of the treasure ; it did not belong to him, but to some one dead and gone long before he became possessor of the field ; nor would he have been any the poorer had the treasure never been discovered ; still, he might claim the whole because he happened to be the owner of the field at the time it was found.

The man who discovered it, therefore, examined the Treasure, and seeing that its value was far greater than all the Property he possessed, he next covered up the treasure again, and going home collected all he had in the world, and bought that field ;—thus coming into possession of the Treasure. It was his own. In Matthew xiii., 44, we have the words of our Lord Jesus Christ—“Again the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field, the which when a man hath found, he hideth and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field.” This is the Treasure I spoke to you of, and which I wish to describe and recommend to you.

THE GOSPEL A HIDDEN TREASURE.

The Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ is the field in which this treasure is hidden. Is it then hidden ? It is. We see that it is a hidden treasure, for many read the Scriptures where it is hidden, and yet *never find it*, as many might dig in a field where treasure was hidden, but never discover it.

Have you not, indeed, felt it to be so with you, while you have been addressed upon these Subjects ? The words of Scripture used, may seem to some uninteresting, because they have heard them so often before.

The history of our Saviour's life, His death for us to open to us a way to approach God, and His resurrection—though of infinite importance to each one of us,—is like a twice, or a hundred-times told tale, which we have heard so often, that we are even wearied of hearing about it ; our attention would be ten times more aroused by the commonest Story, or pleasant Tale !

If so, is not the Gospel treasure at present hidden to us ?

The love of God and Christ towards us has yet given us no real, distinct, lively idea ; our hearts and minds have not yet taken it in. Yet on nothing do the Scriptures lay so much stress ; nothing did our Lord so often urge upon our obtaining, so much as this Knowledge and Faith or Belief in God and in a Saviour. We are again and again assured that our Eternal happiness, and salvation, depend upon our securing this "hidden treasure"—this Faith or belief in God. "I am the Resurrection and the Life," is one of the many assurances we have ; "he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live ;" and again, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

SIN THE RESULT OF WANT OF FAITH.

And do we not see that every youth who believes in God, and His promises, *must* conquer sin, and therefore must win eternal life? A Christian Youth who is really a Believer in God and in His Saviour, when tempted to a sin, thinks thus ;—"My body and mind is a holy thing, for Christ died to redeem it ; my heart is a holy place, for His Holy Spirit makes it His temple ; every evil and impure thought and deed, every unkind and wicked passion, profanes the place where God would dwell, and renders it unfit for His abode. I know that the present temptation is strong, but then I have the promise of God, of our Saviour, that to serve Him faithfully will be better for me than anything else in this World ; so, trusting to His word, I will forego the present sinful pleasure, in the hope of that future blessing and happiness." He says, with the good youth, Joseph, when tempted, (Gen. xxxix., 6-9). "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" Do we not see how great a blessing is this Faith in God—this Belief which prefers future, and as yet, unseen happiness, to sinful pleasure, be it ever so near and present? Do we not feel that temptation must be powerless against one who possesses this Gospel Treasure of Faith, who is fully persuaded of God's presence, and the power He has of bestowing upon him a reward for his obedience, above all the treasures, and enjoyments, that can be obtained on earth? If temptation proves too strong for us, is it not because our Faith is weak? If the present sinful pleasure beguile us, and we give way to it again and again, although we know it to be wrong, is it not because the future blessings, and the future miseries, God promises us, are things of which we do not feel *quite sure*, and therefore the Gospel Treasure

of faith has yet to become our own? But the means of becoming possessor of it are open to you; they are, principally, reading the Scriptures, and Good Books which speak of them,—and Prayer.

You see what is wanted, namely, to make the Unseen and the Future prevail over what we see and hear around us every day. I know, indeed, one thing which would effect this in an instant. Let any of us be taken dangerously ill; let the Doctors look grave and express their fear for our lives; let his prospects of earthly life be rendered hopeless,—then, at once, a Youth would think far more of the unseen than of the world around him.

Our business is to gain for ourselves, while yet in health, with death far distant—with no risk, but to our infinite profit—that lively sense of the presence of God which sickness and sudden death would bring upon us when too late to save us.

THE TREASURE IS THERE; OTHERS HAVE FOUND IT.

Thus we see that the knowledge of our Saviour,—obtaining His love and approval,—is part of the Gospel treasure; we see, too, that it is a hidden treasure. It is hidden, that we may diligently search for it. It undoubtedly is in the Gospel,—we are *sure* that it is; but it is hidden, that we may dig for it. If a man knew positively for certain that a great sum of money was concealed in some part of his field, what would that man do? He would surely not be content with knowing it was there; he would begin to dig over the field carefully. If still he could not find it, he would begin again, and go over it all deeper, until it was found, and safely in his possession.

We are *certain* that the Treasure of the “Kingdom of Heaven” is in the New Testament; and shall we be less earnest in seeking to discover it and possess it ourselves, especially as we have God’s promise, who cannot lie or deceive us, “Everyone that seeketh findeth;” and also, “Ask and ye shall receive.” I fear you do not seek with enough diligence; I would have you seek till you find; the treasure is worth the pains to obtain!

We have all had times of happiness,—too soon, alas! to be clouded,—when all ill-temper and unkind feeling were far distant, and we felt disposed to love all around us. We have all, surely, at some time or other, felt the happiness which follows having done a good action. What Pleasure in this world can we look back upon compared to these happy moments?—and why? Because we have a slight

foretaste of that which is enjoyed in Heaven; because God permits one of his approving smiles to fall, like sunshine, on our souls,—too soon to be effaced by ourselves. Such happiness, to be enjoyed through an endless eternity, is worthy of some effort to obtain! The Lord Jesus Christ has purchased the Kingdom of Heaven as a pleasant heritage for Believers. He gave Himself to purchase it, to open it to fallen and sinful creatures, when changed and fitted for an entrance into it by the blessed influence of God the Holy Spirit.

HEAVEN.

He told His disciples, "I go to prepare a place for you." What a Place that will be which Christ will prepare! Selected out of all the Universe—a chosen Place! We see, even on this earth, places of great beauty, and we can conceive spots far more delightful than any we see. But what comparison can they bear to Heaven, where everything exceeds whatever "eye hath seen" or imagination conceived? It is a purchased possession. The *price it cost the purchaser* everyone knows; and, having purchased it, He has gone to prepare it. Oh! what a place Jesus will make,—has already made,—Heaven! The place should indeed attract us! It is free from the evils of earth. Not only what is in Heaven should attract us, but what is *not* there. There is no *night* there, with its darkness, its coldness, its dreariness; and no *moral* night, with its ignorance, its misery, its unkindness, its sin. And why is there no night there? Because it is lighted by the presence of God. "The glory of God doth lighten it," and there is no need of other light. There is no more curse, for Christ has redeemed it from all curse; and "no more death." Each, as he enters this blessed place, feels, with untold delight, I shall see Death *no more*; I have done with *sin* and *death*, and God's *displeasure*, for ever and ever; I shall now enjoy the Company of all who were truly lovely on Earth; above all, I am made welcome by Christ Himself, and shall be presented by Him faultless before the Throne of God! I had judged our Saviour hard, His yoke difficult, His conditions impracticable; I now see Him meek and lowly in heart, remembering the least thing I did to please and serve Him; I find that it was He who interceded for me, watched over me all the days of my life, gathering up with love, the least good He perceived in me; and my sins are now covered by His righteousness, and forgiven for His sake, so that they shall never be mentioned to me again!

He permits me to join the blessed company in Heaven. What warm and joyful thoughts crowd upon them, of their dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever, ever growing in goodness and knowledge towards infinite perfection, "Neither sorrow is there." Sorrow is *here*; it is here around us, about us every day; we hear and see it, and, sooner or later, we must *feel* it! But it is not there, neither shall there be any more pain, for "God shall wipe away all tears from all eyes," never to return; for what shall cause weeping when He wipes away tears?

TIME TO SEEK THE TREASURE.

Shall we make no effort to gain this Heavenly Kingdom especially when we are urged by our Lord Himself to "strive to enter in, for many shall seek to enter in, and not be able?" And why? Because He would have you to remember that now is the time to seek it,—to seek that "land that is very far off," Yes, now that the time is ours: for they do not seek it in Heaven,—they enjoy it there; nor in Hell,—they lament it there!

But you can see the treasure now, for it is the Morning time with you! The Years of Youth are called "The morning of life." It is a beautiful expression.

For the Morning is the time of dew, and fragrance, and of pure fresh air and sunlight. It is a time that all enjoy,—young and old alike,—so cheering, so refreshing is the breath of morning; and therefore because they are the first and best of our years, youth is called "The morning of life."

One thing that youth is expert in, is in shaping dreams of future happiness. Old men and men in middle life do the same, but a youth excels them all, in this work; for *they* have had some trials of the realities of life, but a youth has had little experience in them; hope is generous and ardent, bold and adventurous. Of all the dreams of a youth, the dream of long and happy years is among the most pleasing.

What a long period a single year in Boyhood appears! A few weeks of Vacation from School, or from Business, appear long; they *look* long. What an amount of pleasure they yield! Content to think but of the passing moment, our only thought is to obtain as much pleasure from them as we can. Thus, without a thought of the future, we cannot believe how short time really is; we cannot be convinced of it! You cannot understand older men when they tell you that all the years they have lived seem like a dream of the night when once they are gone, or like a morning cloud that hastens to pass away, and fade out of

the sky. You will understand them by and by. It must soon be your own experience ! Our life here, beginning from youth, and terminating with our death, is a "day of opportunity"—the opportunity of knowing what are the things that belong to our peace, and of gaining possession of them.

And what is life, even if all else were ours, without peace,—peace with God ? Without peace with God, though every earthly pleasure be ours, life must ever be a burden *here* : it will be a curse in the world to come !

On earth,—for some years,—a man *may* make shift to live without peace with God, although it is in God alone he lives, and has his being ; but how when it comes to his turn to go out into Eternity ?

Do you ask "What are the things that belong to my peace ?" The first,—and without which little can be hoped for,—is to obtain a consciousness of *sin*—of our distance from holiness and from God ; the consciousness of the power of sin, and that only with God's assistance can you strive successfully against it. It is the first step in the Path of Peace,—the first step taken on that narrow path which leads upward, and onward, to endless life,—the first step taken to find the "Gospel treasure." But oh ! if obtained early, it is one great step indeed ! for it disposes you gladly to use the means of obtaining peace with God ; and God has so arranged that if you seek, in prayer, for deliverance from sin, and for peace with Him, in the name of Christ Jesus, God can, with perfect justice, forgive, and blot out your sins, and be reconciled to you, and bestow upon you Peace and Salvation. The Enmity and Dislike in our hearts towards God and Religion, will thus be changed to love ; and Communion with Him will be pleasant indeed to you then. There are other things which belong to your peace, you can read what they are in your Bible. Ask your Parents, your Teachers, what they are, but, above all, ask God, in Christ's name, what they are.

You should think how exceedingly anxious God is that you should seek this Treasure, that you should attend to the things that belong to your peace, in order that you may obtain it. He is very anxious about this ; for He knows how many things that you have in your daily life to turn you away from the Search. He knows, too, that the "Day of your opportunity," though it seems long to you, is really very short, and is quickly passing away.

His eye alone can see how long is the everlasting prospect before you ; and yet in that short day alone, can you or

anyone, have the opportunity of seeking the "Kingdom of Heaven." You cannot fail to see how anxious God is about this—how anxious He is that you obtain peace with Him ; for He allowed His only beloved Son to die for you, in order to open you a way of reconciliation with Him. And Christ is no less anxious that you should draw near to Him ; our Lord weeps over the wilful, hardened sinner, as He did once over those in Jerusalem.

"Oh ! that thou hadst known even in 'this thy day,' the things that belong to thy peace." "How often would I have gathered thee, even as a hen doth gather her brood under her wing, but thou *wouldst* not !" "The day" was their day of opportunity. You also have a day of opportunity ; we all have. Your "day" is the present time—quiet days, quiet Sabbaths for thought, earnest teachers, God's Word placed in your hands. It is now that you are entering upon life with young, (and I do not doubt, warm and loving) hearts, not yet set upon worldly things,—not yet deadened to the love of God and Christ by long years spent in earthly cares and possessions,—long years of coldness towards Him, the giver of them all.

Christ showed His anxiety over us by thus weeping over those who had despised the things that belonged to their peace, and cared nothing for Him, the only means of reconciliation with God. "If thou hadst known !" It was as if He had said, "Oh ! that thou hadst attended to them !" It is true that when sinners have rejected and despised Him till their day of opportunity—of salvation—has at length passed, there comes a time when Christ can mourn over them, or care for them, no more *for ever* ; those sinners over whom He wept at Jerusalem have long since departed from His sight, and from concern ; but that is not so with you ! Oh ! believe me He watches over you with as full, and anxious a heart, as He ever did over them ! How will you rejoice His loving heart if you now attend to the things that belong to your peace ; with what love will He look upon you if you thus early give Him your heart, and earnestly seek to please Him. Whether rich or poor (for God is too just to be a respecter of persons), there is no sight upon this earth so blessed as that of a youth who is thus rich towards His God ; it is cause for thankfulness both to men and angels to see a youth, with all the time allowed us here in his hands, employing it all to the honour of his Saviour.

He waits for the smallest melting of your heart ! Will you disappoint Him ? Will you turn away ? Is your heart

too proud, or too cold, to drop one tear of penitence before Him who has so loved you?

LIFE COMES BUT ONCE.

Those days we thought so long in boyhood will surely have an end; evening after evening will close around them, as, one after another, they pass from our view; the year we once thought so long a time will seem nothing when it is gone.

Many and many a youth has thought that he would very soon, begin to seek after this "Gospel treasure,"—this peace with God. All intend, one day, to be concerned as to their hopes of Heaven: every youth intends, one day, to take some steps towards his Heavenly Home! He was not insincere in his resolve; he really did think to do so shortly; but he did not begin *to-day*, and thus, letting one opportunity after another go by, has perished!

There is no such time as to-morrow; our only time is the present hour. God's ear is not heavy that He cannot hear; you may begin to pray to Him any day in Jesus' name, if you will. He can do much for you! The Lord Jesus can pardon your sins!

You cannot get quit of them otherwise; you cannot, in any other way, get their guilt removed; the punishment due to them, in God's law of perfect goodness, and justice, cannot otherwise be escaped. It is no wonder that in hours of reflection,—(for, however he may drown it in pleasures, the hour of sober thought and reflection must come to all, the same),—this thought sometimes mars the sinful pleasure of a wicked youth, or a wicked man, filling him with terrible apprehensions, and almost with *despair*. It *will* do so one day, and that day, to many, may not be far distant. Colonel Gardiner,—who, noted for his wickedness, and apparent cheerfulness, was known by the name of "the happy rake,"—says, that when *a dog* came into the room, he wished himself that dog, in order that he might escape the misery of his conscious sins and guilt!

But Christ can deliver you from this sense of God's displeasure, this weight of sin and guilt, which, even upon this earth, is a load of misery; and how willingly would the Lord Jesus do it did you but feel conscious of your distance from Him, and would make up your mind to do your part! What Christ can do for you (which none other can) forms a precious part of the "Gospel treasure." Deliverance from the power and the punishment of sin, safety from all the snares of Satan, unspeakably precious as it is, is but a part of what the Lord Jesus can do for you. He can enrich you still further, for the Gospel

treasure is inexhaustible. Our hearts are naturally prone to love sin, and liable to give way to it: He can give you a new heart, which will prefer good to evil—heavenly desires and affections, such as holy minds and the angels have. To have a soul at peace with the great God, on Whom depends our happiness during an endless eternity,—possessing His love, becoming more like Him, impressed with His likeness,—what a thing is this!

It would be pleasant to dwell longer on the riches the Lord Jesus has to give you: they are called “the unsearchable riches of Christ,” there is such store of blessings, and riches in Him. But I fear to weary you. If I have *already* done so, forgive it; it is because I am in earnest in wishing your best welfare,—in longing that you and I may both secure the Treasure of the Kingdom of Heaven for ourselves, and meet each other there. If all that I have said falls coldly, dully, on the ear of any, should you not ask yourself why it is;—why the treasure is so hidden from you that you feel no disposition to seek it, and why all that has been said seems so unreal to you? You would not be willing to throw all your earthly treasure away; you would not be willing to throw away the five pounds, or the *five shillings*, you may possess: will you, then, despise and throw away the “unsearchable” riches of Christ? Until you have taken some steps in the search, you can know but little of His riches and love, and of the value of the Gospel treasure. It is but a very little I have been able to set before you now.

I would not wish to throw a shadow on your hopes for this life,—cast one cloud on your pleasures, and prospects of future happiness. I only wish you to enjoy them as in God’s sight,—not as stolen, but as His free gifts, that His smile may rest upon them all.

One word in conclusion. What did the man do who found the treasure in the field? He went and *sold all*, and bought that field. We must do the same if we would gain Christ’s treasures; you must give Him something in return. He says, “My son, give Me thy heart.” It is all He asks for in return,—your affection, your love. He makes you a most gracious offer. One of two must have your heart, your desires, your thoughts,—Satan, with his allurements, or the Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus bespeaks it, that he may make it pure and holy, that he may enrich you with all blessings and glorify you with Himself. May He give you grace to accept thankfully the good offer which He makes!

“Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.”

CHAPTER LV.

RICH AND POOR—A CONTRAST.
POOR (?).

WHEN I was teacher in ———, a severe winter had set in. Dark December had arrived, with its cold, nipping wind and frost; the ice was thick on the ponds, a pleasant time for those who are well fed and clothed, with money, friends, a warm house, and merry parties awaiting them night after night during Christmas time; but it was a terrible winter for the poor. It was a sad time for the half-naked bodies and feet of the children of our Ragged School. Their ankles and feet were often bleeding with the cold; the teacher was often grieved to witness them shivering with the cold, especially as little could be done for such a number, it being with great difficulty that sufficient funds were raised to carry on the School.

During this winter some of the boys were taken ill, and died through their constant exposure to the piercing cold. There was one poor boy, James ———, whose death-bed I shall never forget. A cold (neglected) had settled on the lungs, poor diet, exposure, no proper attendance or medical care, hastened the end. The teacher learnt that he was dying, and, after a long search, found, at length, the Court and House, in a back court of a wilderness of streets, in a poor neighbourhood. Up a back staircase, and in the corner of an empty, cheerless, cold room, lying on some dirty straw, he found the boy. A coarse, drunken-looking, woman, evidently the mother,—what a MOTHER!—handed me a broken chair, the only one. A large deal box stood in the middle of the floor, serving for a table, and *that was all!* Their things had gone, one after another, to the pawnshop, close by, and the Proprietors of the two large gin palaces, at the corner, had the money. If the members of Government (*not themselves in the trade*) would leave their West-end-Clubs some winter nights, and go a little amongst the poor, and witness their temptations, the swarms of flaunting gin shops, which *suck the life blood* from the labouring poor, would soon be diminished!

James had a young brother and sister, and had just taken leave of them, urging upon them to keep in the school, and learn about Christ and the way to Heaven.

James said that he "was dying," and that he "was going to Jesus."

He asked to have some words of the Saviour's read to him which had struck him most at the school. He was evidently dying; the medical man had thought it needless for him to call again; he could be of no use. He fixed his dull eyes upon his father and mother, who were both now in the room, looking at the dying boy for the last time, and poor James said, in a faltering voice, "Oh! mother, will you give up drinking, and go to chapel, and pray for a new heart? I want to meet you in Heaven, dear mother."

Poor woman! the tears were running down her pallid cheeks. A guilty conscience added force to the dying request of her child. There was, doubtless, *a long, sad tale* here, of neglected children, and a ruined home. Who knew better than she did, that his life had been shortened by her own extravagance, and miserable neglect,—spending year after year, in her intemperate habits, the money which should have clothed her children? Theirs had been one of those miserable homes,—drunken parents,—constant quarrels, and the whole train of wretchedness which follows; but there was not one word of reproach for unkindness, ill-usage, and a life shortened by their neglect. James had turned to his father, telling him he was about to leave him, but he felt sure that he was going to his "Heavenly Father," and, looking wistfully at him he continued, "Won't you give up swearing and bad words, father,—and not beat mother, and read the Bible, and pray to God?"

The rough drunken, and coarse-looking, man could not answer a word! There he stood, wiping away the tears with his flannel jacket. The mother answered for him—"He will, James! Yes, he will; we both will!"

The teacher offered up a prayer, as they all knelt beside the bed, and then left. He heard afterwards that the boy died about an hour after he had left them. But after the affair had a little gone from their minds, the Parents of poor James, were the same again as ever, and returned to their drunken habits. Poor James! It was impossible to wish him back again,—why should we, when the Saviour had taken him to Himself from such a life of wretchedness—had taken him to that bright home where God wipes away tears from all faces, and where all sorrow, and crying, have passed away! And why should we say "poor" James, when, after all, he possessed all things, in possessing God's love, and the "unsearchable riches of Christ?"

Was this boy "poor?"

CHAPTER LVI.

RICH AND POOR.—A CONTRAST.

RICH (?)

“ I am too busy.”

A MERCHANT sat in his office ; numerous letters and books were spread before him, clerks and messengers passed to and fro from the various offices, everything indicated a successful man, surrounded by a splendid business, and absorbed in its intricacies.

An earnest Christian man is shown in to the office. “ Oh ! Mr. ———, we want to interest you in an effort to check some of the vice, intemperance, and misery, which has of late been increasing in our part of the town.”

The Merchant cut him short—“ My dear sir, *will* you kindly excuse me ; but I am really too busy to attend to subjects of this kind.” “ May I call again when you have a few minutes' leisure ? ” Why ! really I cannot say ! I'm generally very busy, occupied every day. You will excuse me, I know, GOOD morning ! ”

So it was, and so it had always been, with this successful man ! He would talk for hours about business ; hint at a profitable speculation, and he would invite you to his house to talk it over, for he was a sagacious, bold, and successful business man ! But when it came to anything which did not concern his *own* interest and gain, he was always “ too busy ! ” And he said the truth ! He was involved in a lucrative business—his *heart* was there—he was too busy to listen to the claims of religion—too busy for anything but making money !

But one day a SUMMONS came to that Selfish Man !

The Pale Messenger who brought it was unexpected ! He came *suddenly*,—and he seemed in haste ! *Stop* him ? You might *stop the world* ! It was a Summons which *brooked no delay* ! Every door flew open, and *in he came* ! The Stranger stepped up, *at once*, to the Rich Man,—no one saw him but the Merchant,—and, laying a cold hand on his shoulder, said, in a voice that *would* be heard,—“ You must come home with me ! ” A *sudden chill* fell upon the merchant's heart,—he laid down his pen,—he would never want it any more ;—he closed his books,—he would never open them again !

He left his counting-house, and was taken home to his

bed, and ever and anon something whispered to him—“You must go with me!” What! *leave it all!* A chill had, indeed, fallen upon the rich man’s heart! Dim visions of his ships, and property, deeds and shares, and land, flitted before his mind; but there *never came* visions of past *good* done; the widow and the fatherless visited—the neglected cared for—*Christ’s cause* promoted! For years and years he had said that he had been too busy to attend to these things, but he found that he was *not too busy to die!* For the merchant knew *all along*, that the name of his strange visitor was *Death!*

Humanity—mercy—and religion had once begged his influence, and means, and attention. He always said that he had no leisure to attend to these things, but he found that he had plenty of leisure to die!

Yet every one said after his death that he had been a “very successful man,” and, at the splendid funeral, it was said at the grave, that “it was with a sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection!”

A sure and certain hope for one who had never done one single thing for the God Who made him, and the Saviour Who died for Him? *Successful?* Surely if the Bible is true, it were far better for that sham, false, Christian, when lying in his coffin—far “better for him if he had never been born!”

When excuses arise to our life—“that we are too busy to find time for prayer, and for religion”—too busy to secure life’s great end,—let us remember, however busy we may now be,—we shall find, like the Merchant, that we shall not be too busy to die!

Was this man “rich?”



CHAPTER LVII.

THE RICH YOUNG MAN; OR, THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

A MORAL YOUNG MAN.—ANXIOUS ABOUT ETERNITY.—
YET TURNS FROM CHRIST.—WHAT HE SHOULD HAVE
DONE.

“ Lord, what shall I do that I may have eternal life ? ”

WE are told, when the fame of Jesus, and his wonderful miracles was spread far and near, that there came a Young Man to Christ, earnestly asking Him “ what he should do ” to ensure eternal life. Our Saviour named to him the Commandments:—to do no murder—not to steal—to avoid sins of uncleanness—not to say, or to swear, anything falsely; to honour his parents, because they stood in God’s place towards Him while young; and sums up by that most difficult, but blessed attainment—“ Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.”

The Young Man was able to reply that he had “ observed all these things from his boyhood upwards ! ”

And, indeed, it appears there was truth in what he said—his eagerness in coming to the Saviour, (for we are told that he “ came running ; ”)—his reverential manner, for we learn that he kneeled at Jesus’ feet; and his being able to say that he had kept so many of the commandments, showed that there was indeed much in his youth to love and admire. Jesus Himself recognised, (as He is ever ready to do), the good and amiable qualities in this young Man. A courteous, humble, behaviour,—a sincere and docile disposition,—is far from being disregarded by Christ; not only in this place, but in others in the New Testament, our Lord expressed his approval of it. It was evident that this young man had given some diligence in seeking after eternal life, and had a Concern about his hopes of Heaven: he thought himself righteous, it is true, but still he was willing to receive further instruction, for he asked, “ What lack I yet; is there any other precept to be performed in order to entitle me to life eternal ? ” There is ever hope of one who is willing to be taught, and not indisposed to improvement. His concern for Heaven was not a sick-bed concern, for he was in the

vigour of health and youth,—nor was it the melancholy of old age, which renders the pursuit of many of the pleasures of this world no longer possible,—nor was it his being discontented and out of humour with the world, for he was rich and prosperous,—already a young ruler among his people. How many things meeting, as they did together, in this young man, were there to render him worthy of love! How rarely do we find amongst those like him, in the prime of youth and prosperity, this concern after Eternal life!

HE TURNS FROM CHRIST.

And yet this unhappy Youth,—one whom even the Saviour, as he regarded Him, “loved,”—nevertheless fell short of Heaven, from his *love to this World!* Here we have one who was young, was modest and sincere,—had a desire after Heaven, went far in the outward forms of godliness, and he had a mind, too, to follow Christ—but there came the parting point; Jesus was poor, and His followers must, in some things, learn to deny themselves; he “was not far from the Kingdom of Heaven”—he was *almost* a Christian,—but he loved this world,—feared the loss of his riches, and pleasures and honours too much to become *altogether* one!

We are not expressly told whether he was brought to repentance and salvation in the later years of his life—but, from what we gather from our Saviour’s discourses with His disciples on His departure,—most probably he *never was*,—for if he loved his Estate and Money so well in his *youthful* years, that Vice would naturally, and but too probably, increase, as it invariably does, with age; if he could not decide altogether to accept the proposals of Christ now, in early youth, would he be more likely to do so, after years of worldliness had been passed?”

Many lovely accomplishments joined together will not of themselves win eternal life. Why *should* they? They are accidents of Birth. God does not see merely as man seeth; nor can he bestow that priceless blessing—Eternal Happiness,—merely on account of some natural good qualities possessed. Before His eyes the hidden vices of the mind are naked and open! They may be concealed from others, we may even impose upon ourselves, in respect to our real merit, but he who knows what is really excellent, obtained by a life of piety adopted, and persevered in; nor is His love, in its highest sense, to be purchased

contrary to His own settled and eternal laws. He could not but perceive in all these good qualities of this youth, a mind too full of *love to other things* to have room left to love Him. Although God loves us all, He does not save us all. "God so loved the World, that He gave His only Son, that he that believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Yet thousands do perish! Jesus tells us that many go in at the wide gate and broad way to destruction, and few go in at the strait (difficult) gate that leads to life. Why? Because, like this youth, they cannot give up,—*will not* give up,—what is needed to secure their salvation.

Although considered in His *human* nature, our Lord could not but feel complacency and love towards so hopeful a youth, yet Jesus Christ, considered in His *Divine character* (as God), could not merely, for this reason, so bestow His special and saving love upon the young man, as to communicate, in his present condition of mind, Divine grace and salvation to him.

It becomes us to be silent, and humble, before that depth of Divine wisdom, which could pass by so hopeful a one as this youth, upon whom Jesus could not look without loving him!

Yet there is a lesson for all, in this very painful and solemn thought; for what would become of the morose, the naturally rough, the rugged, tempers, the ill-formed, and unlovely, of this World, if God should give eternal blessedness to none but the fair and well-favoured? No youth, therefore, however conscious of his inferior character and disposition, should by any means, be discouraged in seeking Salvation and God's love. How mean soever may be his position and appearance among men, God can supply all that he needs to be pleasing in His sight. Let such only avoid sin, and be happy for ever! On the other hand, those possessing great natural advantages, must not flatter themselves that they are, upon that account, beloved of God, and the more likely to become partakers of eternal blessing.

It is undoubtedly a most saddening thought that any, born, like this youth, with a sweet disposition, and,—(to our finite ideas)—blessed with so much that is lovely, with such capacities for good, should ever fail of securing Eternal happiness. But you should remember that this good humour, or natural kindness of heart, which makes you the favourite of all, and gains for you their good wishes, and

kind services, in return, may spring more from your natural good, healthy spirits, and gentle, cheerful, disposition. And is this enough upon which to place your dependence for Eternal life? Oh! that I could speak in words earnest enough to awaken you to the timely fear which those in such a position find it so difficult to feel the necessity for! Allowing that there is some truth,—and justice,—in my words, let me ask, “How will your gentle nature, that had something so loving in it, sustain to be banished for ever from a World of Love? How will you bear the rage, madness, contention, and spite, of Malicious Evil Spirits, in a lost state, excluded for ever from the regions of concord and peace?”

APPEAL TO THE READER.

And, dear young Reader, is not your own case very similar, in many points, to that of this young man? He came to learn of Christ,—and you came to Sunday schools, or to Christ’s earnest Ministers, to hear of Him, to learn the only way to eternal life and happiness, by loving and serving Him, Whom to love and serve is happiness here, and must be so for time everlasting. It is the aim of every true teacher in religion to lead others to apply to Christ for themselves; and if our Lord were to ask US as to our knowledge and practice, surely a large proportion of us would be able to answer that they know well, as this youth did, the chief Truths of the Gospel, and that, though they could not say that they had followed the commandments, like this young man, from their youth up, yet at least they had followed many of them, and intended still to follow them; that they had, at least, shrunk from much evil, and hoped to shrink from it still.

We must all have had, at one time or another, some feeling,—however transient it may have been,—of the infinite love and kindness of our Lord to all His people, especially to the Young.

The love, the goodwill, the kindness we remark in any here on Earth, what are they but very faint, and imperfect, reflections, borrowed from Him, from Whom all goodness, and love, and kindness spring? Before Whose merciful eye not even a sparrow falls unnoticed to the ground, and before Whom “the very hairs of our head are all numbered.” When, therefore, He sees any of you living as I have described,—guilty of no gross sins, and doing many duties, —trusted, and confided in by your superiors,—doubtless

loved by your friends, and affectionate to them in return,—it is indeed true that Jesus, beholding you, as He did this young man, loves you.

He regards you, not with severity or threatening, but with an earnest desire that you may become wholly His, and be loved by Him for ever.

So it is, I trust, that we stand before Christ to-day: Jesus, "beholding you, loves you!" In His voice to you there is nothing harsh, but it is full of gracious encouragement; all that there is good in you He freely acknowledges, and regards with approbation and love. But let us hear His words to a young man who had constantly kept so many of His commandments: "One thing thou lackest," which must be obtained, and "come, follow me;" follow My teachings, and that daily life which will brighten more and more, and lead ever upwards, through a fallen world, to the bright home above.

Can we say that we have kept, like this youth, many of God's commandments? Then let us not be content; for do not our consciences assure us that there is "one thing" that we also "lack;" which He would have us gain without delay?

NO WAY BUT BY THE CROSS.

It may have been we were following Christ's teachings when it was easy to us to obey Him,—and it is, often thank God! pleasant and easy to do so. We "loved those" whom we felt "loved us;" we were glad when we could give them pleasure:—it is good, and right, and pleasing to Him, to do so, but surely not very hard or painful. We have abstained from many low, discreditable, vices; it is good and right to do so, but surely not very difficult, when there is but little to induce us to give way to them. Christ loves you, as He did that young man, but He calls you to something of more real service; true, He encourages us to enter upon that service, for He tells us,—and those who have followed only a little way can testify to the truth that His yoke,—His law,—is easy and light, that it is the Path of Pleasantness and Peace. Yet still He says, "You have followed me when it was easy to do so, will you also 'go away' when a little more is asked of you, when you can, with some little pains, honour and advance My cause?" What else is the meaning of "taking up the cross" but being able to deny ourselves something given up for His sake, anything which promises enjoyment, but is, we feel, opposed to His will, as it also is to our best interests and good?

It is easy to deny ourselves extravagant, and idle, or sinful pleasures, when they are such as we care little for, but when they just suit our tastes and desires it is not always easy to deny ourselves. There are times when it is no easy thing to check the impure thought or inclination! It is easy to speak the truth when the truth is convenient,—but there are times when it is not always so easy to speak the whole truth.

It is easy to feel kind and good-humoured when we are pleased and happy, but we must expect sometimes to do our duty, though it be at the loss of some pleasure and enjoyment;—to endure the scornful smile, or unkindness, from others, without irritation or longing to return evil for evil:—all those things must surely run through our lives daily. These are the things in regard to which Christ tells you, “One thing thou lackest,” in order to inherit Eternal life.

What was it hindered the young man, we read of, from following Christ? He “went away” grieved because he could not be good *easily*; he had now to choose between his pleasure, and comfort, and riches,—and his duty,—and he “went away,” grieved,—it is true,—that he could not keep them both; but although he “went away sorrowful,” yet he could not give them up, and *so he went away!*

DID CHRIST CALL AFTER HIM?

And surely, with a *far* deeper grief than he could feel, did our merciful Lord look after him as he “went away!” To see him in whom He had seen so much that was good that He loved him, and hoped to have loved him always, not turn away, with but very little hope of ever coming again in this life so near to Him, when he “was not far from the Kingdom of Heaven!” But did our Lord *call after this youth*,—(whom in his human character He loved,)—as he “went away,” and say, “Turn back, young man, for I love thee still, and if thou wilt not follow Me when it is hard to do so, *thou mayest still* be Mine?” Alas! *nothing of the kind!* It could not be! Our Saviour’s own way led to the *Cross on Calvary*, whither His Father’s will called Him!

Then said Jesus to His Disciples, “It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God.”

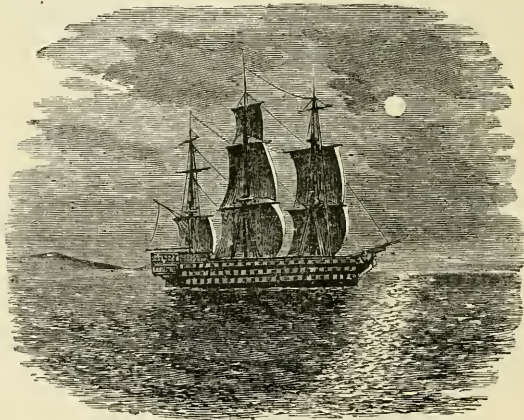
WHAT HE SHOULD HAVE DONE.

But if this rich young man had NOT turned sorrowfully away from Christ, but had *kept the nearer* to Him, and

asked him for that strength and love he needed to follow Him, surely his Saviour would have beheld him with a *far greater love* than before! He would have given him the strength he needed, and what seemed as impossible as a camel going through the eye of a needle *WOULD* have become possible, and "the rich young man" would have entered the Kingdom of Heaven!

You, dear Youth, who reads this Book, have heard Christ's call to follow His gentle rule, to serve Him in thought and word, and deed, even when it may cost you some little effort and pains to do it. *Will you also "go away?"*

Like a Vessel sailing on a moonlit Sea, *how many* a youth has come out of darkness and gloom, and sin,—has been enlightened for a brief moment with a Saviour's love, with concern as to his hopes of Heaven,—like the vessel which, coming from gloom and darkness, is illuminated, for an instant, in the narrow strip of moonlight that glitters on



the water, and then,—passes on again once more into the darkness and gloom beyond, never to return! Will you also "go away?" Oh! do not turn away, it may be, sorrowful—because you are young,—and because you may be in a place where temptations are many, and faithful obedience, and service to Christ, may cost you many a sacrifice,—for if the necessity for such a life as this still appears harsh to any one,—let him remember how soon he may change it into words of the tenderest love,—“Whosoever shall do the will of My Father, which is in Heaven, the same is my Brother, and Sister, and Mother.”

We had judged our Saviour's yoke, heavy and severe, His commandments impossible to perform. You will find Him gentle and loving in heart, keeping account for you of even a cup of water given in His name; gathering up with love the least good He perceives in you!

We shall find there is happiness to be obtained in such a life,—when it has become habitual,—which nothing else will ever give!

Amongst the number who assemble together in a Sunday School, or in a place of worship,—who for a short time meet together and then pass away from sight, and in time from remembrance,—there will be some by whom such words as the foregoing will be heard with *indifference*; the words are heard, the Seed is sown, it is true, but it falls *unheeded* or uselessly by the *hard wayside*, upon the cold, hard, or *careless* heart! But there will be more, who, like the young man in the Gospel, are convinced that they have a Heaven to gain and a Hell to shun,—who do feel some anxiety as to their hopes of Heaven,—and are willing to do something to obtain Eternal happiness hereafter; but they cannot see the absolute necessity of beginning *at present*, of letting others see that they care so much about these things; or there are pleasures, and amusements, which they fear they may have to give up, and so, for the present, *they turn away*, it may be *sorrowfully*,—resolving, at some future time, to begin anew. Speaking from the experience of all ages, and all times, I would warn you that that time, to some, will *never come*; the door of Eternal life will never be entirely closed, so that it cannot possibly be opened, but the truth is that the entering in to some *will never take place!*

NEGLECT. "TIME ENOUGH YET."

They will allow their present opportunity to gain Eternal Life to pass by neglected;—the negligence of *to-day* will only be followed by the negligence of *to-morrow!* There will come a time when these will look back with *alarm* upon a prayerless, woeful, misspent life, and fain would have their youthful days over once more to devote them to the Saviour; they will be startled to find, after long habits of sin and prayerlessness, that there comes a time when it does seem impossible to press into the Kingdom of Heaven!

It may not, it is true, be said of any that even in the eleventh hour, some may not go to work in the Vineyard,

that even in the eleventh hour it is impossible for the sinner to enter into life eternal, but God does not,—cannot,—work such miracles every day! And when others shall have reached that Promised Land of life and happiness, and meet once more in those Realms of Light, their names, those names which once were called over together,—those who were once so closely connected, who sat side by side,—hearing the self-same words,—will not be found written in the Book of Life, and they themselves will be *absent* for evermore!

But oh! if this should ever be the case with any who has read these words, do not let him ever say that it was because Christ had *less love to him* than to others,—that evil came more easily to him *than to others*, and that his prayers seemed to meet with no answer, and so he gave them up! No! The Saviour's heart now yearns over each alike; and though, after long grieving His Holy Spirit during a sad and misspent life, there does seem a time when we shall seek Him but shall not find Him any more, yet we may *now* all pass into the Kingdom of Heaven if we will! And let him not say that there was no one ever to entreat him to think upon these things, and to begin the needful work!

We all know the means of doing so,—the habit of praying alone,—of reading our Saviour's words and commands,—the daily attempts to fulfil them, and to overcome our besetting sins. It does, I say, depend upon ourselves, with God's blessing, upon our efforts, our prayers—(for I speak to those who have known and heard Christ's Gospel, and with all things ready on Christ's part to give us the victory)—whether that entering in shall take place to us,—whether we shall be among those who are taken, or those who are left.

In the Battle of the World, what may be lost at one time may be retrieved at another; but the great Battle of Life comes but *once* for us all; the interests at stake are so tremendous,—a long Eternity depending upon the result,—that we must in this Battle win and conquer now, or all is lost! If any prove not successful, the blame, alas! will too clearly be seen, when too late, to have been his own!

We shall find that our Lord followed us with tender and watchful interest through our life, from the earliest period that we ourselves can remember, making all terminate in those thoughts of conversion,—those desires after God and

Holiness He now strives by His blessed Spirit to produce in you !

The blessed God,—and the faithful Saviour,—follow the Sinner from *his childhood* to his *grave* ! Oh ! beware how you reject those precious thoughts and feelings while you are young ; believe me they are not at our command !

We can, if we will, encourage them by our prayers ; we can make a point of doing so every day !

What shall I say more ? “Come and see !” To lead you to Christ is our great aim and hope,—(perish all our books and words if they have not this one earnest desire ever for their object !)—and, ashamed of having so long delayed, so long hesitated whom to serve,—yourself or Him,—so long disputed,—you will seek your first prejudices against Him, but will find them no longer !

“ God’s ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all His paths are peace.”

“ In Thy presence is fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore !”

“ If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me Nay ?
Not till Earth, and not till Heaven
Pass away !”





Home from School.

CHAPTER LVIII.

OUR FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

“ Honour thy father and thy mother.”

NOTHING is more striking,—as showing the wise and gracious plans of our Creator, than surrounded by a number of Youths, to ask the question,—“ Where were all these some fifteen or eighteen years back? They were not alive,—this room crowded with Youths, not one of whom was alive when it was built !

How can we help admiring God's wonderful provision, by which thousands, and hundreds of thousands, of Children are nourished and cherished till they have grown to be as healthy and intelligent as these Youths now are ! What cause is there to thank God for our Fathers and Mothers ! That obedience and love towards them is pleasing to God, we are assured again and again ; and when we give the Subject a little thought, we shall clearly see why this is so highly esteemed in the sight of God, for there are many things which prove that the same disposition to love and obey our parents is nearly associated with the obedience and love we owe to our Heavenly Father. We should try to

encourage the most dutiful thoughts about our Parents. We should view them as standing in the most endearing relation to us, as those who, while young, stand as in God's stead towards us! We should regard them as those to whose love and government God himself has committed us.

We read in old times of two sons who saved their aged parents at the sacrifice of all they possessed, and at the risk of their own lives.

In ancient times a city had been set on fire by the savage troops, no quarter was to be given, but two youths, who had done them a service, were permitted to bring out anything which they held most dear to them. The soldiers waited impatiently to begin the savage work and pillage. At length the two youths re-appeared;—there was gold and plunder to be had,—but no! The youths sought their aged parents! One took his feeble old Father on his back, and the other his aged Mother, and bore them through the scorching streets, till they had got them safely outside the wall!

Granted, if perchance they be aged, and possibly infirm, there is little of interest or amusement, and therefore, but little fellow-feeling, between them and you; granted, even, that, with increasing age and feebleness, there may be at times, a querulousness of disposition, should you not, in spite of all this, remember what they have been to you?

With life and health laid up, as it were, in store for them it may be, for many years to come, how apt are the Young not to feel for the aged! You may laugh at the little weaknesses and foibles of the old, let us see if you laugh at them when your hairs are grey! You have yet to learn the sadness felt as one relation after another,—one old friend after another, the comrades of our early days,—pass from our sight never again to return! The eye once as bright as your own is dimmed, it is true, by age; the spirits once as bright and gay as your own, are heavy now perhaps with many an anxious care; the limbs, once as light and active as yours, are failing, it is true; but if, when it shall come to your turn to experience this, if when you need a stronger than you,—an Almighty Friend to whom to turn,—you do not wish Him to close His ear to you, try to do your duty to your earthly parents!

GODLESS, WICKED PARENTS.

It is true, alas! that there are some who will say, "But there are many things in my parents I can neither 'honour'

nor 'obey;' they never taught me when my heart was young, and could have been easily turned to God, to pray to Him, and I have grown up hardened in habits of prayerlessness; hardened to the thoughts of His goodness, accustomed to living without Him in the world, ignorant and careless of the presence of a loving Saviour."

We will not speak of such Parents in the terms which they deserve; surely we may think their punishment sufficient in the day when we shall all stand before the Judgment seat of Christ, and His Almighty and Awful voice is asking "Where are those to whom I entrusted this immortal life, but which they ruined by their sinfulness and neglect?" Alas, for them! they are saying to the rocks and mountains, "Fall upon us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth upon the Throne!" And if the lot of those born in such scenes of irreligion, scenes, it may be of sin, and wickedness, excites sympathy and desires for a happier future in store for them, in the minds of their Teachers and friends, how much greater must be the interest felt for such by the Great and Blessed Creator Himself?

He never made man to bring misery on himself and on his Children, or Wife, by sin and idleness, and Drunkenness, and an Irreligious life; what is it but His Holy Spirit which ever tries to incite us, when tempted, as we all must be sooner or later, to pray for help? How must the loving Saviour's heart be pained with seeing the lives such Children are brought up to,—to witness the temptations such are exposed to as they grow older?

But these are not the cases most of us have to do with, most of us have had Fathers and Mothers worthy of the name!

A Mother who fed you at her bosom, day by day, for many a month. Many and many a time she denied herself for you, many a weary hour of anxious care did you cause her; she thought of you wherever she went, and your little cries soon brought her back; she bore with all your weaknesses and fretfulness, she dried up your tears with the sunshine of her smiles, and sang you to sleep with gentle songs. Does she deserve no love, no returns from you?

Then your Father;—how many a year,—through disappointments and anxious cares,—has he patiently toiled from morning till night, to procure you food and subsistence, when you could do nothing for yourself. What plans have your father and mother thought over for you,

what anxious solicitude do they feel that you should grow up pure, and honourable, and good men! How many a prayer have they raised for God's blessing to be granted you, that you may join them after death in a brighter and better world!

Have you been tempted to think Prayer in the Family tedious and monotonous? Have you asked yourself why it feels so, and if at least some of the fault is not your own? What more beautiful picture can you desire, more pleasing in the sight of the Great Creator, than is presented by the poet Burns, in "The Cotter's Saturday Night:"

"The cheerful supper o'er, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The Sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible ance his father's pride.
Then, kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wings,
That thus they all may meet on future days."

Who was it but your Father who gave you those pretty presents? Who took you to all those pretty sights? Who tried to make your studies interesting to you? Who but he supported, protected, and educated, you? And does he merit no love, no affection from you in return?

Look at any poor boy, without Parents to care for him, without home, it may be, driven to beg in the Streets, and you must see what a blessed thing it is to have a "Father and Mother."

It is to be marked how very little we are told of the Lord Himself, when He was a boy, and yet that the little we *are* told about Him should bear upon this very Subject of obedience, and respect, and love to parents. We learn that He was *subject* unto His parents, and that he increased in wisdom and stature, and favour with God and man.

And oh! if *He* who was God over all, and blessed for evermore,—if *He* honoured and obeyed His parents, setting us an example to follow in His steps, can we plead that it is unnecessary?

Do we feel no ambition to follow Christ's example, and now, that the opportunity is yours, also to increase in favour with God and man? If so, remember that law which, from the first, God Himself came down from Heaven upon Mount Sinai,—which shook and burnt and smoked the while,—to give, with nine other great laws, to Mankind; that law, "Honour thy Father and Mother, that thy days may be long in the land."

To warn Mankind how important this is, God ordained that "the eye which mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out," meaning that such might expect an untimely end, and thus be exposed unburied to the birds of prey. To show how dreadful is disobedience to this law in God's sight, however lightly we may think of it, to show what great importance He attaches to it, we read that His law in those early days was, "If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father or his mother, they shall say unto the elders of the city, this our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice: he is a glutton and a drunkard. And all the men of the city shall stone him that he die."

True, we now live under a new, a clearer dispensation; true, the law that was then, "Eye for eye, tooth for tooth; if a man has caused a blemish in his neighbour, so shall it be done to him again," has given way to a purer, nobler, higher law, now that Mankind are sufficiently advanced to receive it, the new law our Saviour brought with Him upon earth, "But I say unto you, love your enemies, do good to them which hate you." True, disobedient and bad sons are not to be destroyed in this way now; cases which would have been death under the old law, appear to be unnoticed now! But is it really so? Alas! how many Youths there are of a character only too like that just represented to us;—unlike the youth who came to Jesus with so many good qualities that the Lord loved him, though he lacked one thing needful,—these, as they grow up are possessed neither of the beauties of holiness, nor the attractions of kindness and courtesy! Ungentle,—unaccommodating,—in their disposition, they are incapable of enjoying happiness, and unwilling to impart it! Unhappy young men! See them at home; they are tyrannical, morose, proud, selfish, domineering, ungrateful, disrespectful, to their parents; not to be checked by a father's mild authority, unsoftened by a mother's love.

Such often actually realize the words of God, their days are *not* long in the land; for His Holy Spirit being rejected, and having withdrawn from them, how often do they add immorality and profligacy to all this; shorten their own lives, and do much to break a Mother's heart, and bring down a Father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave! True, such are not suddenly destroyed now; in these days of grace, God allows the wicked time for

repentance ; our punishments and rewards have now not so much to do with *this* world as in olden days, but such, if they remain impenitent, are in danger of a worse punishment than stoning. Oh ! do not go away with the impression that such conduct is to be passed by now unnoticed ! Is it really so ? Is God's eye dull that it cannot see ? It is easy to laugh at the admonitions, the warnings of others, but there will come a time to such when they will laugh again no more ! You may go on to-day and to-morrow as you have done ; you may inflict the bitterest grief and pain on a loving Parent ; you may visit the same scenes of Vice and Sin yet a few times more ; the jests, and folly, and coarse language of the companions you have chosen will fall yet a few times more upon your ear ; you may think that God has forgotten, that His judgments are less sure than formerly ; but the hour will come when you will *understand the matter better !*

Gentle, loving as the Saviour was and is, His warnings are plain and unmistakeable, He forewarns us "Whom we should fear ; not those who can kill the body, and after that have nothing more that they can do ; but fear Him who, after He hath killed, hath power to cast into Hell ; yea, I say unto you, fear Him !" Let not God's long-suffering in these times make any think that His eye, before which all things are open and naked, looks more slightly upon disobedience to His laws than in those former days ! Indeed it is not so ! Is there such a youth as I have described attending to me at this moment ? Go, I implore you, while time and opportunity are yours, to your room, to your knees, to your God, and strive after a change of disposition ; it is the fruit, I am aware, of many a struggle to such a character as this,—of many a prayer ; but remember that every good and perfect gift cometh from Him, and that the Change you need is yet possible.

I have already spoken of the example of our Lord Himself ; and, to show how suitable it is for your imitation, I would remind you that our Lord was at this time a Boy twelve years old, a period neither too late nor too early for your imitation.

But, instead of setting our eye upon His example, and, with His assistance, earnestly endeavouring to follow Him, how often do we look to what others will say and think of us if we do so ?

FALSE SHAME.

The practice of private prayer, of communion with God and Christ, may not in itself be generally delightful to you ; but, although not generally delightful to our fallen nature, it would, I believe, be much oftener practised by the young, at the period of life most pleasing to God, and most blessed to themselves, were it not for a false and mistaken shame of what may be said or thought of them by others. But what? Is there cause for shame because our hearts are yet young and tender towards our Heavenly Father? Are we to feel shame because we desire to love and serve that great and blessed God, in whom, "we live, and breathe, and have our being?" It would seem strange, a Youth thinks, to be seen reading his Bible, although that blessed Book is the only one in the whole world which has God for its Author! It would seem unusual, he fears, to seem to love Prayer, although by it alone we can be fitted for a brighter, and a purer, World!

Surely we all see the *falseness* of all this; surely the shame and the deepest shame too, is to those who refuse to pray to their Creator and Preserver; surely there is not a sight more blessed on this fallen Earth than a Youth who is thus rich in love towards his God!

I have spoken of the false shame which would turn us from Piety. But this is not all; but, strange to say, you sometimes learn to feel ashamed of indulging your natural affections,—of being much attached to your father, or mother, or sister, and being fond of their society.

You fancy it is unmanly to be influenced by them, and you are afraid of being supposed to care for their kindness towards you. I would not discourage perfect manliness and independence, but I would ask you,—do you not sometimes affect a bluntness and hardness you do not really feel?

At first it is put on with an effort, from fear of seeming too fond of home; but alas! the effort, I fear, soon ceases, especially in some dispositions, to be one, and the coldness and reserve, which were at first merely put on, become too often the natural temper. It may be greatly owing to the System of Education in England, which tends to weaken, and lower, confidence and love between Parent and Child; for certainly there is more of cordial intimacy, more of real familiar friendship between parents and children in other Countries of Europe than generally exists among us. In

England, when at School, there is a long absence from Home—other persons and things engross a large share of your thoughts and feelings.

Many things, small in themselves, are felt very keenly; for instance, you compare yourself with others, and you do not like to have less money than other boys, or to have fewer presents sent you; this hurts your pride, and you think of your Parents as less generous or less wealthy than others. Thus feeling towards Home, the effect of absence is increased tenfold: concealment and restraint are sometimes the dispositions with which you meet your Fathers.

Then comes actual life. You go out to service as Clerk or as Apprentice, perhaps, in another Town—it may be to other parts of the World,—and settle at a distance from your Father's house; the opportunities of undoing the bad, and cold, impressions of early life are no more obtainable, those loving voices which are associated with early, and bygone days, are but to be heard by you *a few times more*, and *all* that passes between Father and Son are a *few* short letters,—and a *few* short visits,—till you are called upon to perform the *last* sad act of duty that will EVER be required of you,—in following your Parent's dead body to the Grave!

“Be kind to thy Father, for now he is old,
His locks are besprinkled with grey,
His footsteps are feeble—once fearless and bold,
For thy Father is *passing away!*”



Last Words.

Though this may be far from being your case, we have all need to guard against the tendency to that false shame,—

—that hateful pride,—which suppresses the expression of duty and affection, and makes you affect being undutiful even before you are so in reality. And I press it upon your attention the more earnestly, that your confidence and affection may not be lost toward your earthly parent before they are centred upon a Heavenly one. For I would remind you that the same coldness encouraged towards those who stand in His place respecting you is too likely to be felt towards our Heavenly Father. In all that I have said in reference to the claims of a Parent, I had this in view ; for what are they but a faint type of that duty, that affection, that confidence which ought to exist in your heart towards your Creator and your Redeemer? I am the more desirous, in conclusion, to draw your attention to this, because many who are gentle, docile, and dutiful, towards their earthly parents may yet be wanting in this one needful thing.

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

There may be some among you who possess many things really lovely and amiable ; kindly and affectionate to your Parents and Companions ; willing ever to oblige, and looked upon by them in turn with joy and pride. There may be some of you who, if needful, would work nobly to render assistance to an aged Mother, and keep her from want, who would share your last meal with her, and your Brother, or Sister, or Friend, while at the same time you are wholly destitute of piety or affection towards your God!

Alas! this, *more than anything else*, exhibits to us the fallen state of man towards his beneficent Maker! That the *Immoral*, the *Thief*, the *Adulterer*, and the *Covetous*, whose idol is his wealth, should disclaim subjection to his God, is sad, but *not* surprising ; but the alienation of the World from its Maker is even yet more seen in the amiability which can feel love to *all but God*,—the industry that feels no labour heavy, that never yet wrought one work for Christ, done to please Him,—the strength and endurance that care for no toil, except the labour of serving and worshipping God! That *must* be a Separation, indeed, which exiles Him, as it were, from the World that He has made! That when His voice is heard seeking admittance to our hearts, “When He comes to His own, His own receives Him not.” Will you that He should see the fairest things that He has formed,—the fairest feelings He

has implanted,—embracing every object but Himself, bearing fruit for all but Him? At your cheerful presence many an eye brightens when you enter, and the kindly smile shows that you are a favourite with all; have you no wish for the favour of One whose favour is above all? You would not willingly be thought ungrateful, unkind, to your companions, nor repulse the kindly feelings of a young companion towards yourself! Will you repulse, by coldness and ingratitude, Him who has so loved you? Will you refuse His love who even died for your sake, to redeem you and to make you His?

Shall you by courtesy, civility, and good-nature please and gratify every one else, but never ask the question “Where is my Maker, my Heavenly Father who gives me all things to enjoy, that I may feel the light of His countenance, and reflect it back in gratitude and love?”—He who merits our faith, our love, our submission, our devotedness, He, our Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor! Does it never occur to you, if such a one is amongst us this day, to ask yourself, “How must I appear in the eye of God Himself with this one defect,—the want of Religion, of Piety towards Him?”

Seek, then, by overcoming this false pride and coldness, I have spoken of, towards your nearest relatives and friends, to encourage in your heart the growth of kindly affection and disposition. But let your reason for doing so be because you feel it is pleasing in the sight of Him, who is the nearest and dearest friend of them all; One who thought nothing too dear or too costly to resign for us.



At unexpected seasons, in unforeseen ways, and without

effort on your part, tokens of God's goodwill will come dropping in upon you, as richly laden vessels come dropping into a sheltered harbour with the tide!

And if miracles are not wrought for your reward in this life,—if purer gales do not breathe to preserve your health, nor softer suns arise and more timely rains descend to ripen your harvest,—yet of this you are confident, that God is pleased with you, and will surely manifest His approbation.

He, indeed, looks with gracious approval upon a blameless, dutiful childhood, as it blossoms into a graceful Youth and Manhood! He regards with pleasure the inclination of your heart towards him, your early docility and gentle, good-humoured acquiescence to those who endeavour to act for you, standing as it were, in His stead.

“Honour,” then, “thy Father and thy Mother, that thy days may be long in the land.” Do not repel by coldness as if to show that you can do without it, the affection they feel and show towards you; let their faults be what they may, the life-long affection of a parent is not to be slighted; the world is cold and selfish, you will find such love is easier lost than found, when that familiar form and well-remembered voice have passed away. But, above all, let me urge you, finally, never to forget what the object of your obedience to them is,—that it is to lead you to obey and love another and an Almighty Father.

Repel not, above all besides, by coldness and indifference, the affectionate and sincere desires to please, and love and honour God, which we all sometimes feel.

Beware, above all else, when His gentle voice pleads with you against sin, or indifference and coldness to Him and His,—how you turn a deaf ear, and stifle such feelings with your pleasures and pursuits. The face of Nature never, surely, showed a sight so wonderful as that expressed in these words, “Behold! I stand at the door and knock.”—That He the Lord of Heaven and Earth from the Creation—“when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy”—that He, in the person of our Saviour, should show such Divine condescension, such unmerited, and alas! often unrequited, love, as to stand and knock at the Door of each of our hearts! The wonder of wonders is that none other than God Himself should come, thus standing at the Door, asking us—“My son, give Me thy heart; open the door! My yoke is not a heavy one; My burdens are but light! Consent to be My Son, and I will be thy God! Thy stay in this world cannot be a long

one; its restless scenes will not give thee happiness, for after drinking of earthly pleasures thou wilt surely thirst again! Why, then, spend that strength for naught, which now thou mayest spend for My honour and thy own eternal welfare? I will give thee of that living water of which those who drink will never feel thirst again! A few hurtful pleasures thou must deny thyself, it is true; a few lessons in My school thou must learn, it is true, to fit thee for the life of bliss to come; as others, thou must share, it is true, the penalty of My righteous judgment on a fallen world; and, like others, thou must one day return to dust; but accept the offers of My love (which thou canst not doubt), seeing that I gave Myself to redeem thee, and that I will be with thee in life and death,"—and that there should be any that refuse!

It is not that the Door is never opened! The World, with its pleasures, its gains, and its pursuits, knocks at your door, and you know that it is opened to it! Evil passions and desires,—and Satan, even,—knock, and you know that the door closed to Christ, is sometimes opened to *them*!

I would entreat you to mark Christ's words,—“Behold! I stand.” The *attitude* is not that of one who will *always* be standing there; it is the *attitude* of one who may soon PASS ON!

CHRIST DOES PASS ON!

From the unopened door even Divine patience, must, in time, turn sadly away! “They wish to be left alone. Day, after day, have I gone, offering them blessings,—priceless, eternal,—and they have spurned them away! Sunday after Sunday have I sent them teachers, inviting them to come to Me, encouraging them in all danger, and trouble and temptation, to pray to their Saviour that He would hear and save all that put their trust in Him; but they wished to be left alone! My kindness and my charity must be turned into other channels, where they may meet with a welcome and loving reception. Well, if it must be so, *let them alone!*”

Those who have long heard Christ's call should indeed make haste to obey it! Surely there are some of us who have tried his patience long enough. I would have you bear in mind that it is possible, even in early life, thus to reject the offers of God, and to pass a life of ordinary ease and comfort, though in a life chosen by ourselves, and without God in the world. It is marked by no greater symptom than

a prayerless, thoughtless life, by almost perfect indifference to religion, by the aim and object of your life being centred in *yourself*. Alas! I fear there comes a time in the *experience* of some when their Creator's sun, it is true, may still shine a few more days upon their dwelling, but there *comes no Jesus there!* The day will come (for life is at best but uncertain) when there will be *Another*, and a Terrible one, knocking at *your* door! Where the Saviour stood once there stands now the King of Terrors,—Death! Oh! how will you then spring to your feet and rush to the door to seek for Christ, where once He came so often in vain to seek for YOU! “Oh! LET US IN! The Bridegroom is so sweet!”

But the opportunity, the precious opportunity, is yours *now*; you need only open to Him your heart, to call upon Him by Prayer! He is near you now; His ear is not heavy that He cannot hear; He is as near you now as if He still lived upon the earth; He is even more so. Go to Him; go from our discourses to Him; to lead you to Him is the one object which we have ever proposed to ourselves in writing.

Perish all our discourses and all our books if this is not the spirit which animates them!

Go to him yourself, for human language stops at that limit; beyond, in communion with Christ, pass things which are between yourself and God; things which “a stranger intermeddled not,” which cannot be reduced into language, although known in the happy experience of the least of the children of God!

You had judged Him severe, His yoke heavy, His conditions impracticable; you will find the Saviour meek, and lowly, in heart, keeping account for you of a cup of cold water given for His sake, gathering up with love and approval the least good which He perceives in you.

He will show you that He followed you with tender and watchful interest through your life, from the most distant point which you know yourself, making all terminate in those thoughts of conversion which He now produces in you—(is it not time?)—and which, in favoured moments, you all sometimes must have felt.

And if there be one Youth amongst us here who has one day poured out his penitent heart before God, and has formed, unknown to all men, the sincere design (more sincere, alas! than realised) of giving himself to the Lord unreservedly, He will instruct him that it was, nevertheless, *not lost*, that honest resolution,—that it did not *fall to the*

ground, that silent Prayer,—that they have not flowed in vain, those too-soon dried tears, of which He alone still retains the trace,—but that all these loving proofs, gathered within His faithful bosom, will one day bear for him their precious fruit !

“ I do remember the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals.”

YOUTH.

Come, while the Spring, its Linden blossom spreads,
Come, while life's Morn is bright,
Come, while the golden Crown is to be won,
Come, ere the long, cold Night !

Come, while the Saviour's love for thee is saving,
Come, while Salvation is God's holy will,
Come, ere the chnrchyard grass o'er thee is waving,
And all around is *Cold*, and *Stern*, and *Still* !



The Eagle's Nest.

With great difficulty, Robert scaled the Cliffs, found the nest with young in,—and was about to take them, when he was attacked by the enraged Mother bird. Discharging his gun ineffectually, he was nearly driven over the Precipice. Whatever the cause,—whether injured,—or content at seeing her young ones still safe,—the Bird wheeled off to her nest ; leaving the Boy only too glad to descend, especially as a distant speck in the sky proclaimed the approach of the Male Eagle. Had the attack been renewed, while he was descending, the Birds would, in that defenceless position,—have torn his face to pieces,—causing him to miss his footing, and he would have been killed.

CHAPTER LIX.

MODERN UNBELIEF.

A BUDDHIST ON APOSTATE CHRISTIANS. RENAN'S THEORY OPPOSED BY A CLOUD OF WITNESSES. THE SIN OF UNBELIEF ATTACKS MANKIND IN EARLY LIFE. THE BIBLE MUST BE GOT RID OF SOMEHOW. RELIGIOUS PHRASES. FAITH A REVELATION, OBTAINED BY PRAYER AND BIBLE STUDY. THE OPEN SECRET.

THE HEATHEN, UPON HEATHEN CHRISTIANITY.

"Christianity may make great progress in the Country parts of Japan, and maybe in China," said one of the most enlightened and educated Bhuddists of our day, — some ten years ago, — "*for many are weary, — weary, — and it is a Religion easy to comprehend.* But not so with the well-educated in the large towns. Here the most powerful influence at work is your new English Philosophy, taught by Mill, Herbert Spencer, — and others. The works of Huxley, Darwin, &c., are taught, and the young men read them with zest. Besides there are here *many English and Scotch Teachers who openly assail Christianity in their lectures,* and teach an undisguised Materialism. Your new Philosophy threatens Bhuddism and Christianity alike. The ancient Philosophy of Confucius is being replaced by it; it appears to be *threatening your own belief at home, and your Priests appear to be adapting their teaching to it, and probably their Creeds.* Bhuddism and Christianity both teach purity, and *purity is the road to rest.* As men grow more wicked they despise the doctrine of purity. Do men keep Christ's precepts in England?"

ARE not these utterances, (especially those in italics) — of this educated, and able, Heathen, very remarkable? What a reproof to the Nation, which God has raised up purposely to carry the Bible and Christianity to the dark places of the Earth!

Surely, however, our Buddhist friend somewhat exaggerates the success of Materialistic teaching in our day. On the contrary, every discovery of Huxley, Darwin, and our painstaking, scientific men, seems only to irresistibly *confirm* the Christian Believer in the existence of a Supreme Ruler of infinite knowledge and forethought. The results obtained in every branch of modern scientific investigation appear to us to be *most acceptable*, and to confirm, — what every reasoning man knew before, from his own observations, — that there is *design in everything.*

Then, dear Reader, how is it possible that there can be design in everything around us without a Designer?

The Materialist, by every action in his daily life, is compelled to bear witness to, and illustrate in himself, the presence of an all-wise Creator. He cannot speak, read, move, eat, or digest, without bearing witness to the presence of design, and plan. For who created him? Spontaneous creation? How can unintelligent,—unthinking,—dead Matter, bring into being an intelligent, and thinking creation? Like can only beget like. It would have to produce something superior to itself. Amongst the ever-shifting,—innumerable windings on those barren mountains of Unbelief,—the position of the absolute Atheist,—the rank Materialist,—seems, of all others, the most difficult to sustain. Many indeed deny the possibility of the existence of an absolute Atheist. To maintain the non-existence of a Creator, involves the Materialist,—if a really intelligent, educated man,—in difficulties of a most amazing character!

The believer in Materialism must require a faith, (or bigotry,) compared to which Faith in Christianity is indeed, as the Bhuddist remarks,—“an easy religion to comprehend.” The merest Schoolboy cannot whip his top, find a bird’s nest, or tend his flower bed,—without noticing that there is Design, and Plan, in everything around him.

The following chapter does not, therefore, treat upon the phase of Unbelief asserted to be held by the Materialist, but upon the much more prevalent and dangerous phase of Infidelity which professes belief in a Supreme Ruler,—reads the Bible with respect,—but expresses Unbelief in Christ. Acknowledging the existence of an all-wise and an all-good Creator, but resolutely denying the necessity of the great Atonement,—the facts of the Redemption of Mankind,—the Divinity of our Lord, and the fact that without the shedding of the precious blood of Christ,—and belief in Him,—Salvation is impossible.

ANCIENT UNBELIEF.

“Who is ‘the Lord,’—that I should obey His voice? I know not ‘the Lord,’—neither will I let Israel go!” PHARAOH.—*Exodus v., 2.*

So spake Pharaoh,—three thousand four hundred years ago,—and so in their hearts have spoken Unbelievers ever since. Constantly shifting its ground, and changing its front,—to suit increased intelligence and culture,—the

polite, and ingenious, Scepticism of the more refined type of Unbelievers, in 1891, is very different to the coarse Infidelity of Paine, and the School of Atheists,—of ninety years ago. They never made much pretension to Scholarship,—ancient records, documents, monuments of the Ancients,—never troubled Paine much, they simply denied *everything*, and treated the Bible as an imposition and a fraud. The modern, refined, leaders of Unbelief, now look with contempt upon the ignorance of the old School of Atheists. Modern Criticism and Scholarship, for instance, no longer permit the Renan, or Strauss, School of Infidelity, to disallow the authenticity of the letters of the early Christian Writers; such as the Epistle of Clement, A.D. 97, the letters of Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, A.D. 110, or the Epistles of Paul to the Romans, Galatians, &c., written about A.D. 58, or, as some think, a little earlier. These letters are now accepted by Modern Scholars to be as authentic as the writings of Cicero and others. Totally disagreeing, however, with each other, the Modern Leaders of Infidelity pull each others' theories of Unbelief ruthlessly to pieces,—and the views of Modern Freethinkers seem to change every few years. Thus it is now found safest, after all, to acknowledge, and quote from, the *Gospel narrative*,—as admitted History, and Fact,—and then to endeavour to explain away, the belief of the early Christians in Christ,—in the Resurrection,—and all else,—by wild phrases, and incredible Suppositions.

THE HALLUCINATION THEORY.

Thus Renan,—taking only a detached portion of the Gospel account, — argues in phrases, exquisitely, and entirely, French,—that Mary Magdalene saw a Vision of our Lord, and that she was the authoress of Christianity; others, merely following her lead, and sharing her hallucination. He only deals with a small portion of the Gospel narrative. Unbelievers are ever apt to omit all the *remaining narrative* which might be inconvenient and fatal to their wild theories.

THE RESURRECTION.

“When the Even was come, there came a rich man of Arimathæa named Joseph, a Counsellor; he was a good man and a just, who also was Jesus' disciple. He went boldly unto Pilate and craved the body of Jesus. And Pilate marvelled if he were already dead, and, calling the Centurion, he asked him whether he had been any while dead. And when he knew it of the Centurion he gave the body to Joseph. And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it on his own new tomb which he had hewn out of the rock. Now in that place there was a Garden.



Mary, supposing him to be the Gardener, saith unto him : " Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him." Jesus saith unto her, " Mary !" She turned herself and saith unto Him, " Rabboni," which is to say, Master !

The same day, at evening,—when the doors were shut, where the disciples were assembled, for fear of the Jews,—came Jesus, and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, " Peace be unto you." And He showed them His hands with His side. But Thomas,—one of the twelve,—called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came. The other disciples therefore said unto him, " We have seen the Lord !" But he said unto them, " Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe." And after eight days again came Jesus, the doors being shut, and Thomas was with them.

Then saith He to Thomas, " Reach hither thy finger, and behold My hands, and reach thither thy hand, and thrust it into My side, and be not faithless, but believing."

And Thomas answered and said unto Him, " My Lord and My God." Jesus said unto him, " Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed. Blessed are they that have NOT SEEN, yet have believed."

All this portion of the Gospel narrative, Renan and others, avoid. They do not mention all these Witnesses who,—so far from being enthusiasts,—given to hallucinations,—were very hard to convince,—even on the *evidence* of their *senses*,—and evidently found it most difficult fully to believe in our Blessed Lord's Resurrection. Again, Renan has not a word to say about the five hundred early Christians whom Paul calls upon as having all seen our risen Lord. 1 Corinthians, xv., 6. " After that, He was seen of five hundred brethren at once ; of whom the greater part remain unto this present ; but some have

fallen asleep." This challenge of Paul, as to hundreds of witnesses then still living, was written about the year 58. These witnesses,—so far from going merely by Mary Magdalene, were men, who, like Thomas,—had actually seen their risen Lord,—had spoken to, and eaten with Him.

The Crucifixion had taken place only 28 years before Paul wrote these words. No one then disputed the fact of the Resurrection,—or Paul's words; too many witnesses were then still alive. How many of us in 1891, can distinctly remember,—and in case of need, could witness to, and prove,—events which occurred 29 years ago, viz., in 1862, the year of the Second Great Exhibition in London? Again Paul had been a Christian 20 years when he wrote his Epistles, thus we are brought within 8 years of our Lord's death.

This host of witnesses,—Strauss, Renan, and the modern Infidels,—find it convenient not to allude to! Yet these are the men,—Heaven save the mark!—who are called "Our great Thinkers,"—"Leaders of modern thought."—"The first Scholars in Europe!" They certainly do not "lead" the Christian!

What must be the unutterable folly, and sin,—in any intelligent, responsible, thoughtful, person,—who can choose the monstrous dogmas of Infidel writers, to the sublime teachings of his Bible?

In our day even the most deadly sins and the worst of mankind are most leniently dealt with. "Honest Unbelief," is rather encouraged than condemned! Sinners of all kinds are now to be pitied rather than shunned, and their vile principles, and "deadly nightshade" of "Unbelief" are to be defended, rather than detested!

THE SIN OF UNBELIEF.

A Youth to whom coarse sins,—sins outward, apparent, obvious, to all, and evidently ruinous to Character, and Self-respect,—present no attractions,—may yet fall before the more deadly,—because more insidious,—sin,—of Unbelief. It is outwardly respectable,—excites little alarm,—but it *kills the Soul* in secret, and *by stealth*!

There is the Unbelief, however, merely of the Intellect,—intellectual difficulties,—which may occur to many well-meaning youths. These may, with God's aid, and a little Study of His word, be easily dispelled. But the real, deadly, Unbelief,—is the sin of wilful Unbelief of the

Heart. The persistent choice, and preference for an evil life of Unbelief,—rather than a life of obedience. The Real Unbelief which kills, is the “rejection of Christ and refusal to come under the influence of the Gospel.”

God has placed a barrier to this fatal sin, in placing the Bible in immense profusion, amongst all Christian Nations.

THE BIBLE STOPS THE WAY.

The Bible stops the way! On his dread pathway to perdition, it is evident to every Freethinker that *one thing must be done*. The Bible must either be treated in the old, coarse, brutal, manner of Thos. Paine, and the old, ignorant School of Unbelievers,—or its teachings must be explained away, à la Renan, to suit the increased culture of Modern Scepticism. All Sceptics, Secularists, Theosophists, Free-thinkers, Infidels, Unbelievers, Atheists,—(giving them any name they prefer),—feel that the *first*, and *essential* thing to be done, is to *attack the Bible!*

Every phase of Unbelief requires this to be done. The Authenticity of God's word to Mankind,—either its Teachings,—its History,—its Morality,—or its Facts,—must be challenged,—disputed, or ignored. Once the Bible is admitted by Mankind to be a Divinely inspired Book,—in fact, to be what it emphatically claims to be,—“The Word of God,”—Unbelief finds no standpoint,—no ground to rest upon. To lessen, therefore, the Authority, and to weaken the hold of the Bible, upon the minds, and consciences of men,—ever has been,—and ever will be,—the first, and necessary effort on the part of Unbelievers in every age of the World.

THE SIN BEGINS IN EARLY LIFE.

This sin of Unbelief attacks Mankind often in early life,—and unless at once opposed, it carries,—like the sins of Vice, Covetousness, or Drunkenness,—every thing before it. Thos. Paine, whose religious instruction had been by no means neglected,—relates that it attacked him first when comparatively young. As he was one day, going down the steps into the garden, *there suddenly came over his mind*,—he says,—an opposition, to,—and unbelief in,—the entire Scheme of Salvation through Christ. It was doubtless, his temptation in life. Unresisted,—it led,—as every besetting sin will,—to his ruin.

Judging from the following “thoughts,”—recently republished by Renan,—written in 1848,—nearly forty years

ago,—when comparatively a young man,—he also seems to have once had religious inclinings. Whether the “God” of Renan’s “Youth,”—was the God of the Christian,—or a Deity of his own creation, we have no means of judging.

“Oh! God of my youth,”—he writes in 1848,—“I had hoped, —long since,—to return to Thee.” (The return is seldom made) —“spoilt by the pride of reason.”—(Note.—It seems always Reason,—human reason,—which is made responsible for a shipwreck of Faith,—like Paine’s “Age of Reason,”—itself the most unreasonable, and unreasoning of books.) “And maybe I shall ere long return humble, and vanquished.” (The “maybe” never took place; the return was never made: it seldom is. The return *entirely depends* upon the *grace* of God! The instances of an Infidel Writer, and Lecturer, returning, or alleged to have returned,—are so rare, that the case of Joseph Barker, the apostate Minister, whose apostacy did such mischief in Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1849,—seems the only recorded instance at hand. Dying at Omaha, U.S., in his 70th year,—changing his views for the last time,—Barker asserted that he died a Christian Believer. Whether he did or not, he had certainly done mischief enough, in his day, to Christ’s cause.) “But, for the present,”—Renan continues,—“Thy Temple lies in ruins.” (If Renan had ever been, what Paul declares every true Christian to be,—“a temple of the living God,”—this remark, made in 1848,—is now certainly true in 1891.)—“I cannot see Thy face,”—(Surely, it was hardly to be expected; but the Unbeliever will *have* to see His face *some day*). “Adieu, then!”—he continues, with sufficient impudence),—“God of my youth! Perhaps Thou wilt again appear at my death bed.” (What! after 40 years as a Teacher of Infidelity? It will be truly amazing,—totally unintelligible,—unworthy of the Almighty, and in direct contradiction to His own word, if He does! He certainly was not present at the death beds of Voltaire, and Thos. Paine; for the former appeared to be in a frenzy of rage,—and the latter kept screaming out when left alone). “For though Thou hast deceived me,”—Renan concludes,—“I love Thee still.” If so,—he has,—for 40 years, chosen an *extraordinary* way of showing it! It will irresistibly occur to the Reader, that it was the Devil,—not the faithful, and blessed, God, who “deceived,” Paine, Barker, Renan, Voltaire, Bradlaugh, Col. Ingersoll, Strauss, Besant, Foote, &c., and the many foolish Readers who have preferred the “deadly nightshade,”—the dreadful stuff, and unmitigated rubbish, these wretched creatures have written, to the Priceless Word of God!

Dear Reader, if you persist in your deadly sin of Unbelief, and choose infidel companions, and infidel writings, in preference to a loving Saviour, and a faithful God,—whom have you to blame but yourself? The “Leaders of Modern thought,”—(Heaven save

the mark! they certainly do not "lead" the Christian Believer),—make light of the existence of a "Jealous God,"—they "bid adieu to the God of their youth,"—spend the precious years of life as Teachers of Unbelief.—and then in the end, like Barker, desire to "Die a Christian,"—and trust that He will "appear at their death bed!"

But the Word of God, tells a far-different tale!

THE APOSTATE.

"For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened,—and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and the power of the world to come,—if they shall fall away, to renew them again to repentance; seeing that they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to open shame. For, if we Sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the Truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries. He that despised Moses's law died without mercy under two or three witnesses. Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sacrificed, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace; For we know Him that hath said Vengeance belongeth unto me, I will recompense, saith the Lord. And again, the Lord shall judge His people. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God."—*Hebrews* vi., 4, and x., 26.

These men,—like Barker,—seem to be under the *delusion* that after years of rebellion, they can *change* their lives *at will!* They forget that "Belief," "Saving Faith," and "Saving Grace,"—without which Salvation is impossible,—are the most *precious* gifts of God, which He alone can bestow upon humble seekers. These inestimable Gifts of God are not at the beck and call of Mankind, just when they choose! They are *not at our control!*

FAITH A DIVINE GIFT. LEFT TO UNBELIEF.

Do you doubt it? Then look at God's own people,—or, rather, His once chosen people,—the Jews. Why do *they* not "believe?"—They go with us Christians as far as the Old Testament! They grasp with us, as God's own word, —handed down to us by their own inspired Writers,—the splendid prophecies of the Old Testament,—teeming as they do with types and promises of the coming Christ,—they go with us, down to the last word of Malachi; but when it comes to the fulfilment of their own prophecies,—necessitating belief in Jesus Christ,—they *stop dead!* They absolutely reject every word of the New Testament.

Dear Reader, do you want to see Miracles, or "Fulfilment of Prophecy," in 1891? Surely a greater Fulfilment of Prophecy than the position of our Jewish Friends,—never *took place* before the eyes of mankind! "Hearing they

shall hear, and not understand,—seeing they shall see, and not perceive.” Dividing the sums spent by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel amongst the Jews, by the number of authentic conversions, it is said that £5,000, to £10,000, is expended in procuring the conversion of a single Jew!



Paul in Rome.

And Paul dwelt two whole years, in his own hired house, and received all who came in unto him. And some believed the things which were spoken and some believed not. And when they agreed not among themselves they departed, after that Paul had spoken one word. “Well spake the Holy Ghost, by Esaias the Prophet unto our Fathers.”—(*Isaias*, in the *Hebrew*; vi. 9.) saying, “Go unto this people and say, Hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing they shall see, and not perceive. For their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed.” “Be it known, therefore, unto you that the Salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it.”—*Acts* xxviii., 30.”

It is not want of *intelligence* on the part of the Jews; on the contrary, their financial success in every part of the World proves that, as a Race, or Nation, they are in intellect, and sagacity, *second to none!*

MEN BELIEVE ANYTHING BUT THE GOSPEL.

What absurd religious impositions,—passed off upon Mankind,—have found ready followers, and believers!

Spiritualists,—(with Tricks not equal to some of Maske-lyne and Cook’s, which may have been seen for the moderate charge of one shilling, any time during the past twenty years at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly,)—Blavatskys,—Impostors,—Tricks of the Photographer, well known in the Trade,—Miracles which always require “the Gas being lowered,”—*any* Rubbish, rather than Jesus Christ! Nothing seems too outrageous, provided it is something new,—for human credulity, excepting the simple Gospel of Jesus

Christ,—and the “sweet reasonableness” of Christ’s Atonement, as the Divine Saviour of Mankind.

TRUE BELIEF NEEDS GRACE. IT IS A REVELATION.

The amazing difficulty, on the part of Mankind, in believing in the Divinity,—Resurrection,—and final appearance as our Judge, of our Saviour,—is shown in the Unbelief of His own immediate followers. So far from being,—as Renan asserts,—resolved to believe in Christ’s Resurrection, on the faintest grounds,—even as he suggests, on the optical delusions of an impassioned woman ;—the Disciples were,—on the contrary,—most difficult to convince, even on the evidence of their own senses,—sight,—hearing,—and touch !

It was evidently not Thomas Didymus, alone, who refused to believe in our Lord’s resurrection, until he had, himself, felt the scars left by the healed wounds of the nails, and spear. Matthew (xxviii., 17) says,—even after our Lord had been seen by so many,—“But some doubted.” Doubted still ! *Would* not believe !



The selfish Rich Man and his Brethren.

There was a certain rich Man who fared sumptuously every day. And there was a certain Beggar named Lazarus laid at his gate, full of sores, desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man’s table : moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.—*Luke* xvi., 19.

A MIRACLE, IN 1891, COULD NOT PRODUCE BELIEF.

It will be remembered that this rich man,—knowing the lives his five brothers were living,—no doubt, rich, and selfish, like himself,—pleaded that “one might rise from the dead,” to convince them. Abraham assures him that it would be useless,—“Neither would they believe though one rose from the dead.” The other Lazarus *did* actually rise

from the dead, and was seen by numbers! Did they all believe and repent? *Not at all!* They *acknowledged* the *miracle*,—"Then gathered the Chief Priests in Council, and said, 'What do we? for this man *doeth many miracles*,'"—(therefore we will believe on Him and repent?)—No!—"If we let Him thus alone, *all men will believe on Him!*" Then from that day forth they took counsel together for to *put Him to death*."—John xi., 4-53.

"Much people of the Jews came not for Jesus' sake only, but that they might see Lazarus also whom He had raised from the dead. But the Chief Priests consulted *that they might put Lazarus also to death*, because that by reason of him many of the Jews believed on Jesus."

So it was A.D. 33, so it would be in 1891! Our Lord rose from the dead, yet "some doubted." So it always is in the fatal Unbelief of the *heart*. We often read that Jesus "marvelled at their unbelief;" it seemed as if our Lord Himself (in His *human* nature) was *amazed* at it! Jesus' brothers (John vii., 3-8) must have been brought up with Him from boyhood,—must have seen His lovely character. Surely one would have thought that the entire family would have loved and followed Him! But like the brothers of Joseph they seem to have been indifferent characters, jealous of, and irritated at,—His superiority to to themselves.

THE ALTOGETHER LOVELY.

Yet how sweet and lovely must have been the early days of the Holy child Jesus! How lovely must have been the perfect piety and goodness of the youth of Him, Who was "fairer than the children of men, the chiefest of ten thousand, and altogether lovely." One would have thought that being brought up with Jesus,—being constantly with Him,—seeing His lovely character,—would have melted a stone into love! Yet we read,—“For neither did His brethren believe in Him.” (John vii., 5) Even our Lord's immediate followers,—who had “been with Him from the beginning,” seen the miracles,—nay, had *even wrought them themselves*,—and had come back to their Lord with joy, saying “even the Devils are subject to us through Thy name,”—*even they* had to be upbraided for their “unbelief,” and “hardness of heart,” to the very last,—even after the Resurrection of their Lord,—and had to have “their eyes opened that they might understand the Scriptures!” All this does certainly show the *amazing* difficulty of true, saving, belief in Almighty God, and His Son Jesus Christ! Paul writing to the early Christians at Corinth, only twenty-

eight years after Christ's death reminds them that 500 of the brethren had seen the risen Lord, and spoken with Him after His resurrection, "Of whom the greater part remain to this day, but some have fallen asleep." Even thus early some were beginning to doubt! Indeed, everything points to the absolute impossibility of true saving belief in Jesus Christ, unless Divine grace is sought for and obtained in answer to continual prayer.

FAITH PRODUCED,—AND SUSTAINED,—BY PRAYER.

Many Youths seem to wonder at the necessity for all this prayer. "Why cannot God give us what we ask for, once for all, and *have done with it?*" They forget that all this prayer is *not* for God's sake, but *for our own*, it is the only known means of keeping "Faith" or "Belief" alive! Daily communion with God, in Prayer,—is the *only known means* by which the Finite, can approach the Infinite! Dear young Reader, your own experience will but confirm the experience of Mankind, that without this constant asking for Divine grace,—the merely intellectual,—natural,—worldly,—human,—mind can never understand, appreciate, or accept, the method of Salvation through belief in Christ! On the contrary,—"being talked at" incessantly on these subjects, with the well-known pious Phrases and Expressions common to the Religious,—seems only too likely to excite disgust, if injudiciously persisted in. "Well! but a Parent, or person placed in a responsible position, must insist upon family prayer,—family reading of the Bible, &c., otherwise a very heathen condition of things would soon obtain in that family." True, but attempt should be made to render such efforts interesting,—real,—and pleasing, to the Young. The dismal routine of the Chapter read, for years, often in a very dismal voice, and lifeless way,—without a word of comment or explanation,—is very trying to Young People. The better plan is to let *each* of the Family read *in turn*.

AN UNCONVERTED YOUTH EXPRESSES DISGUST.

All this talk of "Jesus only!" "Getting well saved," "What think ye of Christ?" "Is Christ precious to you?" "Only believe." "Coming to Jesus." Buried in baptism with Him." "Plunged in that crimson flood, &c., &c.,"—wrote a fine, intellectual, Youth to the Author,—"has been dinned into our ears, until it either becomes nauseous, or is listened to with quiet contempt, and without the ghost of a sympathetic response. We know well that too much

of it is mere "buncombe,"—gas,—inanity. The fact that so few are affected by it, proves, I think, that people do not really believe it."

I ventured to point out to him,—as I do to the young Reader,—that Religious, Pious, people acquire certain,—one may almost say "technical" phrases in expressing religious truths. Technical words gradually creep into every pursuit, and every amusement; words which all cannot appreciate. For instance a youth in the Engineering, or Machine Shop, would ask for a "Spanner," or a "Template," and would be understood in a moment; but not by the outer world. The Builder,—Seaman,—Miner,—even our Boys in their games at School, employ technical words, and phrases, which would not be understood by others. You must not therefore quarrel with Religious People if they employ,—over and over again,—certain terms, which convey to the pious, enlightened, mind, the most *profound, blessed, and delightful* truths,—but which must be *very trying* to a *proud, intellectual, unregenerate* person!

DEPENDS ON THE STATE OF THE HEART.

Such expressions are merely "nauseous," because the young hearer has never yet *felt* the exceedingly precious Truths,—which such expressions are intended, by good people, to convey,—experimentally for himself. At the same time, if Evangelical,—(another technical term for energetic, devoted, pious, people)—Teachers could but give their hearers *more thoughts* and fewer mere words,—this complaint of "dinning our ears,"—without touching the heart,—would not be so often heard.

There never was a day in which there was more religious talk than the one we live in.

"We are preached to death,"—said an excellent gentleman to the Writer. Not with thoughtful, practical, suggestive, addresses, but with an interminable flow of religious talk, with not much life in it, and producing, apparently little practical result. Lacking not only the "enticing words of man's wisdom,"—*that* all Christians can dispense with,—but unfortunately, lacking also the indispensable,—"demonstration,"—Paul speaks of,—"of the Spirit and of Power."

"BELIEF" UNLIKE ALL OTHER STUDIES.

A well-meaning Youth,—meeting with difficulty in Religious Belief,—the unbelief of the Head,—the understanding, rather than of the Heart,—instead of expecting

much from the religious talk of others, should give himself a certain time, alone, for private study of the Bible every day. After leaving School his must indeed be an unusual life if he cannot secure half an hour of an evening to himself. Let him be assured, from the experience of Mankind for ages,—that mere listening to others cannot of itself bring true “Belief,” or “Conversion.” Earnest Gospel addresses are helpful; but “Belief” cannot be taught as in a Class-room,—talked into an Audience, or worked out as in a problem of Euclid, by Diagrams,—to mathematical certainty. It cannot be represented intellectually, so as to bring irresistible conviction to the mind as in teaching Art, Science, or any Subject, pertaining to Sense or Time. When all has been done to convince the *understanding*,—still Divine grace is needed,—and will alone be effectual,—to convince and *convert*, the *Heart, Mind, and Soul*. It will, after all, be a matter of individual “Belief” in Christ, on the part of every youth,—because God has so ordained it.

Were it possible to teach Belief in Jesus Christ,—and Salvation through Him,—in a Lecture Room,—by irresistible,—mathematical,—demonstrations, there would be no room, or scope, for the individual exercise of this inestimable precious gift of God called throughout the Bible, “Faith,” or “Belief.” So indispensable is it to Salvation that we are plainly told that “without faith it is impossible to please God.” Prize, therefore, your faith and belief in God and Christ as really the most precious thing you will ever possess, and dread those persons, or Books, which tend to destroy “Faith” in all those they come in contact with.

FAITH OBTAINED BY THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

Though it cannot be *taught*, Faith may be *gained* by individual, personal, study of God’s word. Do you doubt it? Then put it to the test! Let the young Reader only give himself time to study the Bible,—*always* with Prayer to God for enlightenment every time you open your Bible, for the next two months, and see whether glorious truths and convictions will not gradually open themselves to your mind. The “study” of God’s word here spoken of is not merely reading at haphazard any verses that may at the moment strike you, and forget them all in five minutes after, as thousands do.

By all means read any, and all, the interesting parts of

the Bible, as often as you like, but for "study" adopt the following suggestion. Let the young reader take the one verse: Matt. i., 21,—“And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call His name ‘Jesus,’—(‘Saviour’ in the Hebrew)—for He shall save His people from their sins.” Getting a thick ruled book,—copy book size,—with stiff cover,—let the student,—now no longer a mere reader,—look out all the References given in his Marginal Bible to this one verse, and write them all out in his book till exhausted, giving the places where he found them. He will find that there will be other sets of references again to these in turn. Let him take *all these in turn*, and, as his book fills, an amazing collection of the most precious promises and assurances will gradually be collected from all parts of the Bible,—*useful to you all your life*:—and the great Scheme of Salvation through Jesus will gradually open itself irresistibly to your mind. “Why, you might as well ask me to write out the entire Bible!” No! All the references obtained from this verse, and all those to which you will be sent, will probably fill two books, and take some months to complete. If it took years,—if it took your lifetime,—could you spend the half-hour a day better? You give *countless* hours, in youth, to your Cricket, Football, and other pursuits, cannot you give *one half-hour a day to your God*?

BIBLE STUDY LEFT TO THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

Thousands of men,—apparently sane,—sagacious,—men, in all that pertains to this World,—spend forty years, in ceaseless, amazing, toil and energy, in making a Fortune, but begrudge half an hour a day given to God! Then, when *danger* comes,—as on the sinking “London,”—(See page 78,)—they *rush* to their neglected Bibles,—expecting to *condense* the duty of the past forty years into one short, distracted hour, “and to the mercy of a *moment* leave the vast concerns of an Eternal scene!” One really may question, whether,—in this direction,—such men are *really sane*!

Eighty-two references to the verse given,—referring to the word “Jesus,” could be here given, but they occupy too much space. They will be found to be the most precious verses to the Believer, of any recorded in God’s Word. Persistently adhered to, this practical, real, study of the Bible, accompanied by prayer, *must* dispel unbelief! The entire Bible thus carefully examined,—will be found to speak directly,—(or indirectly by “types,”)—of Christ,—the

promised Messiah, or "Saviour." Allusions to His coming,—His office and Kingdom,—will meet the student from Genesis to Malachi. Written by scores of persons, evidently of very different characters and temperaments, and at very distant periods of the World's History, the diligent student will soon be convinced that the amazing unity and accord in their writings *must be of God!*

WHY DID GOD MAKE SALVATION DEPENDENT
UPON "BELIEF" IN CHRIST?

Surely it is useless for finite beings to ask *why* Almighty God chose the amazing,—and to the Carnal, "Unbelieving" mind,—inexplicable,—method of Salvation through "Belief" in Christ, which He has thought fit to place before Mankind. Doubtless these are the things into which "the Angels" themselves, "desire to look,"—and which will require no doubt Eternity,—and a greater advance in spiritual understanding than is now possible to Man,—fully to comprehend. Meanwhile, surely

it is our wisdom and duty,—as perishing creatures,—sustained, for a few fleeting years, by God's Providence,—to gain, with His aid, and the study of His Holy Word, this "Faith," and most thankfully to accept for ourselves that Salvation by "Belief" in Christ, now offered to all men by an indulgent God.

Two Difficulties met with by the Young Student of the Bible are treated of in the two following Chapters.

"I am willing,"—the young Reader may say,— "to commence the study of the Bible you recommend, for a short time daily, but when I meet with 'difficulties,'—of belief,—things which I cannot understand, or see how they can be right,—what am I to do? Give an illustration or two how the Believer would treat these 'difficulties!'"

Two illustrations are therefore given in the two next Chapters.

Already the familiar difficulty as to David's fall will be found treated on Page 252. That of the Fall of our First Parents on page 420. "Far from satisfactory,"—some may say. Well! let them be taken merely as suggestive, as an attempt for others to improve upon. Others may occur during your Bible study. You will be wise to pass such by till you are older. But be assured that there is not a "difficulty" in the entire Bible which cannot, with God's aid, be met; but time, study, prayer, and faith, are needed.

The amazing candour, and fairness, with which the Bible records the vices, as well as the virtues, of its heroes, seems never to be noticed by the Unbeliever;—he scoffs at David's fall,—but he never seems to reflect that unless God had thought fit to record it, he,—the Sceptic,—would never have heard of David's fall at all! The Bible gives all, boldly,—we may, therefore, read all with equal boldness.

THE BIBLE IS COMPLETE.

The Bible is *complete*. Nothing can be added to it,—certainly nothing can be taken away. “Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away.” “If any man shall take away from the words of the prophecy of this Book,” the Bible concludes by saying,—“God shall take away his part out of the Book of Life.” “And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire.”—Rev. xx., 15.

CONCLUSION.

THE BIBLE MUST BE STUDIED AS A WHOLE.

Hence the Bible must be read *as a whole*;—the most unfair method of reading God's Word,—fatal to truth,—is the extraordinary system of seizing upon one isolated Chapter,—or even a single Verse,—without considering to whom it was addressed,—and forming upon it a Belief or Creed! How can we thus distort the importance of one phase of Christian truth, without excluding others equally important? Surely the Scriptures are intended to be read as a whole, addressed to the infinitely varied needs of all,—Saint and Sinner alike. Take,—for instance,—the Ninth of Romans,—(alluded to in a subsequent Chapter) “that terrible Chapter,”—as it has been called,—dealing with the absolute Sovereignty of God.

It is evidently intended, by Paul, for a certain Class he was contending with, and was then addressing, viz.,—the proud Jews to whom the rejection of their once chosen, but unbelieving, Nation, and the bringing in of us,—the Gentiles,—was an abomination. But the “terrible” Ninth Chapter of Romans having humbled the pride, at least, probably of some,—as it was intended to do,—Paul goes on in the *very next Chapter*, from Predestination to the other equally true,—and most blessed phase of Truth,—namely, universal offer of Salvation to all who choose to humble themselves sufficiently to accept of it, and to call upon God, in his own appointed way, through our Saviour's atonement.

“For *whosoever* shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.”—*Rom. x.*, 12-13. “The same Lord over all is rich to *all* that call upon Him.” “If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead thou shalt be saved.”—*Rom. x.* 9.

THE BIBLE ORIGINALLY NOT DIVIDED INTO CHAPTERS AND VERSES.

If,—therefore,—you choose to read the Ninth chapter of Romans *by itself*,—or as an isolated chapter,—stop suddenly at the last verse,—without considering whom Paul is striving with, and whom he is addressing,—you might become a fatalist. Whereas we know that Paul *never divided* his Epistles into chapters *at all*; that was done ages after Paul, “for the convenience of being read in the Churches.” Paul never intended you to stop at the last verse of the Ninth, or any, of our so-called “chapters;” he intended his Epistles to be read *as a whole*. Thus the fatalist may form a belief by singling out, and stopping at this “Chapter,” (the IX. Rom.) while the glorious Gospel for all,—for “whosoever will,”—is freely offered to him in THE NEXT! Even one isolated verse may be thus unfairly selected, and a belief or even a creed founded upon it at utter variance with true, saving, Belief in Christ! “If ye loved Me ye would rejoice because I go unto the Father, for My Father is greater than all.”—*John xiv.*, 18.

“*There!*—says the Unitarian,—*I said so!* Jesus clearly does not claim to be equal with God,—confesses that God is greater than He is. *Just* what our Sect or Church has ever taught. A perfect Teacher,—sent by God,—but *not Divine!*” This one isolated verse may thus be taken out of the Bible,—carefully avoiding others,—to form thereon an amazing error! The Unitarian does not reflect that Jesus spoke these words in His *human character*,—as a man,—and while in that human state,—“He humbled Himself, and was found in fashion as a man.” Then, true, indeed, “My Father is greater than all.” “The Word became flesh and dwelt among us.” But for this *one* isolated, misunderstood, “wrested” text,—a *hundred* may be quoted to proclaim the absolute Divinity of Jesus Christ. “Lord,” said Philip, “show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.” “Have I been so long with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip? He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father. How sayest thou “Show us the Father?”

Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me?"—*John* xiv. 8-9. "I and My Father are one."—*John* x., 30. But *unto the Son* He saith, Thy Throne O God, is for ever and ever." "For unto us a Child is born,—unto us a Son is given; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." (Advent of Jesus Christ.) Unless Jesus was "very God" His amazing sacrifice, and satisfactory atonement for all Mankind,—prophesied throughout the Bible, from Genesis downward,—amounts to nothing,—is quite unavailing.

Surely this shows that the Scriptures must be studied *as a whole*, and not by selecting one portion, and "wresting" it to the exclusion, and ignoring, of the rest,—merely to suit the peculiar views of certain Sects. Peter,—himself,—speaks of Paul's Epistles as containing "some things which are hard to be understood,—which they that are unlearned, or unstable,—*wrest*,—as they do also the other Scriptures,—to their own destruction." But Peter accepts these things as from God. "Even as our beloved brother Paul,—*according to the wisdom given unto him*, hath written unto you."—II. *Peter* iii. 15-17. "Ye therefore, beloved, beware lest ye also being led away with the errors of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness."

"I cannot understand these things," the young Reader may say,—"I cannot understand how Jesus could be God as well as Man. I cannot see how God can know the End from the Beginning,—who will accept the Gospel, and be converted and saved,—and who will not,—and yet that we all act of our own free will!"

Dear young Reader! Who *asks* you to? Who *does* understand it? Who wants, or *expects* you to do so? "Can'st thou,—by searching,—find out God?" "Verily, thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel the Saviour."—*Isaiah* xlv., 15.

"Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto Babes."

IT IS A REVELATION OF GRACE.

The doctrine of Election,—Predestination,—Sovereign Grace,—Freewill,—Choice,—and Offer of Salvation to all,—are phases, and very solemn ones,—undoubtedly,—of Divine Truth. Almighty God doubtless knows the End from the Beginning, He would not be God if He did not.

But we, dear Reader, have no more to do with the doctrine of Predestination,—or the unquestionably mysterious Nature, and Powers, of Almighty God, than we have to do with the complex movements of His myriad Stars, in the great Nebulæ of Orion, the “Milky Way,” or Andromeda! Our duty,—as perishing creatures,—existing for a brief period on a dying World,—like the insects around us, fluttering their brief life-time in the Summer’s rays,—supported, for a moment, by Almighty God, soon to pass on in the solemn march of all created things onward to Eternity,—is,—surely to have “Faith” and “Belief” in God’s promises to all who call upon Him,—to take the Almighty at His Word, to grasp His promises, and to Believe in our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ!

This, you and I can certainly attempt now to do,—Predestination, or no Predestination;—and as God willeth not the death of the Sinner, “not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.”—II. Peter, iii., 9. “For God hath not appointed us unto Wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ.”—I. Thess. v., 9.,—we may be certain that we shall not attempt it long, before God will extend to us, also, this Saving Grace,—for He hath said, through our Blessed Lord,—“Whosoever cometh unto Me I will in NO WISE CAST OUT.”

THE “OPEN SECRET.”

THE SECRET OF THE WORLD.

Can’st *thou* read the Secret of this World, O Wind!
As thou sweepest o’er the Moorland,—buffeting the Mountain’s breast?
Or ’gainst its headlands beating,—with a sobbing as entreating,
Shelter, in Earth’s bosom, from thy wild unrest?

Can’st *thou* read the Secret of this World, O Soul!
As thou strivest towards the Infinite, and absolute Unknown,
Tracing Firmamental Courses,—seeking Elemental Sources,—
Making all the WISDOM of the SCHOOLS thy own?

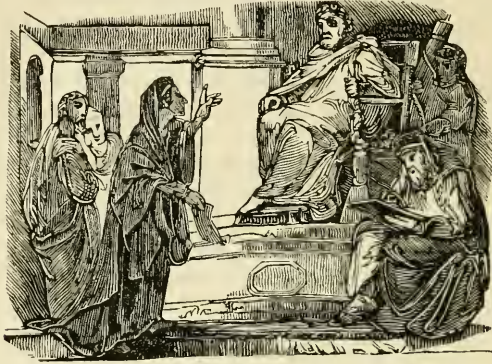
No!—The Secret of this World, is hid, O Wind!
From thy storm wail on her surface,—from thy beating,—as in strife,—
Yet each *gentlest breeze* that bloweth,—with that Secret overfloweth,—
Breathed in soft cadence from Earth’s hidden Life!

And the Secret of this World is hid, O Soul!
From thy many Titan strivings,—“Pelion upon Ossa,”—hurled,—
Yet in *that Heart*,—contrite and lowly,—In *that Heart*,—pure and holy,—
God reveals *Himself*,—the “Secret of the World!”

Written by a young Scotch gentleman, who,—26 years ago,—was going to Australia,—with the Author,—for his health. In that beautiful Climate, it is believed, his health was restored, at least for a time; but whether he still lives is unknown.

“At that time Jesus said, I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven, and Earth, because Thou hast HID THESE THINGS from the wise and PRUDENT, and hast revealed them to BABES. Even so Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight.”—*Matt. xi., 25.*

PARABLE OF OUR LORD.



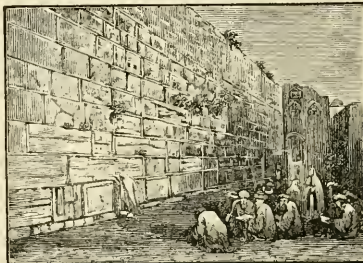
The Unjust Judge.

And He spake a Parable unto them, that men ought always to Pray and not to Faint; saying, “There was in a City a Judge which feared not God, neither regarded Man: and there was a poor Widow, in the City, who came unto him to avenge her of her Adversary. And he would not for a while, but afterwards he said within himself, “Though I fear not God, nor regard Man, yet because this Widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest, by her continual coming she weary me!” And the Lord said, “Hear what the *Unjust Judge saith!* And shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry Day and Night unto Him, though He bear long with them?”—*Luke xviii., 1-7.*

What an encouragement to Prayer! If it prevailed with an *Unjust Judge*, —“shall not the Judge of all the Earth do right?”—*Gen. xviii., 25.*

“Ask,—and ye shall receive; seek,—and ye shall find; knock,—and it shall be opened unto you!”—*Matt. vii., 7; Luke xi., 8.*

“If ye, then, being evil know how to give good gifts unto *your children*, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to *them that ask Him!*”—*Matt. vii., 11; Luke xi., 13.*



Too Late! Jew's “Wailing Place” at Jerusalem.

“O Lord! Build the City!” “O Lord! Build the City!”

CHAPTER LX.

UNBELIEF.

ESAU AND JACOB.

Two illustrations how so-called "difficulties" urged by the Unbeliever, should be met.

ILLUSTRATION No. 1.

"As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated."—*Romans ix., 13.*

PERHAPS no words in the Bible have been more cavilled at, by Infidelity, than the above words of the Most High. Paul, in that amazing Chapter, the Ninth of Romans,—spoken of in the previous Chapter,—quotes the above words from the last of the Prophets,—Malachi. "Was not Esau Jacob's brother? saith the Lord;—yet I loved Jacob. And I hated Esau and laid his heritage waste."—Malachi i., 2-3.

The words "Jacob" and "Esau" are evidently employed here, as alluding to their Descendants, and Tribes, and not to themselves as individuals. For nothing in the Old Testament leads us to conclude that God "hated" Esau *as an individual*,—and so far from God "destroying his heritage," God had evidently prospered him. (Genesis xxxiii., 9). He declines the present his alarmed brother offers to him, on the ground that he had *no need* of it, being himself evidently a *prosperous, wealthy*, man, with a large following.

THE WORDS ALLUDE TO THEIR TRIBES.

Who can doubt that the words apply to the future of their respective Tribes or Descendants. God's eye saw Esau's Descendants, a wild, Godless, people, on the one hand, cruel and oppressive;—and a God-fearing, law-abiding, Race, springing from Jacob,—on the other. Surely,—for the sake of Mankind and civilization,—even the Sceptic would desire the World to be filled rather by the latter than the former! Why then complain if the Almighty foresaw the future, and chose Jacob,—called "Israel," (Gen. xxxvii., 13),—hence "the Children of

Israel,"—and his Descendants, for His chosen people,—rather than the lawless tribes of Esau? Stanley, the recent explorer of the "Dark Continent,"—Africa,—gives a frightful picture of the unutterable cruelties, and ceaseless loss of life, inflicted upon the defenceless native tribes by armed bands of Arabs, the Slave and Ivory Hunters. These wretches, in organized, well-armed, bands, come stealthily, by night, upon the native villages, and a merciless slaughter follows, more to seize the Ivory,—obtained, by vast pains, rather than to secure slaves.

STANLEY'S REMEDY FOR SLAVERY IN AFRICA.

There is only one remedy for these wholesale devastations of African aborigines, and that is the solemn combination of England, Germany, France, Portugal, South and East Africa, and the Congo State, against the introduction of gunpowder into any part of the continent except for the use of their own agents, soldiers, and employés; or seizing upon every tusk of ivory brought out, as there is not a single piece nowadays which has been gained lawfully. Every tusk, piece and scrap, in the possession of an Arab trader has been steeped and dyed in blood! Every pound weight has cost the life of a man, woman, or child; for every five pounds a hut has been burned; for every two tusks a whole village has been destroyed; every twenty tusks have been obtained at the price of a district, with all its people, villages, and plantations! It is simply incredible that because ivory is required for ornaments or billiard-games, the rich heart of Africa, should be laid waste at this late year of the nineteenth century, signalised as it has been by so much advance; that populations, tribes, and nations should be utterly destroyed.—*Scribner's Magazine*.

It was computed the number of human lives sacrificed in the collection,—or robbery,—of 600 tusks of Ivory; it was simply frightful!

Who are these merciless Arabs? Ishmaelites,—descendants of Ishmael.



The Arab.

Four thousand years ago, Abraham was warned to follow Sarah's advice, "Cast out this bondwoman and her son." (Ishmael).

No wonder that "The thing was very grievous in Abraham's sight;"—it did seem hard. Yet Sarah was right, when she said,—“He shall not be heir with my son,—even with Isaac!”

Gen. xvi., 12, clearly foretells the character of Ishmael's descendants.—“He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him.” The Arab remains little changed to this day.

Surely,—for the sake of humanity, and civilization,—not even the Sceptic would desire that God should have “loved” Ishmael, and “hated” Isaac? We may rely upon it, God's choice is the best for Mankind.—“Just and true are all Thy Ways.”

ESAU AND ISAAC;—THE MEN.

But now for the individual characters of Jacob and Esau,—the *men*, not the Tribe.

“What!” screams the Secularist in the Lecture Hall,—“the Just God chooses, and ‘loves’ Jacob!—Jacob the cheat! Jacob the trickster! Jacob the liar! Jacob the mean! And ‘hates’ Esau! Esau the rightful heir,—the noble,—generous,—forgiving brother?—Oh! Shame!”

The mean, sordid, disposition of Jacob,—the shameful deception practised by him upon his aged, and blind, Father,—indeed, his entire mean character, throughout his *unchanged*, and *natural*, character, is indeed repulsive!

But the Believer asserts that there *came a change!*

If some of God's children, now “loved” by Him,—honoured and devoted Christians,—are thus to be judged, by what they *were*, and what they *did*, before that great change,—from a state of Nature to a state of Grace, came over them,—some of them could, indeed, a “tale unfold!”

“Do not speak of Jacob's naturally evil character, and disposition, by nature,”—such would say,—“*What was mine?*”

CHANGED BY GRACE.

Thus, as the Murderer passed to Execution, in the old days, in the Cart, that good and holy man, Bradford, solemnly took off his hat, and to the amazement of his pious friends, exclaimed—“But for the Grace of Almighty God,—*there goes John Bradford!*”

After that change, we read of Jacob continually “building altars” to his God;—then followed a life of communion with Him. But, think you, the memory of his earlier life

never came to the Patriarch? When the cruel deception was played upon *him*, by his own children, and the "coat of many colours," he had given to his beloved son Joseph, was brought to him, covered with blood,—think you the memory never came to Jacob of the cruel deception *he* had once played upon his own blind old Father? "Ye have bereaved of my children, Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and now ye will take Benjamin away, and bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave!"

"How old art thou?" asks the great Pharaoh on seeing Jacob. "Few and evil have been my days!" says the Patriarch. He evidently remembered his former life.

CONCLUSION.

One word,—in conclusion,—upon the character of Esau. Esau the man,—not the tribe. "Generous disposition Esau's?" No doubt! "Forgiving man Esau?" He was! He had 400 men with him, when he met with his unworthy brother; he might easily have killed him, and seized all the "trickster's" flocks, and wives, but he did not do it. He forgives him, kisses him,—and says,— "Brother! what means all this drove which I met?" "These are to find grace in the sight of my lord!"—whines the trembling "trickster," Jacob,—who all the previous night, had been trembling for his life, and herds. He judges his brother by his *own* (then) mean character, and seeks, by a present of flocks, to "buy" his outraged elder brother off! "Oh!" says Esau,—(as it were)—"Don't talk of presents,"—you *are my brother*,—I forgive you!

UNCHANGED.

Generous,—hearty,—hasty,—Esau! Forgives his brother, as easily as he sold his Birthright!

With many qualities pleasing both to God and man, and yet a "profane person!" The very type of many an unconverted, unchanged, person in our day! It goes no further! It leads to no great and saving change, like that Jacob's character experienced! We read *no more* of Esau,—no building of altars to *his* God, no wrestling in prayer,—no communion,—and after walk with his God!

Something more, dear Reader, than a naturally free, and generous, but thoughtless, Character, is needed!

Paul says,— "Looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God,—lest there be any fornicator, or profane person,—as Esau,—who, for one morsel of meat, sold his birthright."—(For the "Birthright," see *Deut. xxi.*, 15-17,

it carried with it a double portion of the estate)—“For ye know that afterwards,—when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.”

Dear Reader, is this reply to the sneers of Unbelief unsatisfactory to you? Then look around! Surely you see repeated, the characters of these two brothers in our day! How many youths around you—you may see any day,—“profane” persons, selling *their* birthright,—their purity,—their health,—their interest in Christ,—their future Heavenly Home,—for the “Mess of Pottage,”—the Besetting Sin! Whether it be the “fornicator” or the “profane” person, with his covetousness, or his infidelity. How little does it matter *which road* the sinner chooses to perdition, if they alike lead to the *self-same ruin*, at the end!

Let us humbly seek for God’s proffered Grace to change our natural character,—as in the case of the once mean Jacob,—to one that God can “love”—that true Conversion and Blessed Change which will place us not merely amongst His “called,” but amongst His “chosen.”

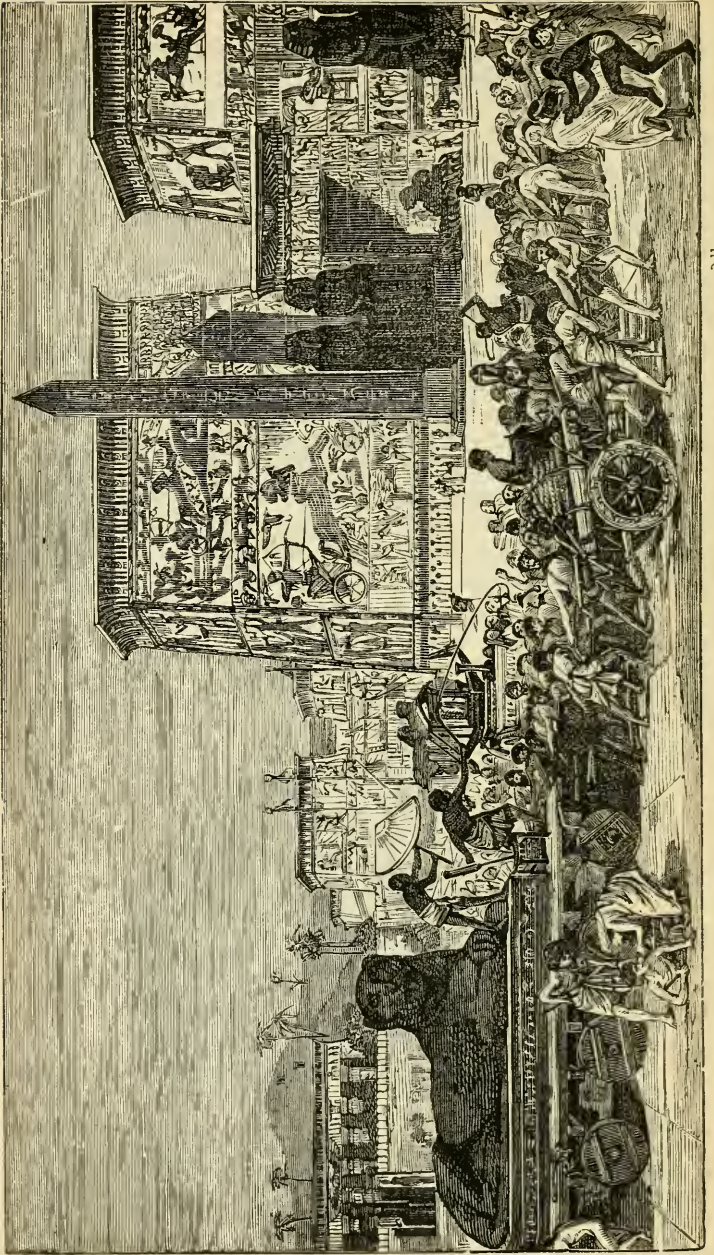
“For many, I say unto you, are called, but few are chosen!”

“What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise and call upon Thy God.”—*Jonah* i., 6.

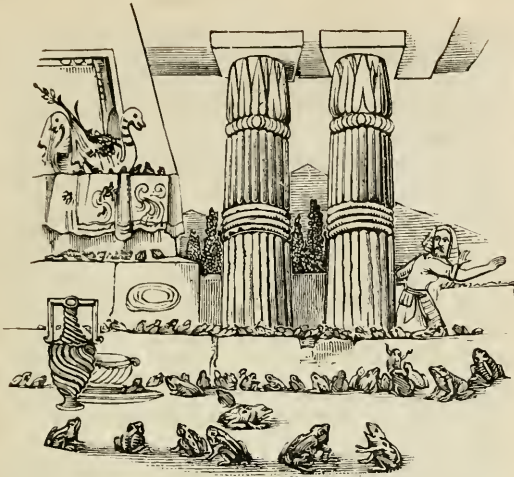
“Awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee Light.”—*Eph.* v., 14.



“While the Bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. But at midnight there was a cry made, ‘Behold! The Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him!’ And the Foolish Virgins said unto the Wise,—‘Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out!’ * * * And while they went to buy, the Bridegroom CAME, and they that were ready went in with Him, to the Marriage,—and the Door was SHUT! Watch,—therefore,—for ye know neither the day, nor the hour, wherein the Son of Man cometh.”—*Matt.* xxv., 5-10.



“YE ARE IDLE! WHEREFORE DO YE LET THE PEOPLE FROM THEIR WORK?”



The Frogs.

“ And the River shall bring forth frogs, abundantly, which shall go up and come into thine house, and into thy bedchamber, and upon thy bed, and into thine ovens and into thy kneading troughs.” “ And Moses cried unto the Lord ; and the frogs died out of the houses, and out of the fields, and they gathered them together into heaps, and the land stank.”—*Exodus* xiii., 3-13-14.

 CHAPTER LXI.

UNBELIEF.

Illustration No. 2.—PHARAOH.

“ Pharaoh hardened his heart at this time also.” *Exodus* viii., 32. “ And when Pharaoh saw that the hail ceased, he sinned yet more, and hardened his heart, he and his servants.”—*Exodus* ix., 34. And the Lord hardened the heart of Pharaoh.”

NO portion of the Old Testament has been more challenged by Secularists, and Unbelievers, than the remarkable expression,—“The Lord hardened the heart of Pharaoh.” But, as usual, the Secularist always seems to disregard the fact, that we are also informed, Pharaoh *first of all*, hardened his own heart,—which makes all the difference in the World. In Chapter LIX., (page 494) we have shown the unfairness of singling out one

isolated Verse or Chapter,—and that the Bible must be read as a whole. Paul dealing with the subject in that remarkable IX. Chapter of Romans alluded to in our two last Chapters, says,—“ For the Scripture saith unto Pharaoh, ‘ Even for this same purpose have I raised thee up, that My name might be declared throughout all the Earth.’ ”

Four thousand years have passed away,—and yet the traces of the magnificence of the Egyptian Empire astonish our modern Explorers.

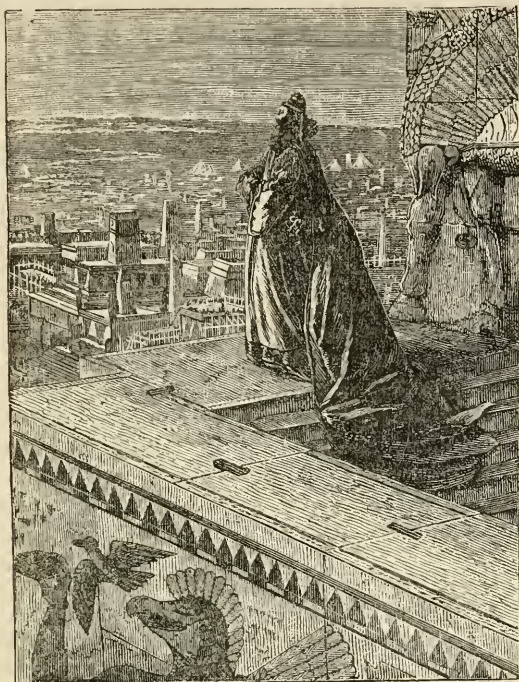
How the ancient Egyptians ever built their stupendous Temples, and Pyramids, puzzles our modern Engineers. An entire Nation in abject Slavery,—thousands upon thousands of unfortunate Israelites all at work drawing,—by main force,—the immense Stones up Inclined Planes, which were afterwards removed,—seems the most probable method, by which these colossal Monuments were erected. One single stone at Baalbec was measured 30 feet long by 15 feet square!

We must imagine the Absolute Monarch and Ruler of the most powerful Empire then in the world,—the greatest of the Pharaohs,—accustomed to adulation,—and even to have Divine rites paid to him by an abject people, told, through Moses, to let an entire Nation,—the down-trodden Israelites,—go free! Some of us,—living four thousand years after Pharaoh,—have witnessed how an even professedly Christian Nation can cling to their ill-gotten “ property,”—Slaves,—with the same desperate obstinacy as that shown by the Heathen Pharaoh, and his People. It is a long period between the Southern States of America in A.D. 1864, and Egypt in B.C. 1500, but surely *human nature* remains the same! History repeats itself! It needed one of the most terrible civil Wars on record to force the South to let *their* Israelites go free!

Imagine then an Heathen,—Absolute,—Monarch,—like Pharaoh,—proudly surveying the vast cities rising through the toil of the enslaved Nation,—the Jews.

With what unutterable scorn, and derision, would he have greeted Paul’s words 2,000 years after. “ For this cause have I raised thee up to show My power.” WHAT! the so-called “ God ” of this wretched Race of Slaves, whom I have had under my foot for years, and will hold for years to come,—a “ God ” whom the Priests and Learned Men in Egypt know nothing about,—raised ME up indeed! “ We will soon see *that!* ” There were a multitude of heathen “ Gods ” worshipped by the Egyptians,

but Pharaoh's utter contempt for the God of these miserable Israelites is shown in his first reply to Moses.



Pharaoh.

"Who is the "Lord," that I should obey his voice? I know not the "Lord,"—neither will I let Israel go! Ye are idle,—ye are idle! Wherefore do ye, Moses and Aaron, let the people from their work? Get you unto your burdens. Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick as heretofore, let them go and gather straw for themselves, let more work be laid upon the men, yet not aught of your daily tasks shall be diminished."

PHARAOH HARDENS HIS HEART.

The Student will observe that the two expressions "Pharaoh sinned yet more and hardened his heart,"—and "God hardened Pharaoh's heart," are repeated several times;—it is unfortunate that disputants on both sides, are always apt to pick out only those isolated expressions which happen to suit their favourite views,—instead of

honestly, candidly, taking the entire account into consideration,—as a whole. To the Believer,—and prayerful student of this wondrous book the Bible,—both expressions are only too literally true,—and in our day in the experience of every persistent provoking sinner, we see the same solemn truth exemplified. The ages pass, but human nature, and the opposition of the natural heart to God, remain the same! There must ever be a wilful hardening of the heart before it is possible that you can have a bad man!

How long had this cruel; and merciless Pharaoh, and his people, oppressed the Israelites? That there had been terrible wrongs, and cruelties, perpetrated, is clear. Are we to wonder that the Judgments of a Just God fell upon their cruel oppressors? The people of the Southern States had “hardened” their hearts for many a long year against the unutterable wrongs of Slavery,—and the Civil War at last fell upon them, as a Judgment long deferred! The most cruel of Slave owners,—the most atrocious characters, Pirates, Murderers, and Blasphemers, never became so all at once, it took time. The worst of Mankind, were all innocent little children once.

EVERY UNBELIEVER “HARDENS HIS HEART.”

Nero himself, when young, was amiable and good-natured.

After years of crime and cruelties such as Pharaoh’s might have been,—there does certainly seem to come a time when abandoned sinners are left by God. Conscience, that barrier of God to man’s sin,—seems to have withdrawn. “He that is filthy let him be filthy still.” Left thus to themselves, such persons end in becoming Monsters, dangerous to Mankind, hated alike by God and man. “My soul abhorreth them,”—we read, “and they also abhor Me.” In that awful condition, whether we choose to express it, as in the Bible, “God now hardens their hearts.”—or “God leaves them to themselves,”—really seems practically to be the same thing. In the solemn sense that God has *left them*, He may now be said to “Harden their hearts.” They went too far! “I swear, in My wrath that they should not enter into My rest.” “Take heed lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God; whilst it is called to-day, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.” “There is a *sin unto death*, I do not say that ye should pray for it.” “When once the Master of the house hath shut too the door.” “He limiteth a time,”—

"Of how much soever punishment suppose ye shall he be worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of man, and hath done despite to the Spirit of grace; for we know Him that hath said, Vengeance belongeth unto Me, I will recompense, saith the Lord."—Heb. x., 26-31.

What do these and many equally other solemn warnings mean, if they do not warn the sinner that if he "hardens" his *own* heart in the day of Grace, it will one day be hardened *for ever*?

But the Believer claims that the individual hardening of the heart must begin first on *our* part,—certainly not upon God's. Observe for yourself, take your own experience, did not Conscience rebuke that first sin you committed?

THE LECTURER ON INFIDELITY.

Or take, for instance, that wretched Creature,—the Public Lecturer on Infidelity,—the "aggressive" Secularist;—he did not bring his deadly nightshade of unbelief into that Lecture Hall *at once*. *It took time!* Perhaps years! And while that time was taken,—and those Lectures thought out,—were there not restraints and appeals of Conscience to be hushed, and finally overcome? Certainly there were! "Around you," expostulated Conscience,—(which is the voice of God),—"is a sinful and a dying World; there is given to it a blessed Hope,—and precious Gospel held out to all,—to you also."

Do not,—if you refuse to "believe" yourself,—seek to,—and actually go out of your way, to ruin others! You have some talent,—intelligence,—you can speak well; do not abuse these talents the Creator has given you, by employing them to profane His name, and weaken His cause, by taking your deadly nightshade of unbelief to that Hall! What has God done to injure you?"

There is a Struggle! Do not talk of deciding the fate for weal, or for woe, by that most unsatisfactory,—apocryphal, Scene, known as a "death-bed repentance," whatever that may mean.

The *deciding* period is when the person is in health and strength, with all life before him, and death probably far distant. It is at *that* time the Man decides his Fate!

THE APOSTATE DECIDES.

At length the Freethinker decided,—like Pharaoh he "hardens his heart." "Who is the Lord?" There is no God! At any rate I know not the Lord,—nor do I want

to. "I shall go and speak as I please!" And the Lecture is delivered. It is *easier* next time,—he learns to make better points,—he is pleased with his success, and the congratulations of his coadjutors. Conscience is dulled, then ceases altogether,—and when a man of talents and firm pride, like Pharaoh, is once launched upon that Gulf,—unbelief,—and bitter opposition to his God,—unless a Miracle of Grace prevents it,—such a one will remain unchanged to the end!

Precisely the same wilful hardening of the heart is needful at the commencement of every sinful life,—whether it be Drunkenness,—Vice,—or Dishonesty. So far,—therefore, from the Believer being afraid to face the difficulty the Secularist claims to exist, in the case of Pharaoh,—the Christian sees in it only what is at this moment taking place around him. "And Pharaoh sinned yet more, and hardened his heart;"—and every sinful person, who has ever lived, since,—or before,—Pharaoh, has done the same!

WHY SHOULD A PUBLIC LECTURER ON INFIDELITY EVER CHANGE?

A well-known Christian gentleman, in London, lately stated that a Lecturer upon Freethought, had recently, (1890), recanted at,—or shortly before,—his Death. The Secularist Body publicly challenged the assertion that any of their Sect had done so, and called for the Name. Knowing nothing of the case, judging only from the past, the Secularists certainly have the experience of Mankind, and the Scriptures, *for once*, with them! Much more consistent with the whole of his life, were the dying words of the Unbeliever,—“I feel neither hope nor fear!” Very few prominent leaders of infidelity ever really change their views! *Strange indeed* if they did!

When we consider the “many” who are “called”—infinitely less guilty souls,—who, if they have done no good, have, at any rate not gone out of their way to do much harm;—when we consider how many far less dangerous persons, are “called,” but their lives too clearly prove are certainly not “chosen,”—why Almighty God,—*passing by so many*,—is to go out of His way,—and suddenly bestow His *choicest*, and most *precious gifts*,—true repentance,—saving grace,—interest in Christ, and entrance into the abode of the Blessed,—upon a wretched *Infidel Lecturer*, at the close of his life,—when he is unable to do any more mischief;—appears to be unintelligible,—monstrous,—and inconsistent with all God’s warnings!

We cannot have our Common Sense thus abused!

As the rotten Tree falls, surely there,—a rotten Tree, it lies!

In plain English you think that,—as in the case of Pharaoh,—“God hardens sinners’ hearts?” Reader! Can you see any practical difference, between “God hardening the heart,” of such, and declining,—as a Just God to bestow upon such,—after years of rebellion,—saving grace? We cannot;—and reply,—that in that sense, and it is a very solemn one,—we *certainly* do! But if you ask did God *render it impossible* for any sinner (from Pharaoh to Judas) to have been saved, we would reply *emphatically*,—No! Our Blessed Lord,—the Lord of Heaven and Earth,—takes a towel and humbly washes Judas’,—the traitor’s,—feet, as well as those of the other Apostles. Surely one would have thought it would have *softened any heart!* But Judas had “hardened his heart,”—he had longed for that Money,—slept upon his proposed Treachery,—had planned it long! It was not till after all the offices of love had been resisted that “Satan entered into him.”

“But the men of our day do not experience tragical ends,—on the contrary they seem to get on well enough,—no judgment falls,—years pass by,—property is accumulated,—they live a fairly successful, and pleasurable life.”

Undoubtedly they do! The Creator’s sun shines for years upon the dwelling of many a Sinner, but there comes *no Jesus there!*

GOD SPARES THE WICKED LONG.

The almost inexhaustible patience of God with the wicked,—the years they live,—their comfort and prosperity, has been a trial of faith to Believers in all ages. It is,—so to speak,—an *awful* long-suffering! *Why?* Because it argues *what is coming!*—*Eternity!*

For, dear Reader, what is the longest life,—70 or 90 years,—what can it be to the Supreme? Forty years is not much to some of us,—it has passed like a dream!

David boldly, however, confesses that the comfort, godless people lived in,—in his time,—shook his faith in God.

“But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped, when I saw the prosperity of the Wicked. Their strength is firm; there are no bands in their death; they are not troubled as other men.”

How should there be when God has departed, and Conscience is dead?

“Until I went into the sanctuary of God, *then understood I their end.* How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment! They are utterly consumed with terrors.”—*Psalm lxxiii.*

We forget that men who live the longest lives, are but as Insects flitting,—*for the brief moment*,—in the Summer's rays,—motes or specks allowed for a moment to exist, by the Almighty,—while His vast designs, for Eternity, are slowly unfolding!

Who doubts that the unfettered "Freewill" of every soul can break down those barriers, the faithful God places in the way of every Sinner, on his dread pathway to Perdition;—and that during our brief span of life upon this World any soul may *begin* by neglecting,—and *end* by *rejecting* Christ? Are these exceptional cases? Are they not going on all around us? All the warnings of God,—throughout the entire Bible,—if they mean anything,—mean that "He limiteth a time." "To-day, if ye will hear His voice,—harden not your hearts." "My Spirit shall not always strive with Man!"

SOUL SUICIDES.

Does then God "harden" a sinner's heart? In the sense that the provoking,—sin-loving,—persistent,—Sinner often "called," often warned,—is at last allowed to have his way,—and is *left alone*,—Yes! In the sense that God, *from the first*, rendered it *impossible* that such a one could have changed his course, and found Salvation,—No!

When will the sinful learn that to be *left alone* by God the precious Holy Spirit, is all that is needed,—that it has been the faithful God who alone has saved him from already going to extremes in Sin? Surely to be left by God is all the sinner needs; he will ever then work *his own way* to Perdition, and will go out proud,—unbelieving,—into a dread Eternity,—unholy and unsaved!

· WHAT DOES THAT MEAN ?

What that may mean who but God can tell? What Christ Himself has never experienced! It is true that every "Believer,"—every "Christian,"—places his entire hope upon the perfectly, satisfactory sacrifice, and atonement, of our Lord Jesus Christ, in his stead; thus reconciling him to even an all-just God.

But the "Believer" never yet lived who presumes to say that our Blessed Lord, *ever really knew* what it is to be "lost,"—or ever experienced what a "lost Eternity,"—or "everlasting punishment" means. So far from this, the Christian believes that our Lord,—on the contrary,—is now in Glory, at the right hand of God. "But to the Son He saith, Thy throne oh! God! is for ever and ever!"

NOTE.—That is to say,—speaking, with bated breath, of a most Solemn Mystery,—if our Blessed Lord did know, and pass through it all, for our sakes,—still, it is passed through, not *to continue*,—not *to come!* Surely a very *different thing*,—(being now for ever in Glory),—to the experience of a *finally Lost Soul!*

Reader! Inclined, it may be, to this fatal sin of unbelief,—the unbelief of the heart;—preferring your pride,—your sins,—to God,—are *you prepared* to face, for ever, what even our Blessed Lord Himself has *never known*, or *passed through?* Be *wise* in time, and “harden not your heart!”

CONCLUSION.

When the young Reader meets, thus, with any so-called “difficulty” in that Wondrous Book,—the Bible,—let him be assured, that every alleged difficulty will be found to give way before prayerful Study of God's word. But, to understand its depths, time and study are indeed needed! Time? Say, rather, it must be the Study,—and a most happy and blessed Study too,—of your lifetime, and will probably be our Study in Eternity!

This attempt to meet one or two of these “difficulties,” is merely given as an illustration for you to follow up for yourself.

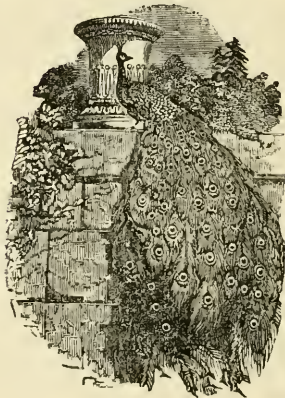
A mere Schoolboy,—proud of his cleverness,—may easily ask questions in Religion,—which the oldest Christian will require time, prayer, and patient thought, to answer satisfactorily. Some years ago, the late Dr. Colenso challenged the Old Testament, and many appeared to tremble for the Bible, when brought in contact with the Mathematician; but, somehow, the Old Testament *remains*, while the Doctor's Works appeared to vanish from Public notice, with the same suddenness with which they appeared. It was proved that Dr. Colenso,—though a Mathematician,—was *no Hebrew Scholar*,—that he totally misunderstood and “Wrested” the Hebrew;—and began his objections, invariably from a *false foundation!*

“An Examination of Dr. Colenso's Difficulties,” and “Reasons for Believing the Divine Origin of the Pentateuch,”—by Alexander McCaul, D.D., Professor of Hebrew, King's College,—Rivingtons', Waterloo Place, London, 1863,—though unfortunately long out of print,—will be found an admirable work.

Vast numbers of Copies of Colenso's contribution to Unbelief, and Infidelity, were last heard of in the Cellars of the Publishers. The Public,—very wisely,—preferred Moses to Colenso. They said, “the old is better!”

Commence at once the Study of God's word,—asking Divine aid every time you open the Bible,—and a conviction of its truth,—and belief in the presence of an Indulgent, and Faithful, God,—of unfathomable love, to the true Believer in His Son,—will gradually be acquired,—which no words can adequately describe, and which no mind can fully comprehend ; because they are the commencement of those precious things which “ eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,”—which Paul calls, “ the unsearchable riches of Christ ! ”

“ The ONE remains,—the *Many* come and pass,
Heaven's light for ever shines,—*Earth's* shadows flee,
Life, like a dome of many coloured glass,
Stains the bright radiance of Eternity.”—*Shelley.*



CHAPTER LXII.

TOLERATION.

THE LINE DRAWN. PRELIMINARY TO THE NEXT
CHAPTER ON AGGRESSIVE UNBELIEF.

IN the Preface of this Work,—Toleration,—amongst all Christian Believers,—whatever their Sect, or Religious Denomination,—was urged. It was claimed that all those who hold the same Faith,—acknowledged God as their Father,—Jesus as their Saviour,—God, the Holy Spirit as our Sanctifier, and the Bible, as the “Word of God” to Mankind,—irrespective of Sect, constitute a “Brotherhood” throughout the World. Although strangers to each other in this Life,—it was claimed that a Brotherhood,—must,—in the very Nature and Constitution of things, sooner or later be established between the sincere Followers of the same Lord and Master, and who are,—consequently, all journeying to the same Heavenly Home. It stands to reason that it *must* be so !

“In My Father’s House are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you ; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also.”

“Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am ; that they may behold My Glory, which Thou hast given Me. For Thou lovest Me from the Foundation of the World.”—(*John xvii.*, 24).

As frequently urged throughout this Book, it is impossible for any Human Thought or Intellect,—at all adequately to grasp the meaning of these,—and many other wonderful Promises of our Blessed Lord !

But no reasonable person can doubt that our Saviour speaks of the coming together, one day, of all His true Followers in one Blessed Communion,—as an assured Fact.

“Fear not little flock ; it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the Kingdom.” “If any man serve Me, where I am there shall also My servant be.” “That they all may be one as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they may also be one in us. And the Glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them.”—(*John xvii.*, 21-22).

Amazing words,—undoubtedly,—quite beyond our present human power of Fancy, or Conception,—it is true,—to grasp ; but all pointing irresistibly to a Meeting of all true Believers in a Hereafter of Untold Happiness and Bliss !

But,—throughout this Work,—there has never been the *slightest* attempt to disguise the fact, that there is a point where Toleration *must cease!*

That point,—the Separating point for Mankind, is when *Belief*, and *Unbelief*,—come,—as come they one day *will*,—into open collision!

The entire Bible,—recording the dealings of the Creator with our Race,—during thousands of Years,—is one long expostulation with Mankind for their neglect of God, and their Unbelief! It meets us from the fatal day when our first Parents gave way to that terrible sin, Unbelief in their God, and in the truth of His Words.—(“Ye shall not *surely* die,” God is too merciful!),—down to the Final rejection of God’s own once chosen People through Unbelief. These expostulations of the Old Testament against this deadly Sin of Unbelief,—seem to culminate with the coming of our Lord,—bringing in the “New Dispensation,” of Faith, not sight.

We hear much of “Common Sense” Religion in 1891,—but not so much of “Common Sense” Study of the New Testament, and the Teaching of Jesus Christ.

The *absolute necessity* of “Faith,”—“Belief,”—“Believing in Him,”—is urged upon us by our Saviour, as the very Basis of Salvation, in the most *amazing*, and *persistent*, manner!

The great Apostles,—inspired by God the Holy Spirit,—carry on Christ’s teaching on the Subject of Faith, and Belief,—in one continuous Stream of Exhortation!

“Ye shall die in your sins,”—our Lord warns the obstinate Unbelievers, in His Day,—“And whither I go,—(that glorious Kingdom He spoke of, so often to Believers,)—“Ye cannot come!” “Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life!” *Why?* Because of Unbelief! It was this Deadly Sin which ruined the Jews,—as a Nation. It is now stealing,—in 1891,—like a blight over us the Gentiles! We meet it everywhere,—in Magazines,—in Scientific Works,—in Books upon Religion,—in Newspapers,—*above all*, in the Lives, Practice, and Example, of Thousands of (so-called) Christians!

“To whom sware He that they should not enter into His rest?” Asks the Great Apostle, Paul,—“But to them that believed not!” “Let us labour therefore to enter into that Rest, lest any man fall after the same example of Unbelief. Take heed lest there be in any of you an evil heart of Unbelief, in departing from the Living God. But exhort each other daily while it is called to-day; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of Sin.” “So we see that they could not enter in *because of Unbelief!*”—*Hebrews* iii., 12-19; iv., 6-11.

A DEADLY SIN HARDLY EVER SPOKEN OF IN 1891.

What is the Preaching about,—in hundreds of Pulpits,—in 1891? The *Claims of God and Christ*? That without Faith in the Atonement, and Divinity, of Jesus Christ, Salvation is an *impossibility*?

Nothing of the kind! A Youth might attend many a Modern Place of Worship in our day,—for Five Years,—and never learn, from the Sermons, that this Deadly Sin of Unbelief,—ruining, as it does, in secret, more Souls than Drunkenness, or Immorality,—*had any existence at all!*

Too frequently the Preacher is affected more or less by the dread Disease *himself!* As our Lord says,—“If the Blind lead the Blind!”

PARABLE OF OUR LORD.



“Every Plant which My Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up. Let them alone. They be blind Leaders of the Blind.—Can the Blind lead the Blind? If the Blind lead the Blind, both shall fall into the Ditch.”—(*Matt. xv., 13-14; Luke vii., 39*).

NOTE.—What a Parable for our Modern Religious Teachers,—if Unconverted men *themselves*,—pretending to be the Religious Teachers of *others!*

Instead of the exhortation of Christ, and the Apostles, we have pleasing Dissertations upon the *claims of Man*,—rather than of *God*,—the desirability of good Nature, kindly goodwill to our fellows,—generosity, and kindness to our poorer Brethren, and the advantages of Morality; above all perfect liberality,—avoiding all “Dogma,” everything “narrow,”—viz:—letting every one Believe just as much,—or as *little* as they choose;—and too often *that is all!* The contrast between such Pulpit addresses, and the warnings of the Bible are simply amazing!

Away with that sickening delusion of the Devil in 1891,—that “Morality” without Jesus Christ,—that “Philanthropy” without a God!

The whole Bible urges,—illustrates,—and impresses upon us the Truth, that we may please *others*, and *please ourselves*, by a kindly, useful, Moral, life, but that without Faith, Belief, habitual communion with God, and Christ, in Prayer, SALVATION,—in spite of these pleasing traits of disposition,—is an impossibility!

Thus,—then,—to every “common sense” Reader of his, or her, Bible,—it is evident that a *line, distinct, and sharp*,—has ever,—and *must* ever be drawn,—amongst all enlightened Mankind,—(leaving out the uninstructed Heathen;—whose ignorance God, we are told, winks at)—between the Believer, and the determined Unbeliever. Either one or the other must give way! *or*,—they must separate! Belief,—and the Believer,—never has,—and *never will*, give way before Unbelief,—(or to the Unbeliever,)—while the World lasts!

The great Apostle Paul was surely one of the most liberal,—large hearted,—men, who ever lived, willing to “become all things to all men,” as a devoted Christian, yet he draws his Master’s line as emphatically as words can do! “Be ye not unequally yoked together with Unbelievers; for what Fellowship hath Righteousness, and Unrighteousness? What communion hath light with darkness?—or what part hath he that believeth with an Infidel? Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate saith the Lord!”—(2 Cor., vi., 14-17.)

It is easy to call every Evangelical Preacher in 1891, “Narrow,” &c.,—but he is not teaching *his own doctrine*, it is that of Christ, and his inspired Apostles. You are thus compelled to call their exhortations “narrow,” too!

The line is drawn by necessity;—you may call it any name you like,—but *there it is!*

For when the fixedness,—the rigidity,—the settled prejudices, of Adult, advanced, Manhood have, at length been reached;—when Christian Parents,—a Christian Education,—Time, Culture, Intelligence, Thought, Religious Impressions, God, Christ, and the Bible,—have, *done their best*,—and yet done it all *in vain*;—and *Unbelief*, whether quiet, but *practical*,—or Cynical, and Aggressive,—has been finally chosen as a fixed principle of life, and example; then the “Brotherhood of Mankind,”—in its religious Sense,—common to all true Believers,—is,—in the case of such,—deliberately *dissolved by themselves!* Once let the common Fatherhood, and Existence of a Personal God, be

rejected,—and Christ's Teachings, Authority, and Divinity ignored,—then the "Brotherhood of Man,"—in its Religious Sense,—ceases to be intelligible!

There may be,—(and should be),—the common civilities, and compromises of Society, between the Christian, and the Unbeliever, but brotherhood in a true and religious sense, there certainly never can possibly exist between them!

It is not the fault of the Christian. It is the ordering of Nature,—the will of the Creator,—the Constitution of Things,—that Belief and Unbelief, and, consequently, the Believers, and the Aggressive Unbelievers, are,—ever have been,—and ever will be,—eternally opposed to each other! Already separated by an unseen, but nevertheless, *immense* Gulf, or chasm, the Believer and Unbeliever are resolutely pursuing two precisely opposite Paths,—which,—commenced in this World,—will conduct them one day to the very *extremes* of Distance and Difference! Heaven or Hell!

UNBELIEF THE SIGN OF OUR TIMES.

Everything seems to indicate that the Great Conflict before Mankind in the Future,—will not be a repetition of the awful (so-called) "Religious Wars," of the terrible Past; nor yet a return to the dreadful Superstition of an unenlightened and Dark Age; believing *too much*.

The Signs of our Time point, rather to a "falling away," in the direction of Practical Unbelief,—or Eclipse of Faith,—believing *nothing at all!* The attempted dethronement as it were,—on the part of Mankind,—of God, Christ, and the Gospel of the Atonement,—and the substitution of self-complacent,—self-satisfied,—Morality *without a Saviour*,—a delusive, general "Enthusiasm for Humanity,"—(not too prevalent,—however,—at present, amongst the Wealthy)—and a self-gratifying,—self-satisfying,—Philanthropy, *without a God!*

Should, therefore, the following Chapter on Aggressive Unbelief, seem to some intolerant,—let it be remembered that the only line drawn to the Brotherhood of Mankind, is drawn by the Apostacy of the Unbeliever himself!

The appalling amount of Practical Unbelief in our day, must be the excuse,—if any is needed,—for the following bold expostulation, and plain-speaking, upon a Subject so vital to Christianity, as the open, avowed, aggressive Infidelity of 1891.

"When the Son of Man cometh, will He find Faith on the Earth?"

CHAPTER LXIII.

MODERN UNBELIEF.

THE "SECULARIST," AND THE "UNBELIEVER!" WHICH IS WHICH? EVOLUTION. A SCIENTIFIC BIBLE. THE QUIET SKEPTIC (*also spelt Sceptic*). JOHNSON AND WEBSTER DEFINE THE "UNBELIEVER." THE AGGRESSIVE "SECULARIST." WHEN GOD DEPARTS HUMAN SOCIETY FALLS TO PIECES. THE INFIDEL TURNED EMANCIPATOR.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."—*Matt. viii., 20.*

PARABLE OF OUR LORD. THE SECULARIST.



THE "SECULARIST," (This World only) A.D. 33.

"And He spake this Parable unto them. The ground of a certain Rich Man brought forth plentifully : and he thought within himself, I have no room where to bestow my fruits. I will pull down my barns, and build greater ; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say unto my soul,—(*Precisely the doctrine of the "Secularist" of 1891*)—"Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years ; take thine ease,—eat,—drink, and be merry !" (Care for this world alone, banish all thought of God and the Future). But God said unto him, 'THOU FOOL ! This night thy soul shalt be required of thee !' So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."—*Luke xii., 16-21.*

LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE.

"Live while you live !"—the "*Secularist*," will say,

And seize the Pleasures of the passing day ;—

"Live while you live,"—the *Sacred Preacher* cries,

"And give to God each moment as it flies !"

Lord !—in *our* Lives,—let both *united* be !

We live to PLEASURE.—when we live to THEE.

THE
GOSPEL OF "THE SECULARIST."
WORLDLY, UNBELIEVING.

Live for this World only. Attend to the concerns of this Life, and to the things of Sense and Time alone. Do not let the thought of Death overshadow your present enjoyment. Believe only what you can understand. Give up Faith in all besides. Require proof of things which cannot be seen, nor proved.

Reject the greater part of the Bible as impossible. Because *I* cannot understand it, it is therefore untrue. Begin by scoffing at, and lampooning the Old Testament, then gradually assail the New Testament. Throw it all aside; it interferes with present pleasures. Live to enjoy yourself. Treat every holy or sacred subject with irreverence.

There is no Hereafter. There is no Immortality. If asked, "how do you know that?" "*We* say there is not; let *that* suffice."

Heaven we do not believe in. Hell does not exist. The existence of any God we consider problematical.

In our lectures we say "If there be a God," so as to throw a doubt upon the fact, as upon everything else.

Do not therefore think of death,—passing Time,—or the Judgment to come. Throw off all Religious impressions. Never attend any place of Worship.

THE
GOSPEL OF THE UNBELIEVER.

The Bible is full of what we call "Blunders." If asked "How do you prove them to be so?"

THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST.
SPIRITUAL. HEAVENLY.

Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven. My Kingdom is not of this World. What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? That which is seen is temporal, but that which is not seen is Eternal. To be carnally minded is death. The just shall live by Faith.

Without Faith it is impossible to please God. The natural mind receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God. They are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. Because the carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the Law of God, neither indeed can be. So then, they that are in the flesh cannot please God.

The Fool hath said in his heart "There is no God." Be not deceived, God is not mocked.

We must all appear before the Judgment Seat of Christ. For the Trumpet shall sound, and the Dead be raised incorruptible.

This Mortal must put on Immortality. They that are in the Grave shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done evil to the Resurrection of damnation.

Pray without ceasing. To-day, if ye will hear His voice. When once the Master of the House has shut to the door.

THE GOSPEL OF THE BELIEVER.

Search the Scriptures. The Scripture cannot be broken. Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass

Our reply is, "*We* know them to be blunders; let *that* suffice." There was no Deluge,—no ark,—no nothing. The Bible is our great Enemy,—we cannot do much until it is destroyed. Lam-poon, and scoff at it, therefore, as much as possible. Call piety "Priestly Tyranny,"—"Priestly Influence." If Millions of Believers, (Dissenters) reply, "But we *haven't* got any Priests," *lose your temper*, and commence vulgar personalities. When Cornered we have,—for years,—found this *very* useful. Get out of all difficulties by Insolence and Blasphemy.

There is no Devil,—nor any Hell. *We* say there is not; let *that* suffice. Call all such Belief "Demonology,"—"Obsolete." Jesus was mistaken; He merely cured diseased People; that is, if He cured them at all.

THE CREATION ACCORDING TO THE MATERIALIST.

In the Beginning there was "*Nothing!*"—And the "*No-thing*,"—in some way,—*got into motion*,—and became *somehow*, "the Something." And "the Something,"—by continued Evolution,—became the "*What is it!*" And the "*What is it*," differentiated, — and produced the "Unknowable." And the "Unknowable" begat the "Indifferently organized,"—and the "Indifferently organized," begat the "Protoplasm,"—and the "Protoplasm" begat the Nebula," &c., &c.

away, For as in the days that were before the Flood they were eating and drinking, marrying, and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the Ark, and knew not until the Flood came and took them all away; so shall the Coming of the Son of Man be. (Jesus Christ confirms the Old Testament and Noah's Flood)—Matt. xxiv., 38, Luke xvii., 26.

Our Blessed Lord's life, and teachings, were persistently opposed to Priestcraft, — He taught Mankind that the "Chief Priests," — of that day, were discarded by God, and their Authority was gone for ever. "*One* is your Master, even Christ." Here the Christian and Secularist, for once agree.

Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you. He was a Liar from the beginning. And the Devils cried out saying, "What have we to do with Thee,—Jesus Thou Son of God? Art Thou come to torment us, *before the time?*"

Dear Reader! "*Strange diseases!*"

THE CREATION ACCORDING TO GOD'S WORD.

In the Beginning God Created the Heavens and the Earth.

When the morning Stars sang together; and all the sons of God shouted for joy!

And God said,—"*Let there be Light!*" And there was Light!

And God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good!

And the Seventh day God ended His work which He had made.

NOTE.—The unfortunate position in which the Materialist is placed, is, that he never reaches any First Cause of Phenomena. He never gives us the name of the Designer, Schemer, or Planner, of our Magnificent Universe, and its exquisite Creation. *Design* there assuredly is, of a *stupendous* character! He does not give us the motive Power. He merely suggests Evolution as the Process by which it was formed. Thus the Materialist has to ask us to *grant* him *immense* concessions to start him *at all*.

Thus we have to *grant* the Materialist *Matter*, — Matter made to his hand. But who made it? How did it get there? "Spontaneous generation," Darwin himself, holds to be *an absurdity*. Then, — we must *grant* the Materialist, Power, — Force, — Motive Energy. Another immense concession! Like can only produce *like*, — how then were these energies produced? How could *Dead matter*, — which we have already *granted* him, — produce *Life*? We must, therefore, grant him Life, — Motion, — Energy, — and ever Sustaining Power. *Then* he is still helpless, — for we need the Presence of a Plan, — a Scheme, — an *Intellect* of stupendous Wisdom, — a *Contriver of Speechless* ingenuity. Can *Matter* "think," "contrive," and "scheme?" Dear reader! *need* we go further? Before we can *start* the Materialist with even his "Nebula," — we have to *grant* him so much that we have virtually granted him the Supreme Being, — God Himself!

NOTE.—The thoughtful Christian rejoices at every authentic Discovery of Science. The Doctrine of Evolution which, it seems probable, God was pleased to employ, — as the Process by which He produced the Universe, — appears to the Believer, — in every way, — consistent with all we know of the Supreme. The Christian has for years held that the "day" in Hebrew, — signifies a period of *immense* duration; *any* length of time is but a "day" with the Eternal.

The thoughtful Christian has held, for years, that the six "Days" of Creation, were Periods of stupendous duration. Why should "He that inhabiteth Eternity" make haste? Surely *He has time enough!*

The "*Secularist*" never lived who can conceive those "days" to be *longer* than the *Christian* believes them to have been! "A thousand Years is with the Lord as one day," — nay! "as a watch in the Night," — nay! as absolutely *nothing at all!* The Believer holds those "days" to have been periods of inconceivable length, — *nameless* Epochs, — *speechless* time! The word in Genesis remains true, if they were *Millions* of years. They propably *were!*

In the Introduction of this Book, the awful *deliberation* of Almighty God, — His (so to speak) awful long-suffering, — is dwelt upon, as the most solemn thing in Religion. *Why?* Because it *argues*, — *what is coming*, — Eternity! That is why even the Devils "believe," and tremble!

Reader! Remember *you will live*, — exist now *as long as God lives!* Countless Millions of Years? *Nay!* For Eternity!

THE DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION.

Thus it will be seen why the thoughtful Christian Believer accepts most cheerfully, and thankfully, "Evolution," as the Process, God probably thought fit to select, in Creation. It appears so consistent with every action of the Unseen God,—
"Verily, Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour."—*Isaiah* xlv., 15.

Thousands of years have passed,—Mankind, for slowly passing Centuries,—has been gathering gradually some little evidence of Creation, and the Creator, and now that the turmoil of Centuries of Bloodshed, and Wars, has lulled,—thanks to the influence of Christianity,—the Race has time, quiet, and leisure, to pursue "Scientific Research."

Is it not amazing that the *first use made* of the very beginnings of Science, in tracing the finger of the Supreme is to glorify Science, and their own wondrous knowledge,—and,—instead of giving the glory to God,—actually to employ the *little advances* they have made in knowledge, to deny His Word,—and even question His existence?

Accepting gladly every authentic discovery of Science,—the Believer's faith is strengthened in the Power, Wisdom, and amazing resources of Almighty God. Our ablest Scientists realise that they are just beginning to *know enough* to assure them that they *know nothing*! In every Branch of Science,—Vistas for endless future Research are ever opening!

Alps o'er Alps arise! The Prospect is ever widening before our Scientific men! Always *something behind*. Always some hidden, sustaining, Force, or Energy, they cannot grasp or explain! Dear Reader! *What is behind* is the Invisible, Eternal, God!

Doubtless by the Process of Evolution, God met the Animal; the Creator met the Creature! By subtle influences, which an Eternity, will, probably, be needed to disclose,—the Eternal Spirit *came in contact* with the Matter, which He had first brought into existence!

Poor,—self-sufficient Mankind! They appear for a brief moment upon the Scene,—they chirp, and chatter their Scientific Jargon, while failing,—too many of them,—altogether to grasp the *significance* of all Scientific discovery. Like Insects buzzing, and flitting, their short hour in the Sunlight,—they pass their little day, upon the Stage of Life,—then they pass away, and leave others to carry on the endless task of Research. They will never get beyond the beginning! Thousands of years have passed and how little do we know? Not a Scientific man living, can give us yet, an intelligible purpose, or use,—which we can accept,—for even the Comet. "Can'st thou by searching find out God? Can'st thou find out the Almighty to perfection? It is as high as Heaven,—what can'st thou do? Deeper than Hell,—what can'st thou know?"—*Job* xi. 7-8.

Still let us accept, what little our Scientific men can tell the Believer, of the amazing Process of Evolution, and creative power of his God, with joy and reverence.

Evolution,—the permitting His creatures a kind of limited freewill,—in their propagation, by fertilization, &c., of the exquisite, and endless, variety we see all around us in Nature,—certainly appears exactly in accordance with God's proceedings with His higher creature, Man.

How melancholy a use of that Freewill does unregenerate,—fallen,—sinful,—man make, is illustrated by the *eager joy* with which they seize upon every loop-hole for Unbelief given them, as they think, by our Scientific Men!

The *Fall of Man* is indeed shown by the eager joy with which thousands would hail the intelligence that there *was no God!*

Silly Creature! In spite of your Unbelief, God is there! In order to preserve the Freewill, He has accorded to every Intelligent Being, God hides Himself it is true,—but behind all,—*God is there!*

The Fool hath said in his heart, “There is no God.”

“But thou, Lord, in the beginning, hath laid the Foundations of the Earth; and the Heavens are the work of Thine hands. They shall perish, and they shall all wax old as doth a garment: and as a Vesture Thou shalt fold them up, and they shall be changed. But Thou art the same, and Thy years fail not.”—*Heb. i., 10-12.*

“The ONE remains; the *Many* change,—and pass,
Heaven's Light for ever shines,—Earth's shadows flee,
Life, like a Dome of many coloured glass,—
Stains the bright radiance of Eternity.—*Shelley.*”

A SCIENTIFIC BIBLE WOULD BE UNINTELLIGIBLE.

An entire Life may be now passed in investigating the beginning, merely, of any Branch of Science. Such, for instance, as Optics, or Light. What would have been the consequence had God thought proper,—through His inspired Writers,—to have given Mankind a Scientific Bible? The World would hardly have been large enough to hold it! To exhaust the Science of Light alone, would have required an immense Library of Books. The Almighty in any degree to *exhaust* the subject, would have to explain, and go far out into the fathomless Ocean, and subtle mysteries of *His own Being*,—Resources,—and Knowledge,—to such an extent, that our poor, finite, Reason, and Faculties, would *never follow* it, nor *grasp* His meaning! As for an entire Bible,—thus exhausted, *every portion* of it treated *Scientifically*, in a similar manner,—men would have to live Centuries to read it, and the Earth would be probably covered with the Books needed for one

entire Copy ! As it is,—the Bible,—in its *present condensed form*,—can be,—and is, thank God !—circulated amongst “all Nations.” Sufficient is given us,—as it is,—to “make us wise unto Salvation,”—a Result of infinitely greater importance, to poor, dying men,—than any Scientific Information would be how God forms Worlds,—if He does do it,—by means of “Nebula.”

We Believers, will know more of our God *hereafter* ! There will be *time* enough in Eternity ! For us, it is, at present, quite *sufficient*, to read the majestic words of His inspired Volume, “And God said,—Let there be Light ! And there *was* Light !”

Which Gospel,—dear Reader,—commends itself best to your Common Sense ? Which,—in your own daily example, and practices, are you following ? The Gospel of the Unbeliever, given at the commencement of this chapter,—or the Gospel of Jesus Christ ?

THE QUIET SCEPTIC.

There are two distinct Classes of Unbelievers ;—the *Silent*, and the *Demonstrative*. It is of the *latter*,—alone,—it is proposed to speak in this Chapter.

Thus we have the private,—quiet,—silent,—thoughtful,—Sceptic,—and there is the “Aggressive,”—open,—avowed,—“Secularist,”—or Public Infidel Lecturer.

The quiet Unbeliever,—not unfrequently a fine, but invariably deeply prejudiced mind,—claims the right of private opinion in matters of Religious Belief,—but he *respects*,—does not attempt to interfere with, the religious belief of others. He asserts his right to private Unbelief,—the right of exercising Volition,—will power,—in rejecting,—if he chooses,—the Bible,—a Hereafter,—Heaven,—Hell,—a future Judgment,—Immortality,—Belief in Christ,—and, finally, belief in God Himself ;—according to what Stage in the Sin and Disease of Unbelief he may yet have reached. Whether such a one can stop at silent indifference to Religion, and pause at any of the above Stages of Unbelief, time alone will prove ! Experience has rather proved that,—once let the deadly Sin,—Unbelief,—get the control of an active, intelligent mind,—it will not stop until,—like the terrible Leprosy, or the fatal Sins of advanced Vice, Covetousness, or Drunkenness,—it has swept away all that is really precious to Mankind. Generally, however, the Silent Sceptic,—though thinking for himself,—does not attempt, like the aggressive Infidel,—to dictate to others, or openly, to spread the dread Disease to others.

Indeed, so far from it,—many a man who will not come under the influence of the Gospel himself,—is quite willing that his children may enjoy a proper Christian education themselves. “I’m a “Nothing-arian,” — myself, — you know,—but,—mark you, I never say a word about it to the children,—always show outward respect for Religion,—you know!” Fatal inconsistency!—He recognises the speechless blessings Christianity,—the God-like precepts of Jesus Christ,—have brought to his Nation, and the World at large,—is quite willing that his children should have a Christian education,—but will not come to Christ himself!

As God, however, in the constitution of things, has ordained us to be Free Agents,—the quiet Sceptic’s claim to private unbelief,—must, it is supposed,—be sorrowfully admitted. Nothing,—therefore,—in this chapter is to be taken as applying to the silent, respectful, Freethinker; it is the aggressive, scoffing, public promoter of the Sin, and Disease, of Infidelity, who is alone spoken of.

THE EFFORT MADE FOR THE SAKE OF YOUTHS OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

Youths of the Upper and Middle Classes have immense advantages,—in their start in life,—over the sons of working Men, especially in the direction of early associates. The former, in early life, receive a guarded, excellent, more or less, religious training and education, and are surrounded in their youth by decent well-meaning School fellows and friends.

In fact, such would have some trouble,—would have really to go out of their way, to come in contact with open aggressive Infidelity. If, after these privileges, they elect, in after life, the fatal Path of Unbelief, they do it in defiance of all that a Christian Nation, and Parents, can be expected to do,—and are without excuse.

The sons of Working Men have, on the contrary, to start in life with infinitely less favourable surroundings. Too often, it is to be feared, they have to come in contact in early life in the workshops, perhaps daily, with open Infidelity.

Judging from their sickening publications,—sickening irreverence for all holy things,—and speechlessly low type of thought, and conversation, common to aggressive free-thinkers,—no one can help feeling for a well-meaning youth,—placed, it is to be hoped, only temporarily, in such company. Let us hope that God may over-rule it for his

good, by giving him such a disgust of their tenets, and company, that the moment he can do so, he will quit their society; *never*,—whilst *he lives*,—to enter it again!

It is for the sake of such, the present inquiry into the *true* character of the talking, aggressive secularist of 1891 is made. It might, it was thought,—prove useful to an undecided mind; otherwise, to every well-conditioned Englishman or Englishwoman, both the subject, and the individual in question, are alike so equally *objectionable*,—that the effort would, most willingly, have been avoided.

THE "AGGRESSIVE SECULARIST,"—*What is he?*

Not liking,—apparently,—his good, honest, old-fashioned, title of "Unbeliever,"—the modern Freethinker has of late, invented a new,—and, it is to be presumed, in his opinion a less objectionable,—name for his Sect,—namely "Secularist." Unfortunately, no such word occurs in our English Dictionaries;—hence a difficulty arises, and leads to the inquiry, *What is he?*

Dr. Johnson merely has "*Secular*, not spiritual. Relating to affairs of the present World. A layman. Not holy. Worldly. *Secularize*. To convert from Spiritual appropriation to common or secular use. To make Worldly." It is evident that the newly invented "Secularist" was unknown to, and is unauthorised by,—either Johnson, or Webster. But though they have not got the "Secularist," our two great Lexicographers have the character, and tenets of the modern Secularist, so clearly defined under the heads "Unbeliever," and "Freethinker," that this attempt of the Secularist, to escape from the grasp of our English Lexicographers, seems to be quite hopeless.

It seems strange why he should thus have become so ashamed of his colours. We may change our name, but not our character. Why is this dislike to the good old title "Unbeliever?" What is the "Secularist" ashamed of? The *name*, or the *character*?

Not finding him in the Dictionaries, we are compelled to look for him under another head; and, under the word "Unbeliever," the modern Secularist will be found defined, both by Dr. Johnson, and Webster, with such accuracy, that all doubt of his indentivity, and that he is the individual we are in search of, at once disappears.

DR. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson, —evidently accustomed to "call a spade a spade," has, "*Unbeliever*, an Infidel, one who believes not

the Scriptures of God." "*Unbelieving* (adjective), Infidel. *Freethinker*, a libertine. A contemner of Religion. *Free-thinking*, Licentious ignorance. *Infidel*, an Unbeliever, a Miscreant, a Pagan, a Person who rejects Christ." (Dr. Johnson.)

WEBSTER.

Webster's noble, and ponderous, 1880 quarto Edition,—seen in our leading Public Institutions,—is the authority, throughout the English speaking Race,—throughout the World. An exhaustive and splendid work. Again,—we look in vain for the "Secularist."—but we recognise him in a moment under Webster's "Unbeliever." Webster says,—"*Unbeliever*, one who discredits revelation, and the Mission, Character, and Doctrines of Christ. See Infidel." Turning, as requested by Webster, to Infidel,—he says,—"*Infidel*, one who is without Faith. A disbeliever. A Freethinker. A Heathen. One who disbelieves Christ, and the Divine origin, and authority of Christianity," and Webster adds the remarkable words,—"*An Infidel Writer is a great Enemy of Society.*" (Webster's Quarto Edition, 1880.)

The constant public allusions, the aggressive Secularist makes to what,—in his astonishing ignorance,—he calls the "Blunders" of the Bible,—the Gospel of Worldliness, and Infidelity, he is ever preaching, must lead to the irresistible conviction, that he is Dr. Johnson's, and Webster's "Unbeliever," in disguise. He is indeed "one who believes not the Scriptures of God,"—he is indeed "one who is without Faith," "one who discredits Revelation,"—a "Contemner of Religion,"—"not spiritual,"—and, certainly, "not holy."

CLAIM TO BE "NATIONAL!"

Yet this modern Unbeliever has the assurance now to call his Sect,—"*The National*,"—(Heaven save the mark!) —"*Society of Secularists*."

Fancy,—dear Reader, in this day of intelligence, and in a Christian Country, and Nation,—a "*National Society*" of Dr. Johnson's, and Webster's, Unbelievers, Sceptics, Atheists, Freethinkers, Secularists, and Infidels! When such a horrible "*Society*" as *that* becomes "*National*," the sooner the wretched, and corrupt, State which permits it to become so, sinks altogether,—the better it will be for Humanity at large! And the experience of Mankind proves that *sink it would!*

EXPERIMENTS OF "NATIONAL" INFIDELITY.
ATTEMPTED (1790-5).

The nearest approach to National Unbelief,—attempted by Mankind in modern times,—took place during the Revolution in France a Century ago. *Once* was probably quite enough! The experiment, it is thought, will hardly be tried again by Mankind! Cheerfully,—candidly,—admitting that atrocious Tyranny, and Corrupt Government, was the Cause of the Revolution, in great measure,—the French Nation, had in their absolute *rejection* of the Reformation,—brought their subsequent miseries *upon themselves*. However, the power wrested from their Tyrants,—drifted into the hands of the "aggressive Secularists," of that day. A "Reign of Terror,"—as it, inevitably,—under such Rulers,—will ever do,—naturally followed. The Millennium of the Secularist seemed to have arrived;—what he is always longing for occurred,—the State Church, not only disappeared, but what was much worse, ALL Public Worship temporarily had to cease,—and Religion and God, seemed, for a (fortunately for Mankind) brief space,—dethroned! No sooner, however, was the Millennium of the aggressive Secularist arrived at, than Society *all fell to pieces!* It ever will, under similar circumstances! There is nothing to keep it together! Without God,—the Bible,—and Religion,—Human Society is impossible,—it cannot exist! An abandoned Female was robed, and Publicly worshipped in Paris as the "Goddess of Reason!" An extraordinary display of that boasted "Age of *Reason*,"—we are ever hearing Unbelievers longing for. All Order, Rule, Reason, Decency, Safety of life and property, ceased! The Blasphemers of that day,—(as they would again),—fell upon each other like wild beasts,—the Guillotine was constantly at work,—and God having gone, Society disappeared, amidst Assassination, Bloodshed, Immorality and Ruin!

The "aggressive Secularist," or "Infidel Lecturer," of 1891, has not the excuse of a Century ago. He meanly takes advantage of his position of safety, and toleration, enjoyed under a *Christian* Government, surrounded by a *Christian* Society, to endeavour to Sap and Undermine that very Religion,—that very Belief in God, the Bible, and Christ,—upon which English Society is founded—and upon which our National Prosperity ever has,—and ever will *entirely depend!* The "aggressive Secularist" is out

of place in 1891. Evidently the proper place for him to put to the test, and fully enjoy his Principles,—carried into *practice*,—was Paris in 1790-5. Could he have had his property confiscated,—and his neck placed under the Guillotine, by the advanced Secularists of that day,—(wretches *quite* as “aggressive” as himself),—his confidence in the practical working of a “National Society of Infidels,”—would, it is thought, sustain a severe *shock*!

He might then, probably, have come to the conclusion, that,—all things considered,—a Christian Society,—founded upon Belief in God, Christ, and the Bible, and Public worship,—works best for Mankind!

MANKIND CANNOT DO WITHOUT GOD.

No sooner has God departed,—Religion been dethroned,—and Public Worship ceased,—than Virtue, Order, Reason, Liberty, Safety, and Happiness, depart also! They are indissolubly connected!

The entire History and experience of Mankind proves that Man cannot exist without Religion; in short that in God, we all,—(aggressive Secularists inclusive)—“live, and breathe, and have our being,”—and, what is more, *shall* do so,—throughout Eternity,—in weal or in woe,—in judgment, or in mercy,—as we may elect! “All thy works shall Praise Thee, O Lord; and Thy Saints shall Bless Thee.” We are not told that all God’s works shall “Bless” Him,—they certainly, will *not*,—but they will all one day, “Praise” Him,—either in *judgment* or in *mercy*!

THE PARIS EXPERIMENT TRIED IN JERUSALEM,

A.D. 72.

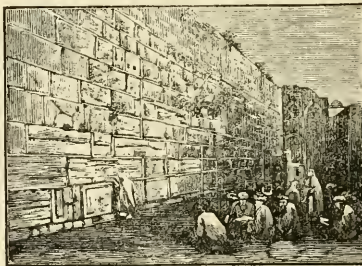
The year 72 saw the final breaking up, and dispersion,—for Centuries,—of the Jewish Nation. With amazing long-suffering,—God for long Centuries,—(through their Prophets),—had most solemnly warned the Jews that their weariness of Him,—their iniquities,—and stubborn rejection of His Messengers, had been too much even for Omnipotence, and that He was about to leave them, and choose a more willing people,—the Gentiles. That “From the rising of the Sun, to the going down of the same, My Name shall be great among the Gentiles,—but ye have profaned it.”—Malachi i., 11. With all our faults the Worship of our Blessed God is certainly carried on in Europe, America, and Australia, ceaselessly by us, the Gentiles; the Sun never sets upon it!

His name is, in 1891, certainly “Great!”

As they have *ever* done,—God's warnings came true, and, after the worship of the great God,—to whom as a Nation the Jews owed so much,—(the "God of their fathers,")—had been carried on for Centuries,—in the year 72 it ceased *for the first time* at Jerusalem! On the 17th of July, A.D. 72,—the Sacrifices in the Great Temple at Jerusalem, *ceased for the first time*;—and the Public Worship of God ceased with them! GOD WAS GONE!

Immediately,—Jewish Society *fell to pieces!* They ceased, to exist as a Nation,—disappearing for ages,—amidst a Scene of Bloodshed, Horror, and Despair,—before which the temporary departure of Religion from Paris was as nothing! Had the Jews been a Nation of Secularists,—they would have disappeared for ever,—never been heard of again! But the Jew is no Unbeliever; he clings still to his God,—the "God of his Fathers,"—and to the Prophecies which foretell his restoration. It is this Faith in God which has preserved them,—all these Ages,—a standing Miracle amongst the Nations,—until the "Times" of us, the "Gentiles shall be fulfilled." A People,—a Nation, existing like the Jews for nigh 2,000 years,—without a Country or Territory,—is a standing Miracle of God's power,—and of the truth of the Bible prophecies! Such a thing is contrary to all Human experience,—unparalleled in the History of Mankind.

Even the Unbeliever cannot get over the Jews! *There they are!*



Too Late! Jew's "Wailing Place" at Jerusalem.

"O Lord! Build the City!" "O Lord! Build the City!"

Thus the past proves that without God, and His Worship, Human Society cannot exist,—immediately they cease it falls to pieces,—thus emphatically confirming Webster's assertion, "The Infidel Writer is a great Enemy to Society." The "aggressive Secularist" is the worst Enemy his Country, and his Nation, can have, because he

is ever seeking to destroy that Faith, upon which our National Greatness, and Prosperity, have ever been founded, and upon which they entirely depend.

TOLERATION.

“Oh! Come”—the ‘Aggressive Secularist,’—may say, “Let us have *toleration*,—I claim toleration! Hear me before you judge me!—Let me have a ‘Five Nights’ Discussion,’—with you. We will then prove that all Religious Sects,—of whatever kind they may be,—are all wrong,—and that *we*,—Secularists,—know everything!”

Hear you? Some of us have heard you these thirty years, and what *dreadful stuff* it is! You utterly mistake the significance of modern Scientific Research!

Every new light thrown upon the Creation by Science, only confirms us, Believers, in the truth of the Bible.

THE DELUGE.

You are continually talking of the “Blunders of the Bible.” As an example,—you assert that there was no Deluge. Some of us have been in the Rocky Mountains,—and up the far-famed “Pike’s Peak” go yourself,—the diggers will show you *Marine* Shells obtained from the top of the Mountains. How did they get there? Every Student of Geology recognises the Witnesses of a Great Deluge. Jesus Christ confirms it. You ask, with a sneer, “Where did all the Water come from?” You silly man! Every Board school boy, now knows, that the vast Ocean which surrounds us, is governed,—in its Tides,—(“Thus far shalt thou go and no further, and here let thy proud Waves be stayed,”)—by the attraction of the Moon. Let but the Almighty Ruler alter,—imperceptibly to us,—that attraction, in the slightest, and there would come upon this World, a Deluge deep enough, to satisfy the most aggressive, or most ignorant,—Secularist! You ask,—triumphantly,—how did the Sloth, &c., come from America to the Ark. You silly man! You are arguing from the locality these creatures are found in, *after* the Deluge;—for aught you know the Sloth was in a Forest, within a Mile of the spot where,—for 120 years,—the ark was constructed! Your objection to the Creation in Six “Days,”—has been answered for 50 years past, and,—once more,—in this chapter (Page 522). Your objections are those of the old Infidels of last Century,—worn threadbare,—answered a

thousand times ! You never seem to *progress*, or get anything *new*.

INFIDEL LITERATURE.

If you had anything to *give* Mankind,—a Philosophy,—a Belief,—a Creed,—a System,—if you had any literature,—anything to expound,—“discussion,” might be useful. But you have *nothing*, never *had*. “By their fruits ye shall know them !” Your Flyleaves, Tracts, and Literature, are, as a rule, such a mass of sickening irreverence, and so immoral, and hurtful, to the Public, that they have to be publicly suppressed. They appear to consist of speechlessly vulgar personalities, levelled at all Religious Sects,—who, *as a matter of fact*,—are, *one, and all, infinitely* superior in Learning,—Culture,—“Science,”—Education,—Usefulness,—and good “fruits” to your own ! None but the lowest Dregs of Society could ever read the Rubbish you print ! It is, instinctively, put with the Tongs, into the nearest Fire, by every well-conditioned Englishman ! You attack all other Sects with insolence, and then plead for “toleration.”

Surely we Modern Christian Believers exhibit Toleration enough. We have attended with respect,—and interest,—the Places of Worship of almost every known Sect of our fellow Believers, in almost every part of this World ! The Church of England,—“High” to “Low ;”—The Church of Rome ;—The Greek Church, and Armenian ;—The Jewish Synagogue, The Scotch, Free and Presbyterian, &c., Churches ;—Baptists, Independents, Congregationalists, Wesleyans ; Methodists ; Calvinists ; Friends ; Plymouth Brethren ; Unitarians ; Irvingites ; Swedenborgians ; Christadelphians ; Shakers, (Albany, U.S.), and last,—but not least,—our good,—and *most useful* friends,—“The Salvation Army.” In the places of Divine Worship,—of *every one* of the above named Religious Bodies, has the Writer sat,—in every part of the World, and would do so again. Besides others not named in the list.

In all,—he observed the presence of the Essentials of true Religion,—Faith,—Belief,—and Prayer.

The Worship of the Great, and Blessed, God, was conducted with Reverence. There was no dogmatic bigotry, no Blasphemy,—no vulgar self-assertion, as amongst the Secularists. No half-disguised hatred to God and Christ ; no sickening public disparagement of all other Religious Denominations, as amongst the Secularists. No sneers,—no insolence, intended for wit. In many places,—after the Service,—the Elders took the Stranger into their houses,

and would quietly, pleasantly, answer enquiries, and explain their own peculiar Views; but without dogmatism, or presuming to condemn those of others. Would that all Believers could see their way to do the same; and occasionally attend each others' Religious Meetings. For,—however much they differed,—they were all Believers. They were all Worshipers,—unlike the Secularist who worships nothing *but himself*. All had a faith leading to good works. All had something to *impart*;—there was much to interest,—much to instruct,—much calculated to do good.

But with the "*aggressive* Secularist,"—(it is of him *alone* we speak, and allude to, throughout this Chapter),—with the aggressive Secularist,—toleration,—must ever, abruptly end. *Why?* Because he ends it *himself!* With him toleration ceases! Always bitter,—angry,—sarcastic,—egotistical,—habitually given to rude allusions, and personalities, as to other Sects,—he, amongst all other theological bodies,—stands *alone* as the most hopelessly intolerant! He never opens his mouth,—nor takes up his pen,—without publicly disparaging Belief,—and Faith in others! If "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,"—there must, indeed, be a *terrible* heart within!

Yet this is the man,—himself a terrible Bigot,—who has the assurance to plead for Toleration,—when he never spares any other Religious Sect,—and habitually breaks every rule of Toleration himself!

HE POSES AS AN "EMANCIPATOR."

"Well!"—an honest;—(if there be one,)—aggressive Secularist, will reply,—"*I am* an Unbeliever;—I will not disguise it!—I say so boldly!—and I think it was *weakness* on the part of our Sect to change our Name. I do not *pretend* to give you anything! I cannot give you what I do not possess myself, can I? I have changed my name,—so as *not to alarm* people, (see page 369: middle), and to smooth matters; but I make no pretension to be a constructor, or to found a faith, or belief; I am in fact, an Iconoclast,—a Destroyer,—I consider my peculiar Mission is not to *give*, but to *take away*; in short, to Destroy the Faith of others.—I am, in fact, an Emancipator! Let me emancipate you from Priestly tyranny,—priestly control,—priestly influence!" But Millions of Christian Believers,—Dissenters,—*protest* that they have *got* no Priests;—do not know what the Secularist means. Statistics from

America give Ten Million Scholars,—attending Protestant Sunday Schools,—to whom Priestly tyranny is unknown,—in that Vast Country alone. Whilst there are splendid men now at home,—in the Church of England Pulpits,—large hearted,—liberal,—mixing with their fellow Ministers amongst the Dissenters, in good works,—devoted, indefatigable,—heart, and soul, and life, given to the work of the good Master. No “tyranny” here! The Secularist seems to be under some delusion. Give the true Christian Believer of 1891,—his God,—his Saviour,—the precious influences of God the Holy Spirit,—and his Bible;—and, if it was God’s providence that he should never enter a “place of worship” nor even see a Priest again, and had to live and die on a desolate Island,—the Christian would be still a happy, hopeful Believer! He knows no priestly tyranny,—influence or control. “*One is our Master,—even Christ.*”

“Well,—at any rate,”—the Secularist “Emancipator,” may reply,—“You cannot deny that you are under the Influence of *the Gospel*,—you are under *its* control,—you have faith;—belief in Christ. You believe in the Bible;—in Heaven,—Hell,—the Devil; and the Judgment, and Eternity, rapidly approaching to all of us.” Let me “emancipate” you from all this! Let me prove to you that *you* Christian believers, are all wrong,—you know *nothing*, and I and my Sect,—the Secularists,—know *everything*!

What? you, poor deluded,—God-forsaken,—Dr. Johnson’s “Infidel,”—emancipate *us*? Deluded *Egotist*! Go home, rather, to your chamber, and your knees,—while time and opportunity, are permitted you, and ask God to *emancipate you*, from the cruel *tyranny,—influence,—and control*,—the Devil has obtained over you,—before he ruins you,—with himself, *for ever*!

CONCLUSION.

Thus, then, the Believer,—and the “Aggressive,” “Demonstrative,” Secularist;—(we speak,—throughout,—of *him* alone),—part! It always *will* be so! They represent two systems equally abhorrent to each other! Toleration on the part of the Demonstrative Secularist is *impossible*;—he only *exists* when he is opposing Faith, and Religion, in the rest of Mankind! While he is tolerant, and keeps quiet,—he is *nothing*. When *silent*, he ceases *to be*!

Belief, and Unbelief are *unreconcilable* ;—compromise is impossible ! They mutually destroy each other ! It is a struggle for life or death ! It will ever be so till the Great Judgment Day !

Already the “Bridgeless Gulf” has *begun* to separate,—even in this World,—the Believer from the Unbeliever ;—it will *end* by conducting them to the *extremes* of distance, and difference,—as far asunder as Heaven and Hell ! But, though the Supreme,—in order to permit the exercise of the Freewill He has bestowed upon every Intelligent Being,—now *hides Himself*, as it were,—to render *faith*,—(not *sight*),—essential ;—and thus necessarily,—allows Unbelief to exist, for a short period,—in *this* World,—He certainly will not permit *one moment’s* Unbelief in the *next* !

At the stroke of death,—all Unbelief will end for ever !

Why do “the Devils, also, Believe and tremble ?” Because *they have cause* !

Would that every Youth, who reads this Chapter,—written exclusively for him,—if undecided in his Religious Belief,—would clearly understand that “Faith,”—“Belief,” is not *self-acquired*. The study of a Thousand Years, would be useless, unaccompanied by habitual Prayer ;—it is a *Gift*,—a *Revelation* of God,—the *greatest* He can bestow ! It is His eternal Law that Saving Faith,—Saving Grace,—Saving Belief,—being a *Revelation* to the Soul,—must be *asked for* ! Not once, nor twice only. Prayer must be *habitual*. *Why* ? Because it is the *act* of asking (prayer) which obtains its answer, by producing this Faith. Prayer is the one great distinguishing characteristic of Mankind from the Brute Creation. “Without Faith it is impossible to please God.” Indeed,—without Prayer, or Communion with his Creator,—how can a man be anything more than an animal in God’s sight ? Affording no pleasure to his Maker, because obstinately rejecting his God ; and what that Guilt really is,—*who can tell* ?

There may be “Morality without Christ,”—and “Philanthropy without God.” but what is the ultimate end of it ? *Self Idolatry* !

“ I swear in My wrath, that they should never enter into My rest.”

“ And *to whom* sware He that they should not enter into His rest ; but to them that *Believed not* ?”

So we see that they could not enter in, because of *Unbelief*.

Wherefore, as the Holy Ghost saith,—“ *To-day* if ye will hear His voice,—*harden not your hearts* !”

Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an *evil heart of Unbelief*, in *departing* from the Living God.

"Exhort one another daily, while it is called to-day; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of Sin!"—(*Hebrews* iii.)

Pray,—when the Morning shineth,
Pray,—when the Noon is bright,
Pray,—when the Eve declineth,
Pray,—in the hush of Night.



The Scene, two hours after the Fire was discovered.

The "Cospatrick,"—Emigrant Ship,—Capt. Elmslie,—left Gravesend 11th September, 1874, for Auckland; 479 on board, all told. Sixty-seven days out,—750 miles off the Cape,—Tuesday midnight, 17th November,—"a Cry was heard!" Some Wretches, (the "Drink" again, dear Reader!) after the Beer Barrels in the hold,—are believed to have dropped their light in Straw, &c, and fled in Panic! They failed to keep her before the wind! The cargo caught, then the deck! An awful Scene ensued, all was confusion! 80,—mostly women,—got into the Boats, the davits broke; all were lost! The Captain, his Wife, and the Doctor, with others, as the Flames swept through them, jumped overboard! Only two boats,—without oars, water, or provisions,—got off; it became rough; one only was ever heard of! In this boat by the 25th, ten had died; many drinking salt water and going mad!

Capt. Jahnke,—a Prussian,—of the "British Sceptre,"—sure that a Tragedy had occurred in those Seas, from drift, &c.,—nobly followed the likely Track a boat would be driven, for many hours,—it was said for *three days!*—and rescued five, but two died from exhaustion, leaving only Macdonald (second mate), Lewis, and Cotter,—formerly a "Chichester" Boy,—out of 479!



The Vulture.

CHAPTER LXIV.

CONCLUDING ADDRESS TO YOUNG MEN.

THE VULTURE. PARTING. WE ARE NOW IN THE FIELD.
“WHERE ARE OUR SCHOOL MATES GONE?” THE
SEPARATION BEGINS EARLY. LIFE COMES BUT ONCE.
THE TWO PATHS.

“Two men shall be in the field, the one shall be taken and the other left!”—*Luke xvii.*, 36.

LET us mark our Lord's answer,—when His Disciples asked Him when certain Judgments, which Jesus had foretold would come to pass,—“two Men shall be

in the Field;—the one shall be taken and the other left!” They said unto Him, “Where, Lord?” And He said unto them, “Wheresoever the Body is, there will the Eagles be gathered together.”

The word our Lord here uses, evidently refers to the “Vultures” of the East. These repulsive,—but most useful Birds,—the Scavengers of the East,—possess amazing powers. Job speaking of the secret things of God,—says, “There is a path which no Fowl knoweth, and which the Vulture’s eye hath not seen.”—(Job xxviii., 7.) Admitting in these words the extraordinary power of these remarkable Birds. For,—let but a carcass fall in the Desert,—distance seemingly making no difference,—although there may not be a Cloud in the Sky, and all is solitude,—before long, little specks will be seen in the Sky.

They are the Vultures! *They are coming!* Aided by some marvellous instinct,—by Scent, Sight, or some unknown Agency, these birds know that a dead body has fallen! Down they come! With a “Vulture’s eye,—they swoop down! Try to keep them off, and they will patiently take up a position near, and *wait!* *They can wait!* They will tire you out! It is vain to disturb them. They remain till their task is done!

The words of our Lord are evidently a sort of Proverb, but their meaning must be clear. “You ask Me *where* this shall happen? I tell you *everywhere!* Till Heaven and Earth shall pass away, wherever there is Sin, Carelessness, and neglect of God, there will be Judgment; as surely as where there is a Carcass to devour, there, are the Birds of Prey gathered together!”

The Judgment does not come at once.

The Long-suffering and Patience, and Deliberation of God is the most solemn part of Religion!

It takes many years, in some cases, for the Judgment to fall. The Mill of God’s Providence grinds very slowly, but it grinds *very sure!* It often comes through very unlikely agencies, through the agency of very indifferent characters.

For many years the wicked Jezebel had defied God; destroyed the Prophets, and urged on the wicked Ahab, to be far worse than he might else have been.

Years passed,—but at length “a certain man drew a Bow at a venture,”—a chance shot,—yet it “smote Ahab” fatally, just “between the joints of his harness.” Yet the wicked Woman Jezebel lives 13 years after his death.

But it was an evil day when she taunted Jehu.

And when Jehu was come to Jezreel, Jezebel heard of it ; and she painted her face, and tired her hair, and looked out of a window ; and as Jehu entered at the gate, she said, " Had Zimri peace, who slew his master ? "



Jezebel.

But the man of war, and blood, would brook no insult ! " He lifted up his face to the window and said, ' Who is on my side ? Who ? ' And there looked out to him two Eunuchs. And he said, ' Throw her down ! ' So they threw her down."

Very often, in the New Dispensation we live under, God's Judgments for Sin, Carelessness, and Neglect of Him, do not fall *at all* in this life. But the answer comes,—“What if God, *willing to show His wrath*, and to make His power known, endures with *much long-suffering* the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction ?”—(Romans ix., 22). Far better let His judgments fall in *this* World,—where they may lead to amendment,—than that they should be thus reserved for the NEXT !

WE ARE ALL IN THE FIELD.

Let us, therefore, take the Words of our Lord, “Two Men shall be in the Field,”—as applying to ourselves,—to every youth who may read this address. We are all now, together, “in the Field ;” engaged in daily business ; sharing alike, much the same hours of work, of Rest, and Refreshment. Meeting it may be, perhaps each Sunday, side by side, in the Sabbath School, or the Place of Worship. But let us mark our Lord's Words,—words of Him who “spake as never man spake,”—words of solemn meaning of Him “Whose thoughts are not as our thoughts,” “Two men shall be in the field,—one shall be taken, and the other left !” It is even so indeed ! We share now, very much the same business, and pleasure, but shall we always be so united ?

If the Veil which hangs over the Future could,—for a moment,—be drawn up,—if we could look but eight or ten years onward,—how infinite would be the variety of Fortune experienced by those who are now here assembled, and who have now so much in common with each other !

WHERE ARE OUR SCHOOL MATES GONE ?

Nothing, indeed, is more striking than when we have lived, ten, twenty, or thirty years after leaving the School we were at, to try to trace the various fortunes of those with whom we were once living so familiarly ! The spot may be the same as ever,—the School-house may still be there,—the Summer's sun may light up the well-known Fields, and Woods, and Playground, where once we played,—but they *are gone* ; and few, very few, who have been spared for even ten years after leaving school, can look around, without perceiving, that here one, and there another, of those who entered Life together with them,—set out with them from the same port,—have already ceased to accompany them,—and are gone down even in their first spring-time to the grave !

We may say of Life,—as of the Ship,—bearing its Emigrants to Climes beyond the Sea :—

“Thou wilt not *bring* them *back* !
All whom thou bearest from their hearth to roam,
Many are thine,—no more again to track,
Their own sweet Island Home !”

When the White Cliffs of their Native Land sank,—at last,—beneath their Horizon,—they *never rose* upon them *again* !

ONE SHALL BE TAKEN AND THE OTHER LEFT.

But our Lord's words have yet a more solemn meaning : “Two shall be in the field, one shall be taken, and the other left.”

If the Streams of our several fortunes were but to be divided for a time,—and the time would come when all of us were, one day, to be united once more ;—the sense of separation would be far less sad.

But we know that in the most solemn sense of all, “One shall be taken and the other left.” Our separation, one from another, will but go on further and further, till it ends at length in the extremes of distance and difference ; one will pass away into darkness and misery, and the other will be welcomed into the Mansions of the Lord !

They who were once so nearly connected with each other, but then as far parted asunder as Heaven and Hell!

I was speaking of the various aspects life will wear even ten years hence, to those who find it so similar now; and what mortal, though ever so well acquainted with the Characters of you all, could dare to predict your future Destiny? Who shall be taken, and who left?—On whom misfortune shall fall, and whom it may spare?

Nothing in your present state can enable one so much as to guess; for in points of worldly fortune there is no certainty; so suddenly and so unexpectedly, in these matters do our prospects, in a few years, either brighten or darken.

Experience has proved that no mere efforts of our own can ensure earthly prosperity; no human being can judge whose lot amongst you will be prosperous, and whose the contrary; and if this be impossible, how much less can any one dare to conjecture the final and everlasting fate of any one of my Readers?

WE CAN AVOID THE GREAT PARTING.

But though, in earthly things, Success is not always to be insured by any efforts of our own, in that Great Separation, which is to take place hereafter, it *does* depend, greatly depend, upon yourselves; for I speak to those who have known, and heard, Christ's Gospel, and with all things ready on Christ's part, to give us the victory. It does, I say, depend upon yourselves, your efforts,—your Prayers,—whether you shall be among those who "are taken, or those who are left."

And those who watch narrowly, cannot but see those signs in your several Characters which are the Seeds, however far from maturity, of Eternal Happiness or Eternal Misery!

You have, then, deep reason to be thankful for every mark of early goodness; nor should you dare to slight the signs of early sinfulness, for if you *do* slight such signs they will assuredly grow, every year, darker and more fatal!

SIGNS OF CHARACTER.

There are some boys whose tempers are naturally weak, who yield to the wishes, and opinions, of others too readily—who dislike trouble, and fear disquiet and danger; but the Christian's spirit must not be the Spirit of Weakness. And the worst of this otherwise gentle, and amiable,

Character is, that such tempers are very apt to sink into meanness, and sensual appetites, and lust; for covetousness, and selfishness, and sins of uncleanness, often belong to the same Character.

Others, again, even from Boyhood, are revengeful and passionate, oppressive, and unkind,—*too proud* to attempt to *give* pleasure, and to *sullen* to *receive* it! The leading bias in this Character is soon discernible, and,—as far as one can judge from two or three years' observation,—too often is allowed to retain its hold; for while the Boy has been under my care,—until he has passed away from my notice and charge,—that leading Feature, for good or for bad, has appeared to remain the same.

But by far the most numerous cases are those with no decided symptoms of any kind,—no especial leaning towards evil,—no marked disposition towards good. The House is “swept and garnished;” Evil Spirits, (in the sense of some one Besetting Sin) there is none. But can it continue thus empty long? Surely either Good or Evil will shortly find a home in that empty heart! How often do we see the innocence of early boyhood tainted, the spirit soiled, the sense of what is true and noble dulled; and, as far as I have had the opportunity of remarking, the evil which has thus entered has not departed. On the other hand, the good, when early received and cherished, has never entirely left so long as it has been in my view; much oftener has it seemed to grow stronger and brighter.

THE THOUGHTLESS.

It is, then, to these more numerous cases,—in which there are, as yet, no decided symptoms,—I would draw your attention for a moment: neither weak, nor vicious, nor cruel, with no more alarming sign than a general thoughtlessness, a general indifference, a fondness for what they like to do, rather than for what they ought, with no more alarming symptom, it is true. But is there not something in this thoughtlessness, in this indifference, which is alarming enough of itself? How can Piety and love to God exist in a ground so shallow as that of *Thoughtlessness*? How can those be in a hopeful condition who are not only far from the Kingdom of Heaven, but have, as yet, *taken no step towards it*, nor appear to wish, or intend, doing so?

We are told that the Holy Spirit of God intercedes for us with groanings which cannot be uttered! God only knows *how long* Eternity is, and that we do indeed need an intercessor for us when we are so indifferent about

our own eternal interests! We cannot doubt God's earnest solicitude as to our fate, seeing that He is described, in the Person of our Saviour, as knocking at the door of our hearts, waiting to be gracious; asking us to be His, to turn to Him, to give to Him those affections, that love, which are His due. He waits there, to use the language of Scripture, until "His head is wet with the dew, and His locks with the drops of the night."

Knowing the infinite worth of even one human soul, He consented to bear God's righteous, but awful, indignation against sin, in our stead, that we might have a way left open to draw near to God. For this purpose He consented to a life of suffering, of poverty, of humiliation. The wild Fox had some hole to which to retreat, and enjoy rest, the Birds of the air had their nests to which to resort, but the Son of Man had not where to lay His head.

Surely, then, if all this appears to you unreal and fanciful,—unreal in the sense in which your games, your favourite pursuits are real,—surely there is in this *entire indifference* to Him who died for you, this *entire thoughtlessness* about everything connected with these subjects, something alarming enough of itself!

WHY INDIFFERENCE IS ALARMING.

It is alarming, because this is a World in which there is no standing still; the ever changing Seasons are but a type of our Life, for ever growing and for ever decaying; everything is going on. There is the SPRING,—the SUMMER,—yes! and there is, alas! THE WINTER of the SOUL! Those days and years we thought in Boyhood so long, which promised so much, slip by, as evening after evening comes and goes! Like "Sunsets lost on Boyhood's distant Shore." Amongst all things in Nature *a change* is going on,—either growing brighter and better, or fading. We have, doubtless, observed a Person who appears to be much the same in appearance as he was this time last year, or for years past; but he is not the same! Watch him a few more years, and you see "He is very much aged," or,—may be, he is dead. The Seasons may return again and again, all things may seem as they were, even to the very shadows the sun throws around us, but *we* are not the *same*! In the eye of God we are different from what we were last year; we are not the same by possibility! We are either colder towards Him, or we are nearer to Him than we once were! You, and I, and all of us, are fast

passing onward to *Eternity*, along whichever path we have chosen, and the great question is *Whither?*

ONLY TWO PATHS.

There are but two Paths along which all men are advancing! The one is a life of piety, which leads upwards and onwards, and its end is Heaven; the other is the Godless life led by hundreds of Young Men in our large towns, which leads for ever downwards; for in the Eternal World there can be no standing still,—all will, even then, be for ever increasing in goodness and in wisdom, towards infinite perfection, without, however, reaching it; or else will be sinking for ever into deeper depravity, pollution, misery, and sin, with all the wicked who have ever lived, and with the evil spirits themselves!

Yet a little while, and we, who have met in this place, will be parted by a gulf which Eternity can never lessen or narrow!

Like Vessels, with their sails set contrary ways, we pass over the Sea of Life, in pursuit of the objects we have placed before us as the chief aim of our Hopes and our Desires! Yet a little while, and Life,—(like a rushing torrent),—with its hopes, its fears, its joys, its griefs,—will be over! We shall all then have walked our last mile along the path of life we have made choice of: you will have reached either the glory and the happiness, or the endless misery, in which the two paths end!

Surely, then, we ought to watch and pray over the portion of our lives that is passing! We dare not, even the youngest of us, let our days pass away in utter apathy and forgetfulness!

Christ would indeed have us ask ourselves whether we have prayed more or less during the past month, or year,—for where spiritual life and advancement are but commencing, the best signs will ever be in our prayers, whether they have been frequent and earnest.

What number then of prayers spoken from the heart could the Angels record of us during the year, or during our life that is past? What evil habit has been laid aside, what sin overcome or weakened, what temper corrected, what generous, humble, kindly feelings experienced, what willing, loving acts of duty rendered to man?

Do God's Angels regard us with more of hope, or of fear, than they regarded us a year ago?

Whilst journeying o'er the Sea of Life,—the Writer and

Reader of this book, have, in God's providence, come together,—as it were,—for a few fleeting moments, on our voyage to Eternity! We have read together, once more,—in various parts of this book,—the solemn warnings of Almighty God,—and, in the various texts therein quoted,—we have listened to, and considered *once* more the sweet Gospel message,—heard, *once* more a loving Saviour's call!

But the Question still remains,—and it is *the Question* for Time, and for Eternity,—whether you will still seize the Passing, Worldly, Sinful, pleasures of the moment, or whether you will now listen to the voice of Him who says, “Behold I stand! open to Me, for My hair is wet with the dew,—and My locks with the drops of the Night!”

CONCLUSION.

We have come to the conclusion of this *last address*, dear Youth, who reads this book, and God only knows how these words may effect you! Do not read them with entire indifference! Raise one humble prayer that He would bless them to your good before you leave the subject, to begin once more your daily life, and to encounter the temptations it must surely bring!

You have heard the like counsel, I know, a hundred times before, on a hundred Sabbaths, from the earnest Ministers or pious friends, whom the faithful God caused, in His providence, to *cross your path*, in youth.

Was it the loving Parent,—or the Faithful Minister of Christ,—the religious acquaintance, or the godly friend,—the pious School fellow,—or the Young Christian Companion of later years,—who were the sweet Messengers whom the Blessed God caused,—*unsought by you*,—in His Providence,—just at the “accepted” time,—to *cross your Path* in Youth?

Or, may be,—some Religious Book struck you;—it seemed *not much to others*,—but you felt that it was God's call to *your soul*!

Those days,—it may be, to some,—are over, and are gone! For years,—it may be,—the grass of some distant Burying Ground has waved o'er where those Messengers of God now lie!

But, to *some* Reader,—from that quiet resting place,—there still come sweet memories of the past!

Doubtless those Messengers conveyed to you the whispers of the Unseen God! And the wind, as it sweeps over those neglected Graves, still seem to me to waft to *some* Reader,

the same Heavenly Call! "Oh! leave those fleeting pleasures of a passing, delusive, World,—that prayerless, Christless, life,—and follow us,—our pious example, and Christian lives,—to the same, bright Heavenly Home!"

"Why do you say, 'to *some* Reader,'—is not the call to *all*?" Well! *It was once a Call to them all!* "What? Has He *passed some by*?" Reader! *Eternity* shall answer *that* question! As an elderly man once said to the Writer, —speaking of an earnest and noted Minister of Christ, (who had been deceased for many years),—"Ah! Sir,—he was the only man *I ever felt!*" His life had not been that of a Christian;—and he was now fading into age; but thirty, or forty, years had not erased the memories of early days when the Almighty sent, doubtless, through that good Minister, a call to this man! A call from the Supreme once "felt" is never forgotten! It shall not be forgotten throughout the ages of Eternity!

He said no more, but there was doubtless here a long, sad, tale, had he chosen to have told it! A long, sad, tale,—(and how many are there like him?),—of early Convictions stifled,—the Call, through sweet Messengers of God, in early days, met with repulses, weariness, neglect! Choosing *this* World, and, probably, its sinful pleasures, and *letting* Christ go! The priceless tide of Salvation,—not taken at its turn,—came to him no more! And now,—in the chill evening of a Godless life, there had come that solemn complaint of his,—inability to "*feel!*" That fatal want,—absence of *anxiety* or *desire*,—that fatal lack of heart to seek a Salvation once proffered, and neglected, thirty, or forty, years before! *Solemn* words,—dear young Reader,—and every Christian Believer who reads this Book knows that they are so,—coming from one far down the Stream of Time, the "Summer ended, and the Harvest past," "He was the only man *I ever felt!*"

Other good Ministers, doubtless, had come, and preached, and prayed! Doubtless, they had spoken eloquently, and well, others doubtless, had listened,—"*felt,*"—and been gathered in, but they spoke in vain to this man; he could not "*feel*" them! Others,—younger people,—listened but he could not, they did not seem to speak to *him!*

How *was* it, dear Reader? The *very same* Gospel was preached by these good Ministers, as by their predecessor, thirty, or forty, years before! Yes! But the *man* who listened to them, was not, now, the *same!* The Gospel of Christ was there,—the Bridegroom was as sweet as ever,—but the "*feeling,*"—the desire,—after them *was gone!*

He had doubtless lost that "Spring time" in his life, when under the faithful Ministry of that good man,—(whom God doubtless caused to cross his path in Youth),—and under the influence of God, the precious Holy Spirit, he should then have grasped God's promises, and invitations,—and come out as a Young Christian! He should have given up, with God's aid,—that long loved, besetting Sin, loosened his hold upon this poor, dying, World, and then by a Prayerful, and Christian Example to all around him, seized the precious Tide, in his Youth, which it was God's will should have borne him to his Heavenly Home!

YOUNG READER! That precious Tide,—the Tide of Salvation,—is flowing now,—for *you*,—as once it flowed for him! Oh! Seize it at its turn, and let it bear you to the Heavenly Shore!

I know you not,—but if in the Spring Time of *your* life,—the Blessed God is sending you Convictions, I charge you not to receive these Messengers of God to *your* Soul,—with Weariness, Indifference, or Contempt! Go, rather, to your Chamber and your knees,—seek the Company of Pious Youths of your own age,—and carefully cherish, and foster, by Prayer, those Visitations,—those Whispers of the Unseen God! You may think lightly of these things now,—you will not think lightly of them throughout an Endless Eternity!

God grant, that no Reader of this Book may ever know what it is to look back upon a prayerless, woeful, past life of neglect;—others, around him "called,"—"chosen,"—and, after a Pious life, long since passed to Bliss,—and *he* left,—in the Evening of his life,—unable to "feel!" To find that the Pious Sentiments, and Convictions, of his early days, have faded from his life for ever,—and will come to him again no more! That the Blessed God,—after waiting many Years,—at length passed him by,—*for others*,—and that now, for him,—for Time, and for Eternity,—all around is *Cold*, and *Stern*, and *Still*!

You think you are much the same as you were years ago, and you hope, I know, to consider, many a time yet to come, the Gospel invitation! I would not cast a gloom over the mind of any,—not a word of censure do I wish to give,—but I would urge you to remember, that while you are considering, and saying, "Time enough yet," and "By and By," time *is passing on*! It seems but yesterday since I wrote the first Edition of this Book, yet twenty-five

years have now slipped by; the Youths who read it then, are now men of forty or forty-five years old,—and, many I know, have already *passed away!*

If you seem to care less for what you have read to-day, than you did for the last appeal you heard like it, you should fear that you have moved away from the point where you once stood: the change is not in Him to whom I would fain endeavour to lead you,—His love yearns over you as ever, His ear is as open to your prayer;—the change must be in yourself;—a change not one to discourage you from regaining the point you may appear to have lost,—but one which, disregarded for a length of time, is indeed calling for your prayers! “You have used up so many weeks and months’ quantity of your short allotment of life, and there remains so much the less, and you are so much nearer the end whichever path you have chosen! You are more grown to good or evil, more bent upon Heaven or earth, than when you heard the Gospel call last, and as since every night, you must pitch your tent a day’s journey nearer *some* Home, may each Year that passes, find you, and me, dear Reader, a year’s journey upon that Path which will lead us to our Heavenly Home!”

“By going down the Path of ‘By and By,’ one comes, at last to the Gate of ‘Never.’”—(*Spanish Proverb.*)

“*Now* is the ‘accepted’ time! *Now* is the day of ‘Salvation!’”

“Wide is the Gate and broad is the Way that leadeth to Destruction, and *many* there be which go in thereat;” because “strait (difficult) is the Gate and narrow is the Way that leadeth unto Life, and *few* there be that find it.”

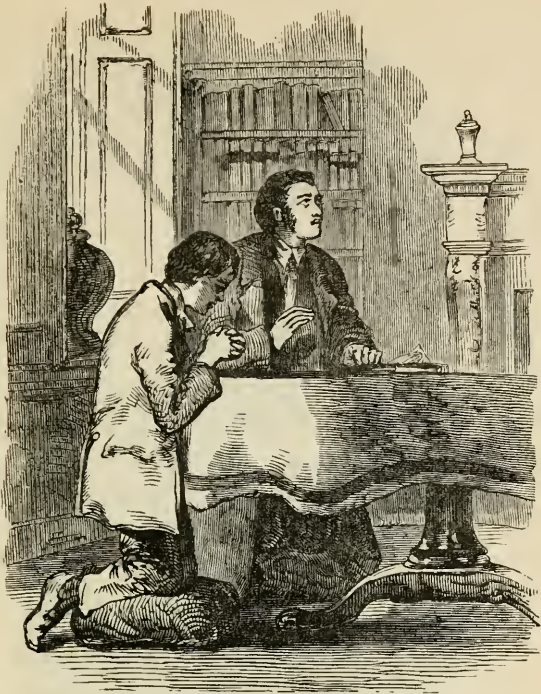
“Behold, I stand at the Door and knock!”

“Come now,—and let us reason together,—saith the Lord!”

“Though your Sins be as Scarlet, they shall be as Snow!”

“As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the Wicked,—but rather that he should return, repent, and live!”

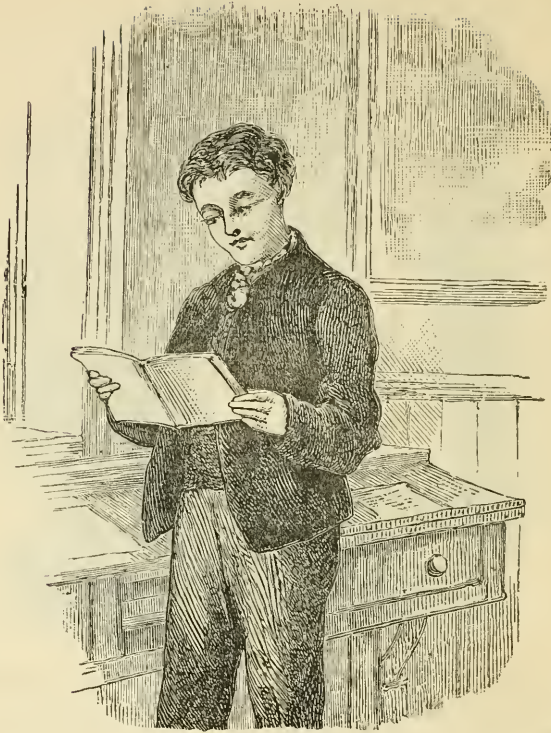




CONCLUDING PRAYER FOR THE YOUNG READER.

Almighty, and Blessed God,—many a Youth may read this Book, and, with Thy blessing,—which has been humbly sought,—may be inclined,—by it,—to take *some* steps towards his Heavenly Home ! Help him to remember that there are but two Paths along which all men are passing, fast passing to Eternity ! There is the prayerless,—Christless Life,—and there is the Young Christian's Path which leads to the bright Heaven above. Along *one* of these two Paths each Youth who reads this Book *will pass*,—pass onward to Eternity ! Grant,—that now,—in the Springtime of his Life,—he may seize the Tide,—it is Thy will should lead him to Salvation, and to Thee ! And grant,—Blessed God,—that Thy saving Grace may follow us through the dangers of a sinful, and a dying World,—and that we may meet at last in that sweet Home our Saviour has gone to prepare ;—where Thy glorious Sun shines onward through Eternity,—and all is Happiness,—and Peace,—and Joy ! Hear us,—in these our petitions,—for Thy dear Son's sake,—for we ask all these things in Jesus' name alone !

AMEN.



A LETTER.

Note.—Being absent abroad,—and the address given, appearing insufficient,—no answer was ever sent to the following.

25th May, 1887.

“My dear Sir,

I take the liberty of writing to you. Perhaps you will be surprised at hearing from me,—being a Stranger to you,—but I feel it my duty to tell you how God has blessed my soul through your Work, entitled, “A Present, &c.”

Some time ago I met with this Book in London,—Ontario,—some ten miles from here, I took it home, and read it through,—twice. It was the means of helping me to lead a Better Life. Up to the time I met with it, I was leading a very sinful life, * * * * By reading your Book I

was led to see myself to be a Sinner, and to feel Jesus, as my Saviour; and I thank God for the Light which has dawned upon me.

I am twenty years old, and, this Spring, I left my occupation, and am to take a Course at College, to qualify for the Ministry. * * * * I wish I had a thousand of those Books to present to young Men about here, for many are leading a life of Sin and Iniquity. * * * *

Should this ever meet the eye of the unknown Writer, let him be assured that all Christian People will rejoice at the change alluded to. Never, surely,—in the History of the English Speaking Race, were able Young Men more sorely needed for the Good Master's Service. In 1891, as in A.D. 33,—“The Harvest truly is plenteous, but the Labourers are few.”—(Matt. ix., 37.)

Though strangers to each other, in this World, these “Labourers” will all meet,—one day,—at the Great Harvest Home,—when Eternity shall begin,—and “Time itself shall be a forgotten Incident !”

What is this that He saith,—a little while?—*John* xvi., 17.

A “little while,”—to wear the Weeds of Sadness,
To “Bear the Cross,”—to Wrestle with the Strong!
Then,—to pour out with Joy,—the Oil of Gladness!
Then,—Bind the Sheaves, and Sing the Harvest Song!

“The best of all is,—GOD IS WITH US!”—*John Wesley*.

“Lo! I am with you *alway*,—even unto the End of the World.”—*Matt.* xxviii., 20.

“They which run in a Race run all, but one receiveth the Prize. So run that ye may obtain.”—*I Corinthians* ix., 24.



ERRATA.

For "Whether he was," read "Whether or no he was ever brought."

For "on His departure," read "on his departure."

For "but he who knows," read "but He knows."

(All on Page 455, Book I.)

THE WRITER "INTERVIEWED."

YOUNG READER.—"I notice repetitions, in this Work,—the same ideas repeated frequently,—and, I think, the punctuation is faulty. Do you claim great literary talent for this Book?"

WRITER.—"*Not a bit!* You see my idea was to present a good, wholesome, useful, Book to Youths. As for repetitions, you will admit that *Worldly* folk can stand a good deal! They will hear the same Music,—Songs,—or witness the same Plays,—*over and over again, for years!* Sims Reeves alluded to "My pretty Jane," and invited "Maud" to "Come into the Garden" for some *forty years*;—yet the 7/6 seats filled to the last! Surely, then, *Religious* people must be allowed to repeat those Truths which,—dear Reader,—Eternity shall prove to you, and to all of us, to be of speechless importance! I have endeavoured, however, to provide *Variety*, and to produce a useful, wholesome, Book, suited to Youths. There are not too many such, nowadays, are there?"

READER.—"No! indeed there are not! I like your Book well enough; but, to a lively Youth,—not much given to Piety,—you must admit that your 'Addresses' in Book I. are *pretty stiff* reading!"

WRITER.—"That is so! You cannot master such a book 'right away.' But you can have it out of the Library again, and have another struggle with it!"

READER.—"Well! My Father approves of the Book,—so we must see what can be done!"

WRITER.—"All I ask is, do not read the 'pious' parts, without Prayer; and mention the Book to any Young Friend of yours, you think it may be useful to. Good bye!"



